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EDINBURGH REVIEW,

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2. *Lettres de Madame de Villars à Madame de Coulanges*, (1679–1681). Nouvelle édition, avec Introduction et Notes par ALFRED DE COURTOIS. Paris: 1868.

THIS volume is published under circumstances sufficiently curious to merit notice. The MS. from which it was printed was purchased some years ago at a sale in London by Sir William Stirling Maxwell, then Mr. Stirling of Keir. It was evidently in the handwriting of the eighteenth century, and on examination it proved to be an interesting report on the state of the Spanish monarchy under Charles II., drawn up by the Marquis de Villars (father of the celebrated general of that name), who was French ambassador at the Court of Madrid in the reign of Charles II. Mr. Stirling, himself profoundly acquainted with the historical annals of Spain, could find no evidence that the document in question had ever been printed before; Sir Frederick Madden and Mr. Panizzi, of the British Museum, on being consulted, were of opinion that the MS. had never been made public. The work was therefore printed at Mr. Stirling's expense, and presented by him to the Philobiblon Society. Subsequently, however, it appeared that these *Mémoires* had already passed through the press and been given to the world, in 1733, in Paris in an anonymous form; and thus the Marquis de Villars has had the honour of publication in England nearly two centuries after the composition of his work, entirely from the oblivion into which it had fallen. The document, however, is in itself

of great historical value: it gives a very clear and curious picture of the condition of Spain at the end of the seventeenth century; and some of the causes of its incessant and increasing decay are specified with great judgment and penetration. From the account we have given of the publication of the English edition it is clear that the existence of the work was unknown to those most conversant with French and Spanish literature and history. Besides the work in question, we shall have occasion in the following pages to refer to the Letters of Madame de Villars, the wife of the Marquis, which are also in themselves of great interest, and, from the elegance of their style, have taken rank among the epistolary classics of distinguished French women. The Letters and Memoirs of Madame d'Aulnoy, the authoress of the '*Contes des Fées*,' who visited Spain at this time, are also highly entertaining, full of information, and written in a sparkling style. Besides these sources of information, the letters and despatches of Mr. Alexander Stanhope, English ambassador at Madrid, published some years ago by Lord Stanhope, also throw great light on the state of Spain at this period. Nor should a brilliant article of M. Paul de Saint-Victor, in his recently published collection of Essays, be left unnoticed.

The country of the Cid and of Philip II., of romance, intolerance, and superstition, still possesses a charm and an interest even in the darkest hour of its abasement. The personality of Charles II. is a still more striking representative of the fortunes of Spain than those of Philip III. and Philip IV., and the impending extinction of the great Spanish House of Austria gives it a tragic solemnity in spite of the King's imbecility. For, imbecile as he was, Charles possessed all the strange characteristics of his race. The story of his reign, indeed, has nothing to chronicle abroad but disaster, and its political changes within were insignificant; but the real historical interest of his sovereignty is centred in himself, in the life of the palace, and the records of the amazing condition of society and the nation at its period of worst humiliation.

The greatness of Spain had been acquired by a system of external and internal policy which contained within it all the maleficent roots of premature decay. Around the vast trunk of Spanish grandeur even in the days of Charles V. and Philip II., the ivy of ruin was growing with its growth, and the inflexible Spaniard, whose haughty boast was '*Nosotros Españoles no mudamos rey ni religion*,' so well personified by the imperturbable Philip II. himself, was not capable of producing a reformed government, or even of awakening to a

consciousness of the extravagant follies and parasite vices which were exhausting and strangling the life and energies of a once great people. As for the causes of the ruin of Spain, they are countless; and it may be said that its history will ever remain one of the most instructive in the world; for the statesman and political economist may here eternally find for almost every principle of policy, and every form of administration and taxation, a precedent of how a country ought *not* to be governed.

Those desolate treeless tracts of Spain—those dreary wastes, interrupted only by the drearier *barrancos* or ravines, styled the *despoblados* or unpeopled districts—still present a terrible testimony to the world against the exterminating policy of Philip and his successors. No such ill-omened title exists in any other country in the world; and the remembrance that this state of desolation was not brought about by the ravages of an Attila or a Tamerlane, but by monstrous misgovernment and habitual contempt for all sound principles of human action, increases the wonder and commiseration of the traveller across desert regions which recall the steppes of Asia, productive of nothing but rank grass and briars and thorns, where the reign of the wild bull is disturbed alone by the occasional migratory flock of *merinos* passing slowly from horizon to horizon under the conduct of the shepherd—the solitary *hidalgo* of the Sierra.

The depopulation of Spain proceeded with such uninterrupted rapidity that from ten millions in the time of Philip II. it had dwindled down to less than six in the days of Charles II. Year by year houses, villages, and towns fell into ruin, and no one attempted to rebuild them. People no longer married. The Cortes, in an address to the King in 1619, said, ‘That it was plain and evident that if the state of things went on at the same pace as up to that time, inhabitants and neighbours would be wanting altogether to the villages, labourers for the fields, and sailors for the sea; and in the present dread of marriage the country could exist no longer than the end of the century.’* Never, since the days of the Decline of the Roman Empire, was so terrible a cry heard in any country in Europe. Madrid, which had in the sixteenth century possessed 400,000 inhabitants, fell in the seventeenth to 180,000. Madame d’Aulnoy says the approach to the capital resembled entering a desert. Seville in fifty years was reduced to a third of its population. Three hundred ruined villages were

* ‘Pues era llano y evidente que si este estado si aumentase á el passo mismo que hasta alli, avran de faltar á los lugares habitadores y vezinos y los pilotas á la mar, y desdeñado el casamiento duraria el mundo un siglo solo.’ (*Cespedes y Menedes*, lib. chap. ii. x. p. 56.)

to be counted in Castile, two hundred about Toledo, and one thousand in Cordova.

The first notorious cause of this terrible decline was the expulsion of the Moors, according to Richelieu 'the most wild and barbarous stroke of policy' ever achieved by any government, which cost Spain three millions of her most industrious inhabitants, and reduced a populous and admirably-cultivated Paradise to a desert. The next great and incessant drain on the population of Spain was the emigration to America. The Marquis de Villars wrote to Louis XIV. in 1681, that 6,000 Spaniards emigrated in one fleet of the galleons, because they were unable to live in Spain. Every year it was calculated 40,000 people left their homes for Mexico and Peru; and the emigration to America is supposed to have deprived Spain of 30 millions of inhabitants—30 millions, not of surplus population like our own from over-crowded districts, but of hands which were wanted in a country brought down from prosperity to hunger and desolation, in a country of which a large district in the Sierra Morena was subsequently recolonised in 1763 by German emigrants, induced to settle there by Charles III. Next to emigration, and perhaps as great a cause even as emigration, comes monasticism and convent life, which desiccated to an incalculable extent the sources of reproduction in this wretched country. There were 20,000 priests and monks in Pampeluna and Calahorra alone. There were 9,000 monasteries and 928 convents in the kingdom: at the end of the seventeenth century it was computed that 86,000 priests, 60,000 monks, and 33,000 nuns, or, out of a population of less than six millions, nearly 200,000 persons were devoted to consecrated idleness and celibacy. People took to the monastic life not only from superstition and to obtain a subsistence in a hunger-stricken country, but for the same reason as they took to emigration and avoided marriage without profession of vows—in absolute despair of the future of Spain. The Peninsula was converted into a veritable Thebais, in which the permanent state of famine, the result of human policy, was raised at times to horrible crises of starvation from natural causes, and where visitations of pestilence and frequent earthquakes, one of which shook 1,200 houses to the ground in Malaga alone, added to the daily terror of existence arising from poverty.

The readers of 'Don Quixote' are fully able to enter into the delight of Sancho Panza when he had a good meal in the course of their wanderings, for such occasions were rare, and the trick upon his appetite in the palace of the Duke

was a barbarous practical joke. In the *ventas* of those times, Madame d'Aulnoy informs us, in her very graphic 'Voyage en Espagne,' that you had to pass through the stable, up a wretched ladder, to your chamber. There was generally but one cup in the whole establishment, from which the guests drank in turn: and if the muleteers arrived before you, as was often the case, you must either put up with the pitcher, or wait till they had finished their meal. Sheets were of the size of towels, and towels were as big as your hand. If you wanted to sup, the landlord required the money beforehand, and went out to purchase such villanous provisions as the place afforded. Ladies were shown into rooms with thirty beds side by side; and if they wanted to avoid the ragged crowd, which the hostess was sure to marshall into the room as soon as they were in bed, or have a room to themselves, they must pay for the whole thirty beds. Dinner was always taken in the open air with purchased provisions to avoid entering these wretched *paradors* and *posadas*, in which the kitchen without a chimney, she said, gave one a horrible notion of hell, and where the meat was burnt and smoked on a tile or roasted by a string. The butchers in Madrid, she tells us, sold their meat ensconced in a kind of fortress, for fear that the ravenous appetites of the crowds without would carry off their joints. You dealt with the butcher through a small wicket. You paid him his money beforehand; if you asked for a loin of veal, he would in all probability hand you a leg of mutton; if you declined the mutton, he offered you a piece of beef; if you still called for the veal, he flung back your money to you, and told you to go your way (*Vaya Usted con Dios*). The hunger of the people and the scarcity went on increasing to the end of the reign of Charles II. Mr. Alexander Stanhope, English ambassador at Madrid in those days, writes of the frequent bread riots in the streets, in which every day persons were killed. For some time the scarcity of bread was so great that he was obliged to procure an order from the Corregidor of Madrid to have twenty-four loaves delivered to his servants. He had to send to Vallegas, two leagues off, to get this supply, with an escort of men armed with long guns to convey his servants safely home. The sight of food was so maddening that everybody snatched what he could get. The bakers barricaded themselves in like the butchers, and the press in front of their houses was so great that five women were stifled to death before a shop in a single crowd. The people here, writes Madame de Villars, seem to live upon what they call airing themselves in the sun, '*tomar el*

‘*sol*, tant il est maigre, abattu et misérable.’ Mr. Stanhope says, nevertheless, even in that time of scarcity, the misery in the country was still greater than in Madrid; for twenty thousand people flocked to the capital, destitute of all means of subsistence, and hoping by begging or by robbery to escape starvation. Indeed, for the most part, provincial people died simply of hunger, and their destitution leaves no mark in history beside that simple brief statement. But in the cities, in the houses of the great nobles, in the palace itself, foreign observers have chronicled facts which characterise the period less horribly, but more circumstantially. *Caballeros* and *hidalgos* lived entirely on chocolate, onions, garlic, and *garbanzos*; they took their meals at public kitchens, in open air in the street, having no means of cooking at home. An egg and a few onions was a dinner for a duke. The Duke de Albuquerque, the inventory of whose plate took six weeks to write out, dined ordinarily on an egg and a pigeon. The great houses of the nobles swarmed with retainers and famished dependents, many of them of noble blood. These multitudes of gentry received for bed and board, and for doing nothing, *two reals* a day (five pence); and their mode of life is most graphically satirised by Quevedo: they make themselves cloaks and coats out of furniture covers, quilts, baize, and sacking; and they got their food how they could; it was with great difficulty even the Duke of Albuquerque’s egg and pigeon could be got safely to table through this crowd of famished gentlemen. As for a family dinner, it was next to impossible to get it all to table, through the hungry crowds who lined the corridors and staircases. If the cook left for an instant the soup-kettle while it was boiling, in all probability when he returned he would find both broth and meat had disappeared. The Archbishop of Toledo, who had 120,000*l.* a year, complained to Madame d’Aulnoy that his broth was always stolen by his own retainers; and she proposed to him to have a silver soup-kettle made with a grating at the top and a lock and key, so that the soup could be watched by the cook, and be left without fear of being purloined; and the Archbishop adopted the suggestion. Famine invaded the palace. The royal table itself was only supplied with difficulty. Nobody in Madrid, Madame de Villars writes, would give credit to any royal personage for a *real*. The King only engaged to find food for the gentlemen of his bed-chamber, and this was often wanting. The Queen-mother had a right to daily rations from the palace for her household. She complained once that her rations were not sent, whereupon

she was told with Quixotic humour, that her servants might come and take their dues daily; for the King's cupboards were all open—and all empty. From time to time the palace was almost wholly deserted of its attendants; and the grooms of the royal stables, left entirely without pay, ran off with their liveries, and the royal horses were left with empty racks and corn-bins, and not a groom to take care of them. Couriers with important despatches were kept waiting for weeks at Madrid, because it was impossible to find money to start them.

The Queen herself was rarely or ever paid the nominal 500 pistoles a month which was her due, and as the royal journey in the spring to Aranjuez cost 150,000 pistoles, which were sometimes not forthcoming, the Court was detained at Madrid the whole summer from lack of funds. As for the army and the fleet, both were in so deplorable a state as to be almost beyond belief. The Turkish and Egyptian soldiers of the present day are clothed luxuriously when contrasted with the accounts we read of the Spanish troops. The cavalry were without horses, and both cavalry and infantry without pay. Officers yet in service were seen begging in the streets of Cadiz and in the towns of Spanish Flanders, though with such an air of proud dignity as redeemed them from servility, while in taking alms they seemed rather to confer than receive favours. The common soldiers wore all their clothes and linen on their back; the stuff of their dress seemed to be made of packthread, their shoes were of cord, they had no stockings; yet they had each a rag about his neck as an apology for a ruff, and a peacock's feather stuck in the hat behind. The once dreaded legions of Spain, the armies of Alva and Farnese, had since their terrible overthrow at Rocroy dwindled down to about 12,000 or 15,000 men. Fifteen thousand men were all Philip IV. was able, after the treaty of the Pyrenees, to set on foot to invade Portugal and avenge its revolt from the crown of Spain, and the shameful defeat of Villa Viciosa showed that Spain was now no match even for Portugal. Even this wretched remnant was not wholly composed of Spaniards, but was a motley crew of Burgundians and Walloons, Flemings and Swiss. So small a force as this even it was found impossible to pay; the soldiers, often driven by sheer necessity and hunger, deserted their posts and joined the bandits with which the country swarmed. The Viceroy of Naples was taken prisoner by a troop of dragoons in the Toledo to get their arrears of pay from him, and the frontier garrisons were manned chiefly by old men and boys, who were unable to take to brigandage or find other occupation. As to

the fleet, the country which once sent forth the Spanish Armada now owned but a dozen or fifteen vessels, mostly rotting in the harbours, and the art of shipbuilding was lost. To such a state was reduced the country whose proud boast once was, 'When Spain moves the whole world trembles'—'*Cuando se mueve en España, toda la tierra tiembla*,' and in which even Philip III. adopted the haughty device, 'All against us, and we against all'—'*Todos contra nos y nos contra todos*.' Spain at the end of the reign of Philip IV. began to fear the return of the Moors.

All wonder at this state of penury ceases when we review the causes by which it was occasioned. Not the least of them was the barbarous expedient of debasing the coin. The Duke of Lerma, under Philip III., had minted an alloy of silver and copper, and declared by edict that the debased coin should be exchanged everywhere as if it were silver. The consequence naturally was that foreign nations poured copper into the country, in coin still more debased, and exchanged it for its nominal price in silver; while for their imported manufactures and corn they took care to be paid in silver. All silver and gold coin vanished from the country; prices rose, and the largest sums were paid in numerous bags of bad copper coin, which were weighed; and while such great princes as the Dukes of Infantado and Albuquerque possessed tons of silver in the form of plate in their houses, and millions in diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and pearls, not even they possessed a single gold or silver coin, but received their revenues in kind or in masses of bad coin. The savage system of barter sprang up again in a civilised age in Europe. Moreover, not one-third of the revenues of the King came into his coffers, through the bad system by which they were farmed, and through the dishonesty of the officials. But no follies in coinage or in receiving the revenues would account for such poverty as gnawed the vitals of the country; the chief origin of which was the state oppression of the only true sources of national wealth—agriculture and industry and commerce. The kings of Spain had so well succeeded in this, aided as they were by the indolent proud prejudices of their subjects, that all industry was quite extinguished, and commerce and agriculture nearly so throughout Spain. Of agriculture, Sully has well said that, '*le labourage et le pâturage sont les deux mamelles de l'État, les vrais mines et trésors de Pérou*;' and no country offers a more promising field to agriculture than Spain, and no country has ever made so little of her resources. The traveller at the present day, when he

traverses the interminable *plateaux* of Arragon or Castile, and looks around him and finds not a tree in sight, and asks the reason, is told that the Spaniards have a prejudice against trees; but this is not the whole reason of the entire denudation of the Spanish plain.

It may be doubted if this prejudice is of natural growth at all, and whether it is not the foster-child entirely of legislation. The chief reason of this absence of vegetation is the series of laws directed in Spain against the enclosure of fields. During the time when the wars of Spaniard and Moor and of countless petty chieftains and kings devastated yearly the country, one can well understand that the agriculturist should omit to enclose his land, plant trees, and execute works which the next year's incursion might wholly destroy; but here was a worse foe to the agriculturist than mediæval warfare—the ‘Honrado consejo de la Mesta’ (the Honourable Council for the Preservation of Grazing Ground), elected by the rich proprietors, whose flocks of merinos migrated every spring from the grassy plains of Andalusia and Estremadura to the mountains of the Asturias and the kingdom of Leon, and whose object naturally was to preserve the whole intermediate country as grazing ground, without which such migrations would be impossible. The flocks of some of these proprietors were enormous: that of the Marques de Gebraleon consisted of 800,000 sheep, and there were 4,000,000 sheep in Estremadura. They found no difficulty in getting enactments passed for the preservation of what they persuaded the State was the true source of wealth of the country. Philip II., who seems to have hated handicraft of every shape and form, lent himself readily to their views, and had the incredible folly to pass a law to punish with fourteen years' exile the agriculturist who made bread of his own corn or sold it in the public market. Agriculture was thus utterly sacrificed; for in the presence of enactments against enclosures and enactments against the sale of grain, it was virtually impossible. The practice of entails, *mayorazgos*, and the laws of mortmain, added further desolation to the country. As for the laws of entail, never were they so strictly observed in any other country in Europe. When once a property was settled in *mayorazgo* in a family it was impossible to render it available for any purposes of commerce, and it could not be made subject to debt. The consequence was, that by intermarriages the accumulation of landed properties in single hands was enormous. Some noble landowners had as many as 80,000 people on their estates—people who might almost be called subjects, and could never acquire any property in the

land they cultivated. ‘*Latifundia*,’ Pliny said, ‘*perdidere Romam*.’ By such a system Campania Felix was reduced to a desert in the days of Honorius, and Italy early in the Empire was obliged to seek for corn in the granaries of Spain and Sicily. The same aphorism applies with greater force to Spain, where the destructive influence of the accumulation of immense properties in single hands was outdone by the stupendous amount of land in the possession of priests and monks. With the superstitious tendencies of the time, immense properties were yearly bequeathed to churches and monasteries for masses for the souls of the testators—a form of bequest known as ‘*dejar heredera su alma*’—and such property could never be alienated. The Statutes of Mortmain in Spain were all of course in favour of the Church; so that it was reckoned that a fifth part of the soil of Spain was in the hands of priests and monks; and if in 1817 the property of the clergy of Spain still amounted to 6,000,000*l.* a year, it may be imagined what it must have been in the days of its undisturbed ascendancy. At the end of the sixteenth century it appears that the resources of the clergy of Castile alone amounted to 3,320,000*l.* The evils of this accumulation of property in mortmain were beginning to be felt in the days of Philip II., but the answer he made to remonstrances from the Cortes remained the rule of his successors: ‘*Que no convenia que sobre eso se hiciese novedad*’ (‘No novelty could be allowed in such a matter’).

The suppression of agriculture, the *mayorazgos*, the immense quantity of land in mortmain, led to the same result in Spain as the *latifundia* of imperial Italy—the country was mostly supplied with wheat from abroad. 11,315,851 *fanegas* of corn, and 1,601,750 *fanegas* of barley, it is computed, were imported yearly; and, as Spain had no manufactures to give in exchange, the result was a yearly drain of more than four millions and a half of English pounds sterling out of the country.

But the legislative discouragement of agriculture was exceeded by that of industry, which was utterly annihilated. The spirit of romantic but false honour which animated all classes only too readily yielded to the royal enactments on this point. Everybody desired to be noble, and much of this feeling may be accounted for by the previous history of the country. But Philip II. who, it may be presumed, was disgusted with the rebellious spirit of the mechanics, manufacturers, and merchants of the Netherlands, and considered such people as bad subjects, did his utmost to discourage both industry and commerce. The *Alcavala* was a heavy tax raised on every article sold; and the taxes laid on some classes of artisans were so great that

it was cheaper for them to be idle than to work. The natural consequence was that industry of all kinds perished in the country. Spanish cloths and Spanish leather had, in the fifteenth century, as high a reputation throughout Europe as Toledo steel. The manufacture of the steel blades of Toledo has alone escaped destruction from a prejudice in favour of the superior nobility of this kind of workmanship; but Segovian cloths, and Cordovan and Gallician leather, ceased entirely to be made. There were at one time 34,000 weavers in Segovia; in the reign of Philip IV. there were but three or four. Of the contempt into which the business of a tanner fell, an idea may be formed by the fact that a member of a noble family hunted his brother to death before all the law courts of Spain to deprive him of his property, for having married a tanner's daughter. In fact, everybody in the nation wanted, under legislative encouragement, to be noble or to be thought so. The *pecheros* or working classes were regarded as pariahs. The Government succeeded so well in their aims that at the end of the seventeenth century there were 625,000 nobles in Spain, and the only service considered worthy of a Spaniard was to become one of the starved ragged *nobles soldados del rey*, or to enter into the domestic service of a noble house. With what dignity they performed their functions as servants, may be surmised from the speech of a Spanish cook: '*No puedo padecer la riña, siendo cristiano viejo, hidalgo como el rey y poco mas*' ('I cannot endure a scolding, being a real old Christian, noble as the King, and a little more'). The great feudal dukes made a practice of selling noble titles; and indeed there was every inducement to get a title to nobility in some way or other, for the noble, like the priest, could not be taxed. The contempt of the great nobles for all business transactions of any kind was without limit. Every Spaniard disdained to bargain. It was beneath him to take back the change of a gold piece on purchase of the merest trifle. To take interest of money savoured of Judaism,* and all were considered

* The caution exercised by the Spaniard in the days of the Inquisition to avoid all imputation of Judaism or Mahomedanism was unsleeping. The bacon in the national *puchero* is a standing protest against Judaism. How unsleeping also was the wit or ingenuity of this people to fix the imputation of Judaism on another, is evidenced by an anecdote told by Castiglione in the '*Cortegiana*.' A guest at a table called for *vino*, which in Spanish means 'wine' or 'he came.' '*Y no lo conocistes*,' retorted another, taking it in the latter sense ('And you did not receive Him'), meaning of course our Saviour.

contemptible who did so. When a Duke de Frias died leaving three millions sterling of money and three daughters, the eldest of whom was seven years old, he directed by will that the money should be divided and locked up in three huge coffers, and a coffer given to each daughter as she became of age or married. They despised so intensely all appearance of money-making by work that the Prince of Distillano, who had an important office in the *Contratacion*, or Spanish India House, refused to put his name to paper, when by doing so he might have gained 80,000 livres a year. To every application made to him for his signature he replied, '*Es una niñería*' ('It is a silly affair').

As for commerce, the maxim was, 'Nobility may take a nap in domestic service, but it is killed by commerce.' The natural result was that all lucrative occupations whatever fell into the hands of Jews and foreigners. Foreigners in these days flocked from all parts of Europe to work for the Spaniards; and, as they would as soon have thought of settling in the Great Sahara as in poverty-stricken desert Spain, their only thought was to make a competency, and to send and carry their money out of a country where they were regarded with contempt, both by people and Government; for the fact is true, incredible as it may seem, that Charles II. relegated the foreign workmen of Madrid to live exclusively in the Calle de Atocha, as though they were in his eyes no better than Jews, and deserved to be set apart in a Ghetto by themselves. The carpenters, the shoemakers, the masons, the bakers, the weavers, the tanners, were supplied at last almost entirely from France and Switzerland, Flanders and Italy.

The Marquis de Villars, who was instructed to supply information about the trades to Louis XIV., said there were 40,000 foreign workmen in Madrid. His computation was that there were 1,000 French workmen and merchants in Navarre, 20,000 in Arragon, 1,000 in Catalonia, 12,000 in Valencia and Murcia, 16,000 in the two Castilles, 1,000 in Biscay, 16,000 in Andalusia; in all 67,000 French—7,000 merchants and 60,000 workmen, doing for the Spaniards what they ought to have done for themselves, and sending yearly seven or eight millions of livres out of the country; and the French only formed a portion of the foreign mechanics and commercial people in Spain, all living on the Spaniards; so that proud bankrupt Spain had long been living and continued to live on its capital, spending everything and earning nothing. All the wealth of Mexico and Peru—millions upon millions—passed through the country, but not an ingot of gold or silver, not a single piece, remained

there. The whole of the nations under their rule bled in gold for their pleasure, and they grew poorer and poorer. Their grinding taxes in Lombardy, in Naples, in Sicily, raised revolt after revolt. An Italian proverb said that the Spaniard gnawed gold in Sicily, swallowed it in Naples, and devoured it at Milan; to which may be added that he tore it out of the entrails of earth and man in Mexico and Peru; and all to no use, so far as Spain was concerned. The gold and silver of the richest kingdoms and continents in the world came streaming to the country; but it passed through it as water through a tub of the Danaids. It swallowed everything and digested nothing, after the fashion of all idlers and spendthrifts.

Yet proud ostentatious Spain retained all its national love for display in these times of excessive destitution as much as if it were still the most wealthy nation in the world, and this passion pervaded all classes. The poor Hidalgo described by Quevedo who turned his green baize cloak, for second wear, must beg, borrow, or rob money enough on *fête* days to hire a coach and visit his friends in state. Of the Duke of Albuquerque, who dined on an egg and a pigeon, it is on record, as we have said, that the inventory of his plate took six weeks to make out. He possessed 120 dozen silver plates, 500 large, and 500 small dishes, and had 40 silver ladders to mount to the top of a gigantic sideboard crowded with silver vessels. Other nobles possessed plate in proportion, and in the illuminated *fêtes* which they gave to royalty, the lamps were hung with emeralds, topazes, and amethysts, and the ceilings and walls garlanded with precious stones. The women were blazing with diamonds from head to foot, and wore necklaces and zones of thousands of pearls, with which they also braided their long tresses in countless numbers. No Spaniard so poor but he dressed in silk or velvet, if it were by any manner of means possible; and the possession of a guitar, and a sword and dagger, was more indispensable to the poorest Spaniard than any article of furniture. The *Corregidores* and *Alcaldes* wore gold brocade and crimson velvet at all public festivals, and the pomp and display of public *fêtes*, royal processions, and travelling equipages were still unparalleled in Europe.

Saint-Simon, who had experience enough of court life, says somewhere in his 'Mémoires' that one of the best keys to the understanding of the history of a country is the knowledge of the daily routine of palace life; and speaking of a despotic country, and of Spain, this is strictly true. The monarchs of Spain are complete representatives of the country in almost every age; and its decline is exemplified in the character

and court life of Charles II. in a fashion little short of marvellous; even the diseases and the state of the King's body, as found after death, typified the condition of his country. He too in his last days swallowed voraciously and digested nothing, and not a drop of blood was found in his heart. 'Sus entrañas se hallaron en parte canceradas, el corazon 'enjuto y seco, sin sangre alguna.' The unhappy King was little more than a walking corpse, the imbecile spectral semblance, both in mind and feature, of each of his progenitors, who all in degeneration present the most striking family likeness. His lank long fair hair tucked behind his ears, his high narrow forehead, his gaunt cheeks, his vacant gaze, his cadaverous complexion, his heavy underhanging lip, his lean tall form, his ignorance of affairs and of human nature, characterised the person and the mind of Philip II. in the last stage of imbecility, and his great solution of every political difficulty was given in the traditional reply of his house—'Veremos.'

The letters of Madame de Villars, the French Ambassadors, and of Madame d'Aulnoy, portray the court life of Madrid during this reign with a reality which reads like romance, and with incidents so extraordinary that they would seem exaggerated in some tale of human folly by Swift or Voltaire. While the history of the marriage of the monarch with Marie Louise d'Orléans and the first two years of their wedded life, which may be gathered wholly from these pages, has an interest as pathetic as it is extraordinary.

Charles II. came into the world in 1661, four years before the death of his father Philip IV., about the time that the long hostility of Spain and France had ended in the humiliation of Spain in the face of Europe, in consequence of the dispute for precedence of the Spanish and French ambassadors in London, at the court of the Protector, and two years after the miserable defeat of the Spaniards at Villa Viciosa. He was thus born in the hour of Philip IV.'s deepest humiliation, and when that cadaverous, proud, but gentle-natured monarch was in an almost dying state. His mother was Marie Anne of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Frederic III. The son of these parents was the living embodiment of the sorrow, humiliation, and diseased constitution of his father. The infant seemed at first hardly to have life at all, and was so perishable and delicate as to require to be placed in a cotton box. He was suckled at the breast of his wet-nurse till he was three or four years old. The young prince could not walk till the age of ten, and then only by leaning on the shoulders of his *meninos*, or pages of honour. He was brought up on

the lap of women and in their company. His mother, who was Régent, was afraid to make him study, and he never showed any disposition to receive the elements of education and knowledge.

During the early part of the regency the Queen-mother, aided by a council, directed the affairs of the kingdom; but her two *validos*—the first, Nithard, a Viennese Jesuit, and the second, Valenzuela, a handsome political Gil Blas, excited great discontent, and were successively obliged by a conspiracy of the nobles to fly from Spain. The most important as well as perhaps the most able statesman and general in the country, was Don Juan of Austria, a natural son of Philip IV., whose military successes in putting down revolts in Naples and Sicily had, however, been nearly effaced by his subsequent disasters in Portugal—disasters which broke the spirit of Philip IV. As he was treated with great favour by Philip, and as, owing probably to that inoculation with Moorish customs and feelings which has permanently affected the language, manners, taste in dress, and habits of thought in Spain, natural sons have without question always held a position there more favourable and more recognised than in any other part of Europe, it had been expected that Philip IV. might declare him heir in the place of his sickly infant Charles. A prince of such pretensions was necessarily an object of jealousy to the Queen-mother, and bitter enmity subsisted between them. The Queen-mother at first succeeded in banishing Don Juan to Saragossa. She exiled many of his friends, and one of them was arrested and strangled in prison by an order from her hand. When the discontent caused by the pretensions and political meddling of her favourite Valenzuela was at its height, Don Juan, at the invitation of some leading nobles, emerged from Saragossa, took possession of the Regency, exiled the Queen-mother to Toledo, and delivered the young King from the subjection to women in which he had hitherto been brought up. But this early period of female domination had made such an impression on the spirit of Charles that he felt a horror at the sight of a petticoat. He always turned out of the way when he met a lady. His former governess, the Marquesa de los Velez, had to wait for six months to get a word from him; and when he was obliged to receive a petition from a woman he looked another way. With this disposition, it seemed unlikely that he would regard with any favour the idea of marriage. Nevertheless, as his constitution strengthened in an unexpected way when he arrived at the age of seventeen, the Queen-mother, before her exile to Toledo, had

entered into negotiations for marrying the young King to a daughter of the Emperor, and so knitting stronger the relations of Spain with her family. Don Juan, on his assumption of power, necessarily sought a different alliance, and at the arrangement of the treaty of Nimeguen with France, he instructed the Marques de los Balbases, then at Paris, to enter into negotiations for a marriage between Charles II. and Marie Louise d'Orléans, the daughter of Monsieur, the King's brother, and of Henriette d'Angleterre, daughter of our Charles I., whose youth and beauty and sweetness of nature, cut off by a sudden and tragic end, form the subject of the finest of the *Oraisons funèbres* of Bossuet.

During the negotiations for the marriage, the aversion which the young King had shown to women suddenly changed. The grandees who had seen the young Princess at Fontainebleau, spoke rapturously of her beauty, elegance, and charm of wit and manner. Her miniature was sent to Charles, and inspired him with a sudden passion; he wore the picture on his heart, addressed fine speeches to it; and after the arrangements for the marriage, sent presents and letters, and expected replies with the utmost impatience. As soon as it was known that the Princess was *en route* for Spain, it was impossible to restrain him, and he set forth to meet her.

'Le roi,' wrote Madame de Villars, 'va chercher la reine d'une telle impétuosité qu'on ne peut le suivre; et si elle n'est pas encore arrivée à Burgos, il est résolu d'amener avec lui l'archevêque de cette ville-là, et d'aller jusqu'à Vittoria ou sur la frontière pour épouser cette princesse. Il n'a voulu écouter aucun conseil contraire à cette diligence. Il est transporté d'amour et d'impatience.'

The letters of Madame de Villars and Madame d'Aulnoy, enable us to follow day by day the story of the martyrdom of this young Princess, who as a grand-daughter of Charles I. has a claim to the sympathy of English readers, beyond the melancholy interest of her brief life, the gentleness of her nature, and the beauty of her person.

Her aspect is described as mild, her mien graceful. Madame de Sévigné writes of her '*jolis pieds qui la faisaient si bien danser*;' she was an excellent horsewoman; she was a good musician and composed operas; her eyes were black, her eyebrows gracefully arched, her lips remarkably rosy, her hair profuse and of a dark chesnut colour.

But, like all the unhappy Princesses of France doomed to marry Spanish Kings, she regarded her destiny with dread and aversion. Transferred from the gay Court and brilliant intellectual life of France, these young creatures were killed off fast

by the sombre dulness, monotony, and iron etiquette of the palaces of Spain. None of the Queens of Spain were long-lived. Philip II. used up four in his lifetime; one of whom, the beautiful Elizabeth de Valois, left behind her the reputation of a saint and a martyr among the Spanish people, and was adored in her lifetime as the gentle-hearted *Isabella de la Paz*. Some letters written by one of her French maids of honour, and lately published, give a pitiable notion of the dreary monotony of existence which drove her to an early grave; and the routine of her daily life was precisely that of Marie Louise d'Orléans. Of another Spanish Queen, Elizabeth de France, the first wife of Philip IV., the memory was still fresh in the minds of the people of Spain, and inspired a hopeful augury of the marriage of Charles II. with another French bride. As for Marie Louise, she looked upon herself as a victim to State policy from the first, and prepared herself for her fate with the meekness of an Iphigenia. She made two pathetic appeals to Louis XIV. to escape from her destiny, but without avail. It was supposed at one time that an attachment existed between herself and the Dauphin, and it was believed also that Louis XIV. was not averse to their union; so when her royal uncle abruptly announced to her the fact of the arrangement of the Spanish marriage, she threw herself at his feet with sobs; the Great Monarch said in a surprised way, 'Que pourrais-je faire de plus pour ma fille?' 'Sire,' she replied appealingly, 'vous pourriez faire quelque chose de plus pour votre nièce.' The unhappy girl still thought she could touch the nature of the man who said '*L'État, c'est moi*;' she waited for her opportunity and threw herself on her knees before him mutely with supplicating hands as he was going to chapel; but he pushed her aside rudely, saying with killing irony, 'Ce serait une belle chose que la Reine Catholique empêchât le Roi très-Chrétien d'aller à la messe.' The heartless coldness of this speech precluded all hope, and Marie Louis resigned herself to obedience and despair; for leaving out of account the desolate existence she looked for in Spain, she had seen the portrait of her future husband, whose character and imbecility were as well known at Fontainebleau as at Madrid. After a marriage by proxy at Fontainebleau, the Comte d'Harcourt was appointed to conduct her to the frontier, where, in the famous Isle of Pheasants, on the Bidassoa, the scene of so many meetings between the monarchs and ministers of the once rival Powers of Spain and France, the sad-hearted bride was delivered over to the tender mercies of the Duchess de Terra Nueva and the Marquis

de Astorgas; the former of whom had been appointed her *camarera mayor*, and the latter her *mayordomo*. The portrait drawn of the Duchess of Terra Nueva, a hard-visaged, wrinkled griffin of etiquette, by Madame d'Aulnoy, has all the air of a picture by Spagnoletto. A female-familiar of the Inquisition could not wear a more repulsive face. She was a widow of about sixty but looked seventy, of the family of Pignatelli, descended from Fernando Cortez, from whom she inherited a principality in Peru, possessing besides immense estates in Spain and Sicily and hundreds of retainers. She was a bronze incarnation of Spanish rigidity and gravity. Not a step in her gait, not a movement of head or hand, which was not performed with the regularity and stiffness of a machine. She was lean, colourless, long-faced, and wrinkled; her eyes small, black, and sharp. Her '*quiero*' and '*no lo quiero*' made people tremble, and she was generally insupportable to her equals, haughty and dignified to her sovereign, but, nevertheless, tolerably gentle to her inferiors. She was penetrating in observation, ready of wit, and inflexible in decision. She would spare no extremities of violence to serve her interest or revenge, and had a cousin of her own assassinated because he contested her right to an estate. As soon as she was appointed by Don Juan *camarera mayor*, she at once took up her abode in the palace, for she knew observations on her character were being made to the King. She knew also that the power of Don Juan was precarious, as was subsequently proved by the reconciliation of the Queen-mother and her son and the second exile of Don Juan, in which he died of vexation; and the Terranueva being once installed in the palace, determined to hold her office against all comers in spite of King and Queen, for she relied on the inflexible character of Spanish custom and etiquette, and the fact that there was *no precedent in all Spanish history of a camarera mayor ever having been dismissed*.

Marie Louise took leave at the Bidassoa of most of her French female attendants, who adored her, and knelt and kissed her hand with tears, which were answered with tears in the eyes of their mistress. Immediately on crossing the frontier visages grew longer and life fearful. On setting foot in Spain she travelled partly on horseback and partly by coach; when she rode it was by the side of the Terranueva, who looked in her stiff Spanish dress and with her gaunt form seated on a mule, a strange figure too terrible to be ridiculous. The Marquis de Astorgas or the Duke de Ossuna, her Master of the Horse, both in huge spectacles, which all

grandees of Spain wore at that time to give them greater gravity of appearance, rode next her on the other side, when they could settle their disputes about precedence, as to which they quarrelled the whole way. The young Queen supped and slept the first night at an inn, and was so surprised at the badness of the food that she could eat nothing. No particular incident appears to have occurred on the route—nothing so humorous as the incident which happened to Maria Anne, the mother of Charles II., who, on her way across Spain as the bride of Philip IV., stopped at a town famous for the manufacture of stockings, some of which the alcalde of the place was offering to Her Majesty, when he was thrust out by the mayordomo with ‘Habeis de saber que las reynas de España no tienen piernas’—‘You must know the Queens of Spain have no legs.’ Upon hearing which declaration the young Queen began to cry, saying, ‘I must go back to Vienna; if I had known before I set out that they would have cut my legs off, I would have died rather than come here.’ This saying of his Queen, being repeated to Philip, made him laugh, though he was said never to have laughed three times in his life. However, the young bride of Charles II. had immediately hard experience of the unyielding tyranny of Spanish etiquette, for she was allowed her way in nothing on the whole road, and found she was expected to be a mere machine without volition in the hands of her household, and to conduct herself at once as if she had been in Spain her whole life.

Charles II. had advanced, in impatience, as far as Burgos; but when he had news of the approach of the cortège from Vittoria, his desire to see the Queen made him, in spite of all remonstrances, rush forward to meet her at Quintanapalla, a wretched village of a few peasants’ houses three leagues beyond Burgos, and he resolved to have the marriage celebrated there. Marie Louise saw him arrive from the balcony of a peasant’s hovel in which she had rested. Prepared as she was, she was shocked at the sight. Charles II., however, ascended the mean staircase, and entered the miserable room in which he found his bride. She attempted several times to fall at his feet, but he prevented her, embracing the Princess as much as etiquette permitted kings of Spain to embrace, by clasping her arms with his hands; he looked fondly in her face, and ejaculated, ‘Mi reyna! mi reyna!’ On their arrival at Madrid the Queen, according to etiquette, was to be kept in the strictest seclusion at the Palace of Buen Retiro, outside the city, till the arrangements for her public entry into the capital were complete. An attempt was made by the *camarera mayor* to keep even the

French ambassadress from seeing the Queen at this time, but her resistance was overcome by the mediation of the Queen-mother, who, during the early days of the Queen's new life, did all she could to mitigate the severity of her fate. But nevertheless, when a few days later the Marquesa de los Balbases, whose husband had been the negotiator of the marriage at the Court of France, came to see the bride, and entered into the apartment of the *camarera mayor*, which was next to that of the Queen, and the Queen heard of her arrival and came out to meet her, the Terranueva, with a severe face, took Marie Louise by the arm, and led her back in silence to her apartment.

The letters of Madame de Villars, in which she gives an account of her visits to the Queen, are most delicately touched. The last words of Louis XIV. to his niece were, that the best thing he could wish her was not to see her again; consequently the Ambassadress is most carefully on her guard not to say one word which might, if brought to the notice of the monarch whom her husband represented, give offence and induce a belief that she was encouraging the regrets of the unhappy Queen. But the truth breaks out sometimes in a manner which makes it the more touching from its very reserve. 'When the Queen begins to talk of Fontainebleau and St. Cloud,' says Madame de Villars, 'I change the subject.' Of the Queen, she says, 'Elle a le teint admirable, de beaux yeux, la bouche très-agréable quand elle rit. *Que c'est une belle chose que de rire en Espagne.*' As for the King, she says, 'On dit qu'il l'aime fort: *chacun a sa manière d'aimer*; je le vois assez souvent . . . *Vous avez apparemment vu de ses portraits.*' The power of reticence can hardly be carried further than in this latter passage, in which infinite pity for this bright unfortunate French girl is so neatly expressed. It is too evident that the only consolations in life which the immured lady had were her interviews with Madame de Villars. After her solemn entry into Madrid, the young Queen only exchanged one prison for another, and then she began the life she was destined to lead to the end of her brief existence; a life combining the jealous seclusion of the harem, the lugubrious monotony of the cloister, and the iron tyranny of Spanish etiquette personified in the Terranueva, relieved only by occasional drives in a carriage with closed windows according to the fashion of Spain, stupid plays, hunting parties, and visits to Aranjuez and the Escorial at fixed times. For everything in the Court of Spain was regulated like a clock; the only disarrangement was when money was wanting to carry

out the programme. From time to time the King would take her round to visit the convents; and as this kind of occupation was not very entertaining, she invited Madame de Villars to accompany her. '*Comme je n'y connois personne,*' says the wily ambassadress, '*je m'y suis beaucoup ennuyée.*' She takes care not to say that the Queen was anything but amused; but the picture she draws of the King and Queen, each in their chairs, in the convent parlour, surrounded by kneeling nuns reduced to a state of imbecility by early seclusion from the world, with two long-haired Court dwarfs, such as we see in the pictures of Velasquez, doing all the talking for the party, and the Queen invariably endeavouring to kill time by eating—alas! she had come already to that—having luncheon on a roast fowl, with the King looking on and thinking she had a good appetite for Spain, where nobody eat as a rule, does not suggest anything very entertaining. The Queen, in desperation, seems to have taken to eating as a way of killing time; like a lady of a Moorish harem, she got fat on her seclusion. 'She sleeps,' says the Marquise, 'ten or twelve hours a day, and she eats meat three or four times a day.' Indeed, what was a poor young creature, shut up with her attendants, to do after the gay open life of the French Court, where she could move as free as air, where the staircases and antechambers were thronged with brilliant gentlemen and ladies, and where wit and gaiety were ever effervescent in some form or other? In the gloomy desolate palace of Madrid, she was allowed hardly to see a man's face, and Madame de Villars and Madame d'Aulnoy were almost her only visitors. No balls, no public *levers* and *couchers* and *toilettes*; no *soirées*, no plays, no hunting-parties but those of the gloomiest character; no diversion but promenades in carriages with closed windows, and these in summer on the dusty bed of the Manzanares. Madame de Villars, good old lady, did her utmost at times to amuse her royal mistress. '*Nous chantons ensemble,*' she says, '*des airs d'opéra. Je chante quelquefois un menuet qu'elle danse.*' What a picture of this elderly, courtly French lady trying to amuse the solitude of the Queen of Spain by singing a minuet to her to dance to! '*Quand elle sort, rien n'est si triste que ses promenades. Elle est avec le roi dans un carrosse fort rude, tous les rideaux tirés. Mais enfin ce sont des usages d'Espagne.*' The Terranueva even informed her that a Queen of Spain must not look out of window; there was nothing to see from the window but the blue sky and the desert court of a monastery, but even that diversion was too exciting in the eyes of this she-dragon of etiquette.

To laugh was ever forbidden to a Queen of Spain. Marie Anne, wife of Philip IV., having laughed once at the antics of a dwarf clown, was reproved by her *camarera mayor*. Upon which she replied, they should take the clown away if they did not mean her to laugh. Two really Spanish amusements, however, were provided for the Queen occasionally—bull-fights and *autos-da-fé*; but she did not show much taste for either. Of one of the former, Madame de Villars, who was present and could only keep her seat at the urgent remonstrance of her husband, says, ‘C’est une terrible beauté que cette fête; si ‘j’étais roi d’Espagne, jamais on n’en verroit.’ The poor imbecile King did his best to amuse his young wife, but not with much effect. He would play with her at *jonchets*, which appears to have been an amusement of the nature of that known among us as ‘spills,’ for three or four hours a day; ‘a game,’ says Madame de Villars, at which one might lose a ‘pistole during all that time *par malheur extraordinaire*.’ The King had a frightful jealousy of everything French; he had been told by the Terranueva that his wife was of a light nature, and that, coming as she did from a light Court, every precaution was necessary; for in Spain the virtue of a woman was not to be counted on, if she had the slightest opportunity of losing it. The poor idiot King was so jealous at the sight of anything French, that he could not even endure the Queen’s French spaniels, and cried, when he entered her apartments, ‘*Fuera, fuera, perros franceses!*’ He was so enraged at the insolence of a French beggar who asked alms of his wife at the door of the church of Atocha, that it was thought he would have had him put to death; and he sent word to two Dutch gentlemen dressed in French costume, who saluted the Queen one day, never to place themselves on the same side of the road as the Queen. He looked with immense suspicion on the Ambassadors de Villars in her French costume when she visited the Queen, and as she made her reverence to him, never returned it: ‘*sans vanité, il ne me le rendit pas*.’ The Queen had two parrots who talked French, and these with her spaniels were her chief companions. Disappointed as it appeared she was likely to be in the hope of children, which, however, the King persisted in looking for, she concentrated all her affection on these pet creatures.

But the Terranueva herself hating all things French, and trusting to the King’s hatred of all things French likewise, one day when the Queen was out for a drive twisted the parrots’ necks; on the return of their mistress, she called for her birds and her dogs as usual. At the mention of her birds,

the maids of honour looked at each other without speaking. The truth, however, was told; but when the *camarera mayor* appeared to kiss the Queen's hand as usual, the meek spirit of Marie Louise could endure no longer; she gave the Terranueva two or three slaps with her hand on either cheek. The rage of the she-griffin, the descendant of Fernando Cortez, the feudal proprietress of Sicily and Spain, with her principality in America, was immense; she collected all her *four hundred ladies*, and went at the head of them to the King to ask for redress. The King betook himself to the Queen, and asked for an explanation. 'Señor,' replied the Queen, 'este es un *antojo*' ('Señor, this is a longing of mine'). This *antojo* was devised with delicious malice by the young Queen. For not only in the case of a royal lady, but in that of the humblest woman of Spain, the '*antojo*' had a prescriptive inviolable privilege to be satisfied. At the cry of a lady with an '*antojo*,' the monarch himself felt obliged, at any time, to show himself at her balcony; and gallants in despair of opportunity of meeting their mistresses, had been known to dress themselves up as women, enter a house, and under the plea of an *antojo*, obtain from the husband a private interview with his wife. So Charles II., the whole of whose imbecile soul was bent on having children, to save the succession of the crown from passing out of the House of Austria, was delighted with the *antojo* and its significance, and declared to his Queen that if she was not satisfied with the two slaps of face, she should give the Terranueva two dozen more; and replied to the remonstrances of the *camarera mayor*, '*Callaos, estas bofetadas son hijas del antojo*' ('Hold your tongue, you; these slaps on the face are daughters of the *antojo*').

One or two more touches, however, are still necessary to show the dreadful nature of the despotism which the Queen had to endure at the hands of the *camarera mayor*. On one occasion, the Terranueva saw, to her dissatisfaction, that the front hair of the Queen was not stiffened and flattened down with proper Spanish precision and rigidity; so the ugly harridan spat on her shrivelled hand, and applied it to the rebellious part. Marie Louise seized the griffin's arm, and with dignity said, 'The best essence was not too good for her,' and rubbed her forehead with her handkerchief in disgust for several minutes. Moreover, the gaoleress ruthlessly insisted that the Queen should, as precedent required, be in bed regularly every night by eight o'clock; and during the first part of her domination, when the Queen was less submissive, and lingered over her solitary supper, the maids of honour entered, and undressed

her while she was still sitting and eating at the table. One undid her dress, another her hair, and another got under the table to take off her shoes. After the affair of the parrots, however, the Queen finding she had been so successful in the ruse of the *antojo*, determined to bring all the wit, persuasion, and intrigue she was mistress of, all the part she held in the King's affections, to upset one of the irrefragable rules of the Spanish Court, and procure the dismissal of the *camarera mayor*. Having carefully felt her way, and kept her design a secret, she approached the King with tears, and asked for one proof of his affection, on the granting of which her health and her tranquillity depended. It was a Spanish version of Esther and Ahasuerus. The uxorious King promised to grant whatever she might ask. She then asked for the dismissal of the Terranueva, and the appointment of a new *camarera mayor*. At this the King was startled, and well he might be. Did not Philip III. die a martyr to Spanish etiquette—roasted to death because the proper officer was not at hand to remove the brazier? and now to commit this frightful violation for a Queen! 'Never,' he said, 'since Spain was Spain, had a Queen changed her *camarera mayor*.' 'Ah! Your Majesty has given me so many other proofs of goodness, of which your predecessors had not shown any example. Can it not grant me the favour I request?' The King yielded, and the Queen desired, further, that the intended dismissal should be kept in secret till a successor was fixed upon. This was found to be an affair of immense difficulty; for it was necessary to choose a new *camarera mayor*, who should be acceptable both to the Queen-mother and the King's Minister, the Duke of Medina Celi; for if in constitutional countries like our own a Minister has been known to risk his place on the matter of the appointment of Court attendants, what must a Minister not find room for fearing in a despotic country, where the intrigues of the palace and the contrivances of a hostile *camarera mayor* might oust him any day? However, after the merits of each individual as a successor to the Terranueva had been carefully and secretly discussed, the Duchess of Albuquerque was appointed, and the Terranueva was compelled to ask for her dismissal. When she came to take leave of the Queen, she felt it due to the blood of Fernando Cortez, and to her kingdom in the Indies, to possess her anger in dignity; the paleness of her face, however, and her flashing eyes, showed the vehemence of the storm within her. She pretended to kiss the Queen's hand, said she was sorry she had not given satisfaction in the execution of her duties, and hoped the next

camarera mayor would have better success. The gentle spirit of Marie Louise could not forbear shedding tears, even at parting with the Megæra who had kept such watch and ward over her. The Duchess said a Queen of Spain ought not to cry at such a trifle. When asked to return and visit the Queen from time to time, she said never in her life would she enter the palace again. After which she went to her own apartment, where, crying, 'Thank heaven! I can now go to Sicily, where I can never know such disgust as at Madrid,' she struck her fist on the table, took up a Chinese fan, tore it in pieces, threw it on the ground, and stamped on it with her feet. That whole night long she never went to bed, but walked up and down her apartment in fury, with her daughters, the Duchesses of Montalto and Hajar, to keep her company.

The new *camarera mayor*, the Duchess de Albuquerque, proved a much more amiable guardian for the Queen. 'L'air du palais,' writes Madame de Villars, 'en est tout différent;' remarkable yet, however, is the discreet reticence of the Ambassadress:—

'Nous regardons présentement la reine et moi, tant que nous voulons, par une fenêtre qui n'a de vue que sur un grand jardin d'un couvent de religieuses qu'on appelle l'*Incarnation*, et qui est attaché au palais. Vous aurez peine à imaginer qu'une jeune princesse, née en France et élevée au Palais Royal, puisse compter cela pour un plaisir; je fais ce que je puis pour le lui faire valoir plus que je ne le compte moi-même. . . . Le roi l'aime passionnément à sa mode et elle aime le roi à la sienne. . . . Il faut finir là: et avec tout l'esprit que vous avez, je vous défie de deviner tout ce que j'aurais à vous dire ensuite de tout cela.'

At the suggestion of the new *camarera mayor*, the King granted his Queen a little more liberty. She was, contrary to all Spanish court usage, allowed to go to bed at half-past ten, and to ride occasionally on horseback. But still the change of a *camarera mayor* and these innovations were not sufficient to lighten the air of ennui of the palace, which is described in energetic terms by the Ambassadress. 'L'ennui du palais est affreux, et je dis quelquefois à cette princesse, quand j'entre dans sa chambre, qu'il me semble qu'on le sent, qu'on le voit, qu'on le touche, tant il est répandu épais.' Indeed the life of the Queen partook, as we have said, of the monotony both of the harem and the convent. Riding in a closed carriage, and now and then on horseback; an occasional bad religious play, in which (such was the wretched character of the Spanish stage scenery), the angels descended astride on beams of wood, and the devils came on the stage by

ladders; an occasional visit from the Queen-mother and the French Ambassadors and one or two other privileged ladies, were the sole diversions of the secluded Queen at Madrid. As for men, she saw none but those attached to her household; and the sight of these stiff noblemen, to whom huge spectacles, and rigid black dresses of velvet or silk trimmed with silver, gave a mixed air of the ogre and the undertaker, while the huge stiff unsightly *golilla* or Spanish ruff, which encircled their necks, and suggested the *garrote*, was not enlivening. The Queen had been obliged to send away all her French attendants, even the French doctor who had come with her from France; and Madame de Villars herself was soon afterwards removed from Madrid, as her intimacy with the Queen began to be considered suspicious by the Spanish Ministers and by Louis XIV., and gave rise to an intrigue which ended in the recall of the Marquise, after which the Queen was left quite alone. As for her rides on horseback, these were surrounded with such rules of etiquette, that it was a matter of great difficulty for her to get even on horseback. If the King was not by her she had to mount on horseback quite unassisted. It was death for the greatest grandee to touch a Queen of Spain. The Conde de Mediana, as we know, set a theatre on fire in order to be able to take Elizabeth of France, the wife of Philip IV., in his arms for an instant, and nearly lost his life by his temerity. And on one occasion the Queen of Charles II. might have had a fatal accident had it not been for the audacity of two Spanish cavaliers. She was obliged to mount from her carriage door to the back of the horse which was placed before it; one day, while the King was looking from a window of the palace at Aranjuez; her horse, a spirited Andalusian, reared before she was well in the saddle, threw her to the ground, and dragged her along with one foot in the stirrup. Two gentlemen, Don Luis de la Torres and Don Jaime de Soto Mayor, who were standing near, after some hesitation, rushed to her rescue; but immediately they had effected her deliverance they ran to saddle their horses and escape from Court. However, the Conde de Peñeranda interceded with Charles II. for their pardon, and their flight was made unnecessary. As for the company of an imbecile King, it must be imagined that the unfortunate Queen found not much amusement in this. She was, as we have seen, possessed of a fair share of ready wit, and of such she made proof on another occasion when an Arab doctor from Mossul in Mesopotamia was allowed to be presented to her as a curiosity, and she asked him maliciously if the women of Mossul were as strictly guarded as the Queens

‘of Spain.’ Two anecdotes are sufficient to show what kind of companionship Marie Louise must have found in her husband. The Queen-mother had made a present to her daughter-in-law of a watch, and said by letter that she wished it would mark none but happy hours for her. The Queen wrote in reply that this would be always the case if she continued to have the affection of her mother-in-law, and then turned to the King and asked for some affectionate message to give to his mother from himself. ‘*No tengo que decir*’ (‘I have nothing to say’) he replied. On being pressed again, he said, ‘*Pongaos, mi reina, que yo tengo buena salud*’ (‘Say, my Queen, my health is good’). On another occasion when, on account of the penury of the exchequer, the royal pair were unable to go as usual to Aranjuez, Charles went off to hunt by himself at the Escorial, and as a delicate attention wrote to his Queen at home the note immortalised in Ruy Blas, ‘The wind is very strong. I have killed four wolves.’ His affection, however, for the Queen was absorbing, and if the affection of an idiot is worth anything, no woman ever had more of such. ‘The King,’ writes Madame de Villars, ‘would not let the Queen out of his sight;’ and adds, with courtly irony, ‘*cela est très-obligeant.*’ ‘*Mi reyna, mi reyna,*’ he said at a fête at Don Pedro Aragon’s, when she surprised him with some Spanish dances which she had learned in secret, ‘*eres la mas perfeta de todo el orbe.*’

The letters of Madame de Villars and of Madame d’Aulnoy do not carry us much further, but the monotony of the royal life was such that they are quite sufficient to show its character. Year by year, day by day, the Spanish Court went on in the same mechanical way. We gather, from the very guarded letters of Madame de Villars, that her intimacy with the solitary Queen was a cause of suspicion to some of the most important personages of Madrid; and as the Queen was supposed to govern her husband, and evidently placed all confidence in Madame de Villars, it may well be imagined that, rightly or wrongly, people gave her credit for meddling with affairs of State, and exercising an influence over the measures of the royal Closet. In such a Court as that of Spain secret influences play an immense part in the government. A *valet de chambre*, a confessor, a duenna, may have access to the royal ear, and decide the fate of Cabinets, and determine the royal mind for peace or war. And especially in Madrid at this time, when the weakness of the King’s health precluded all hope of posterity, and the question of the Spanish succession agitated all Europe, when Austrian, French, and Bavarian influences

were brought to bear upon the feeble-minded King to obtain from him a will in favour of their respective Powers, it may be imagined that the close intimacy of the French ambassadress with the Queen was a subject of dread and disgust to all opposed to the pretensions of France to the inheritance of the Spanish King. The Queen-mother, who was Austrian, especially must have viewed the frequent visits and *tête-à-têtes* of Madame de Villars at the Palace with suspicion. By some intrigue, therefore, Louis XIV. was induced to recall Monsieur de Villars, and the Queen lost her only friend and companion, and was left the solitary tenant of the Palace, for her imbecile lord could scarcely be counted as more society than her spaniels, and less than her dwarfs. The Queen-mother, who at first had treated her daughter-in-law with affection, now that it seemed barely possible that she would have offspring, began to be more active in the cause of Austria, drew off from Marie Louise, and harassed her with a system of dark intrigues and underhand machinations. Every art was used to disgust the King with the woman, affection for whom had galvanised his feeble brain and diseased body into something like life and activity. Necessarily the hopes of the whole nation were centred on the Queen, and there was a popular distich which ran among the people:—

‘ Si paris, paris á España ;
Si no paris, á París.’

Rumours of the Queen’s pregnancy flitted about from time to time—all doomed to prove fallacious. Years passed by, but neither vows nor penance, nor barefoot pilgrimage, nor offerings to our Lady of Atocha and other celebrated Madonnas, were effectual. Even cabalistic rites, some of disgusting grossness, were suggested by intriguers for the practice of the King and Queen, and demons were evoked, and philtres were prescribed, without success. The Comte de Rebenac, who succeeded the Marquis de Villars as ambassador, was constantly on the watch, and succeeded in discovering a diabolical scheme, originating, it was believed, with the Queen-mother, for seducing the King and Queen to submit to one of these incantations: its object was to convince the unfortunate King that his Queen was under a charm. M. de Rebenac warned the Queen of the danger of submitting to the test, although it does not appear that it is likely she would have permitted herself to be so entrapped. The despatches of M. de Rebenac, in which he relates this, and reports upon the state of the Spanish Court to the King, give a still more melancholy notion of the desolate ex-

istence of the Queen; and the arrival of a bird of ill omen at the Court of Madrid—of Olympia Mancini, Comtesse de Soissons, the mother of Prince Eugene of Savoy, and a pupil and accomplice of the notorious La Voisin, the Locusta of the age—added another artificer of witchcraft and intrigue to the number of the Queen's enemies.

But her end was at hand—an end of a tragic character, and recalling, both in its manner and her sweetness in meeting it, the deathbed of her mother, Henriette d'Angleterre, who also, to use the expression of Bossuet, was *douce envers la mort*. Dreadful forebodings respecting her, indeed, had never ceased to weigh upon the minds of the people—for the fatal bell of Barcelona tolled of itself on the day of her entry into Madrid. Like her mother, she was suspected of being poisoned, and the Comtesse de Soissons and the Queen-mother were each accused of a share in the deed. Of this, however, there is no proof. The suddenness of her death may have been caused by cholera, and she was of declining health from previous ailments and from lassitude of life. Yet it cannot be said that the characters either of the Queen-mother or of Madame de Soissons is above the suspicion of committing such a deed if it should be useful to them.

The French Ambassador merely states in his report that she died in frightful torments and with great suddenness; it was with great difficulty he could obtain a last interview with the Queen, although she earnestly requested to see him; and he could not obtain an autopsy of the body. Louis XIV. publicly declared at supper that she was poisoned, and Saint-Simon, some years later, found the belief still common in Madrid. But the suspicion of this reptile crime was common throughout that century. The hiss of the serpent was heard, or thought to be heard, on every occasion of sudden death.

Marie Louise, however, herself, knowing the ruinous consequences which might attend the contrary belief, assured M. de Rebenac that she died a natural death. With a charming sweetness of temper she asked forgiveness of all whom she might have offended, of the Queen-mother, and of the Duchess of Terranueva; and when she was told that there were crowds at the palace gate, and that the churches were full of people praying for her recovery, she said that 'she was well entitled to their affection, since she would at any time have laid down her life to relieve them of the burdens they endured.' And so died a not unworthy daughter of the Stuarts and the Bourbons.

Her married life with Charles II. had lasted ten years,

and after her decease the King sank deeper and deeper into torpid and melancholy lethargy. The immense question of the Spanish succession made his mother and council induce him to contract another marriage with Marie Anne de Neuburg, sister of the Empress; but nothing roused him from his natural torpor from that time or prevented his gradual decline; so that at thirty-eight he had the air of a man of seventy. The account given of his appearance in his later days by the English Ambassador is ghastly:—‘The King’s ankles and knees swell, his eyes bag, the lids as red as scarlet, and the rest of his face a greenish yellow; the whole crown was bald,’ and during a severe illness the doctors shaved off the rest of his hair; nevertheless, ‘he hath a ravenous stomach, and swallows all he eats whole, for his nether jaw—like that of Charles V. at a more advanced age—stands so much out that his two rows of teeth cannot meet, to compensate which he has a prodigious wide throat, so that a liver or gizzard of a hen goes down whole;’ but, from his weak stomach, he could not digest or retain what he swallowed.

It was tried in vain to divert him with buffoons and dwarfs and puppet-shows and bull-fights. He paid little attention to anything, but moved ‘like an image of clockwork,’ with his weak dreamy eyes fixed on vacancy. He had visions of demons, and kept monks and priests by his side to exorcise them. Three monks were chanting Latin psalms round his deathbed. He believed himself to be the victim of sorcery, and to have been charmed with a portion of the brain of a corpse administered in a cup of chocolate, and endless forms of incantation and counter-charms were practised upon him by various impostors; among other remedies it was proposed to diet him on hens fed with vipers’ flesh. The people of Spain believed this too, that the poor King was enchanted, and gave him the name of ‘*el rey hechizado*,’ ‘the bewitched king,’ which he preserves in tradition to the present day; and the affection of the people towards him, as is always the case with idiot or deranged kings, as was the case with Charles VI. of France and our own George III., was deep and tender. On the occasion of a riot in Madrid, the people went to the palace, as their custom was, and demanded to see the King to ask for redress, the Queen came to the balcony and said, ‘*Hijos*, he is asleep!’ The crowd replied that he had been sleeping a long while, and it was time he should awake. ‘*Ya mucho tiempo que dormia, y convenia despertase.*’ The Queen went with tears to fetch him, and brought him to the balcony; the

poor 'rey hechizado' came and leant towards the people inarticulately moving his hanging lip, and his subjects burst out in cries of affection, and went away appeased.

The only thing he seemed to care for was to go, on pretence of hunting, with one or two attendants, and wander like a ghost amid the gloomy woods of pine and ilex and the granite rocks of the vast solitudes around the Escorial, where he would pass day after day and sometimes lose himself for hours in those sombre wildernesses.

Not long before his death one of those strange funereal yearnings came upon him, so distinctive of the last days of nearly every member of the Austrian House of Spain. Juana la Loca could not be induced to surrender the embalmed corpse of her husband. Charles V. had his funeral rites celebrated before him. Philip II., shortly before he died, called for a skull, and placed his crown upon it. Philip IV. went and lay in the niche destined for him in the Pantheon. So, too, a visionary sepulchral fancy animated the decaying brain of Charles II. He, the last decrepit relic of a great race, would descend into their mausoleum, and open their coffins, and look face to face on the chiefs of his race, who had worn his crown before him. He went down by the light of torches into the dark vault of the Pantheon; the huge *candelabrum* was lit, and all the coffins, beginning with that of Charles V., were opened for him in order. Charles V. was much decayed; the features of Philip II. were distorted; Philip III. was nearly perfectly preserved in form, but crumbled into dust as soon as his body was touched. After the kings he passed to the queens. He paid little regard to the features of his mother; but when the coffin of his first queen was opened, and he saw the form and the still charming features of her who had glorified his dark life and brain for a while, his throat was convulsed, tears streamed from his eyes, and he fell with outstretched arms on the bier, crying, 'Mi reyna, mi reyna, before a year is past I will come and join you.' Surely this visit of the last descendant of the House of Austria to the Pantheon of the Escorial, this corpse-like King, stealing among the collected corpses of his race, is one of the strangest scenes in history. It was a last review of the whole departed grandeur of the race by their idiot descendant—*sic transit*. The fiery courage of Charles the Bold, the imperious soul of Charles V., and the scheming brain of Philip II. ended here.

Nevertheless, the half-witted and moribund King, always roused himself to a sense of his duty, when the question of the Spanish Succession, which had agitated all Europe for so long,

and contained an Iliad of woes in its solution, was started before him, and he strained the whole forces of his weak mind to endeavour to do his duty by it. He had tried many schemes for its settlement, and all had failed; his poor brain was bewildered; even in a dying state he was beset by the conflicting sophistries and adjurations of the rival claimants to the monarchy, and besought to name a successor by will. His confessor and Portocarrero, Cardinal of Toledo, admonished him that not only the welfare of Spain but the welfare of his soul depended on the performance of this his last duty. The natural bent of his mind had naturally been towards the claims of Austria rather than the claims of France. Nevertheless, on the death of his first beloved wife he contemplated making her brother the heir to the throne. Portocarrero, however, and all his council were in favour of France, not only as a matter of right, but because France was the best ally of Spain in the weakened condition of the monarchy.* The engaging manners and address of the Count d'Harcourt had contributed to reconcile both the nobility and the King to the prospect of a French successor. Charles himself was more than half won over when he despatched with tears one of his most attached servants, the Duc d'Uzeda, to the Vatican, to take the opinion of Innocent XII. After forty days' reflection, the Pope, in a very solemn letter, gave a decisive opinion in favour of the French claim, and exhorted the Spanish King by his hope of eternal happiness to settle the question according to the plain dictates of right. This reply fixed the last waverings of the unhappy monarch; he called his council together to witness his irrevocable will, one of the most momentous documents in history. Before it was read he exclaimed, 'It is God who gives kingdoms, for they are his' ('*Dios es quien da reynos, porque son suyos*'). After signing it, he said, 'Now we are nothing' ('*Ya nada somos*'). Upon which he fell into such a long faint, that it was thought he was dead. The document was kept a secret to the day of his death, which happened two months afterwards. The ambassadors of the foreign Courts were called

* Portocarrero had been gained over by the diplomatic address of the Princesse des Ursins during a visit of the Cardinal to Rome. The Princesse des Ursins, who was at that time a confidential agent of the French Government at Rome, was also active in her advocacy of the French claims with the Pope and those about him; and thus before her arrival in Spain, where she occupied for twelve years the post of female prime minister to the first Bourbon sovereign, was active in preparing the way for the Bourbons to the throne of Spain.

to hear the document read. Count Harach, the Austrian Ambassador, who had greatly disgusted the Ministers and Council of Charles by his haughty airs, was present, and he learned his defeat in this manner. The Duke of Abrantes, one of the Council, advanced towards Harach with a smiling face and with open arms; he embraced him, and said maliciously, 'Illustrious sir, it is with the greatest pleasure that I now for my whole life—take leave of the House of Austria.'

It has been said Charles V. was a warrior and a king; Philip II. only a king, Philip III. and Philip IV. not even kings, and Charles II. not even a man. This successive degeneration of the race, still preserving the family likeness, is one of the most curious facts in history, and there can be no doubt that it was caused by the influence of the traditional habits of the sovereign, the inflexible rules of Spanish etiquette, and the unchangeable monotony of royal life. But what is still more curious is, that the Bourbon kings of Spain became intellectually and socially the exact image of their predecessors. Saint-Simon says when he visited the Court of Philip V., whom he had known as Count of Anjou, 'after having made my first reverence and examined the king, *j'étais frappé de stupeur*;' there was not a trace of the Count of Anjou in the King of Spain. The French prince had become just as mechanical, just as taciturn, just as melancholy and hypochondriacal, and just as uxorious as one of the last princes of the House of Austria. Indeed, the monarch of Spain was nothing more than a kind of human machine, whose every step, action, and word was regulated by an unchangeable system of etiquette, which left no place for volition; all thought was killed in such a man; all his daily occupations were the same; he was disinterred daily in the morning at the same hour; he heard daily mass behind a grating; he presided at his council in silence; he took his dinner alone, not in public, at the same hour; his hunting parties were always the same; his daily conferences with his confessor were of the same length; and he gave audiences which consisted of nothing but gestures and pantomime. His costume was regulated in the same way, and the strangest perhaps of all the invariable prescriptions of court etiquette was that, when the King visited the Queen at night, he went in a particular costume, with a black cloak on his shoulders, a sword, and a dark lantern, with a buckler on his right arm and a bottle in his left hand. The consequence of being forced to do everything by rule in this way day by day produced a distinct set of mental weaknesses, which degenerated at last into absolute imbecility. Philip IV. was said to

move exactly as though he were made of wood; sometimes at last he would not speak for weeks together, and never smiled; even when he spoke it was said there seemed to be nothing moveable about him but his lips and his tongue. Such a system tended to make the King a helpless Dalai Lama,* and this tendency was further increased by the superstitious awe with which the monarch of Spain was regarded, and which has no parallel in any other country in Europe; he was a royal fetish, the same term was applied to him as to the Host, the consecrated wafer, supposed to be the very body of Christ. Both were addressed as *majestad*, and the duties of men to *las dos Majestades* were confirmed by priests and friars in their sermons. Everything that the King had once used or touched became sacred. The King's wife could never remarry; his mistress when he left her was bound to retire into a convent. '*Vaya con Dios; no quiero ser monja*,' replied a lady to the addresses of Philip IV. A horse he had once crossed could never be used by anybody else; the same Philip therefore generously declined the present of a fine animal he had admired from a Spanish nobleman, saying it would be a pity so noble a beast should ever be without a master. Hence, too, the extraordinary sanctity with which the Queen of Spain was regarded; she could not be touched by another man's hand; to touch her was to touch the axe. Both sovereigns were served by their attendants on their knees. In their most violent revolts the Spaniards never dreamed of assaulting or deposing the King, the cry was '*Viva el Rey y muoja el mal gobierno!*'

All this was Oriental in feeling and derived by the Spaniards from their long and incessant contact with the Moors. Indeed, the nature of the Arab has been inoculated into the Spaniard to a much larger extent than is usually supposed. Their whole language is resonant of this Arabic inoculation—the adoption of the Arab guttural to such an extent in Spanish is a most singular fact in the history of language. All their compliments are still Oriental; their mode of salutation in the days of Charles II. was still Oriental. When the Spanish King received a letter of William III. from the English Ambassador, he carried it to his forehead as Eastern people do still.† Moorish customs were still more prevalent in the days

The reports of travellers concur in showing us that education and habit produces the same uniformity of character in the Dalais Lamas.

† Such, however, was still the proud reserve of the Spaniard,

of Charles II. than now; the ladies took their meals squatting on the ground like Arab women, and apart from the men; and Spanish women still in churches sit on the ground in Oriental fashion. No lady could sit comfortably in a chair, and Madame de Villars was much amused with the queer uneasy figures her visitors made when they tried to use her chairs. Their profuse use of jewellery and their manner of dressing pearls in their hair was also Oriental.

The seclusion of women and their going about so often *tapadas*, or veiled, was Moorish likewise. We have seen that the King's wife was kept in almost as tyrannous seclusion as a sultana or a wife of a caliph, and that she was obliged to ride when she went abroad in a closed carriage. Oriental, too, was the fashion of keeping such enormous bodies of useless retainers; some nobles had as many as five hundred in their houses; and to complete the picture, Moorish and Turkish slaves were still common in Madrid. The bull-fights, in which, in the time of Charles, Spanish nobles entered the arena, and not *toreadores* and *picadores* by profession, the *juegos de cañas*, the *faja* still worn by the Andalusian and the inhabitants of other parts of Spain, are all proofs of such strange admixture of Moorish habits among a people whose proudest boast was to be *Christianos viejos, rancios de casa limpia*. Oriental fatalism, illustrated by the *Si Dios quiere*; Oriental procrastination—*Veremos*; Oriental pride, Oriental indolence, Oriental habits of thought, Oriental contempt of books, book-learning and statistics, of the common maxims of commerce and prudence, also have deeply entered into the mental constitution of the Spaniard, and characterise him nearly as much in the present day as in the days of Charles II.

But with such qualities of Oriental origin the Spaniard united others engendered by the worst forms of superstition and bigotry which have deformed Christianity. The Spanish nature may be defined to be an amalgamation of the Goth and the Moor fused in the fire of the Inquisition. The Spaniard may have been steeled to this indifference to blood and torture by his familiarity with the cannibal rites of Mexico, where the high priest performed his sacrifices in a robe stiffened and caked with human gore. The Spaniard worshipped Christ much as the Mexican worshipped Vitzliputzli, with hecatombs of human victims. The greatest nobles of the land were officers of the

that the Prime Minister usually received the English Ambassador in bed, on pretence of being ill, in order not to compromise his dignity by too much civility.

Inquisition ; and some, as Familiars, conducted the victims to the scene of torture. In the days of Charles II. the huge stone statues of the four Evangelists at the corners of the stone altar of the Inquisition in the Plaza Major before the Cathedral at Seville were black with the soot of burnt men, women, and children. The young queens of Spain could not escape the terrible ordeal of an *auto-da-fé*. Immediately after each marriage one of these cannibal spectacles was prepared for them ; it was their fire-baptism into the nationality of Spain. The gentle compassionate French bride of Charles II. had to witness one got up in her honour soon after her entry, where she sat face to face with the Grand Inquisitor, who was exalted on a throne loftier than that of the King himself. As the victims were marshalled before her, a beautiful Jewish girl not seventeen approached her and said, ‘ Great queen ! shall your presence here not change my fate ? Consider my youth, and that I suffer for a religion which I drew from the bosom of my mother.’ Marie Louise became pale, and turned her head hastily away ; all eyes were fixed on her to see if a Queen of Spain would dare to have pity. Who knows, it has been said, perhaps a tear from her at that moment would have put out the fires of the Inquisition ?

This religious terrorism darkened still more the benighted unsocial humour of the Spaniard, and made him take, in contempt and hatred of the world, to monastic seclusion and austere religious practices. They were becoming a nation of monks and anchorets and hermits. Philip III. regretted he had not passed the thirty-three years of his reign in a monastery, and kings and nobles were buried in the serge of a friar. The palace and the monastery were united in the Escorial, and even in Madrid we have seen the Queen’s windows looked into a convent. Practices of religious superstition were mixed up with their follies, their passions, their gallantry, and their crimes. Ladies wore images, crosses, rosaries, and the Agnus Dei in their hair, on their wrists, on their shoulders, round their waists, side by side with their pearls, and the emeralds and rubies of the Indies. Lovers in absurd caps as tall as three sugar-loaves, with bare shoulders, and in dresses like those of Eastern faquirs, scourged themselves under their mistresses’ eyes from her balcony in her honour, and redoubled the severity of their strokes at her encouragement. Assignations were made in churches, and the admitted time for addressing a mistress was in a religious procession. Assassins had their weapons blessed by the priest, and clung to the altars for protection after a successful murder.

The manners were still more savage than those in any other country in Europe. The intolerance of the people was so brutal that they disinterred and mutilated the body of the Chaplain of the English Embassy, who had died in Madrid, and was buried in an open field, and the Ambassador was obliged to collect the remains and bury them in his cellar. Not a night passed in Madrid without several assassinations. Assassination was the common resort of all, from highest to lowest. Ladies gave a faithless lover the choice between a dagger and a poisoned cup of chocolate; and one tale of horror related of the Marquesa d'Astorgas, the wife of the Grand Equerry of Marie Louise, outdoes in savagery the tales of Cabestan and Raoul de Coucy. She murdered the mistress of her husband, served her heart up in a stew, which she put before him when he was entertaining some friends; after he had eaten of it, she took from out her *guarda-infante*—her crinoline—the head of her victim, and threw it on the table. Such crimes remained unpunished; for, strange to say, the Spaniard, with all his indifference to torture and bloodshed, is compassionate to an incredible degree towards the victims of the law, and the rare executions drew forth tears and commiseration from the beholders. Yet even in assassination they carried the principle of Spanish honour to such an extravagant extent that the hirer of a bandit or assassin could not forgive his enemy if he would; the bandit, if he had taken the money, declared he had engaged to kill a man, and he must do it; he would, however, take his employer's life if he preferred it, and leave the other alone. Folly and extravagance, indeed, prevailed in Spain, in every form of human weakness. The Court was haunted by a set of lovers called the *embebecidos*, 'the intoxicated with love.' These, like madmen in the East, had especial privileges. Every licence was permitted them. They might wear their hats like *grandees* in the King's presence. They were supposed to be so possessed with passion and frenzy as not to know where they were and what they did. This superstitious folly of lovers naturally infected also the weak mind of the King. A woman was charged with the assassination of a faithless lover; the King, who was then in the height of his passion for the bride he had not yet seen, when he had heard her story, said, 'Go, go; you are too much in love to have your reason.'

Never, indeed, in the whole history of the world can be found a nation given over to the adoration and practice of such senseless eccentricities as characterise Spain in the days of Charles II., a country still singularly isolated in thought and

feeling from all the rest of mankind, and governed absolutely by passions and vices of the most seemingly incompatible character. The history of that time has fresh interest when considered in relation to the question of the regeneration of the people of the Peninsula ; for if we would understand Spain of the present day, we must understand Spain as it was in the lowest days of its degradation. Under the Bourbon Kings it rose somewhat in the scale of nations ; but the fires of the Inquisition made such a blank and ravage in the minds of the people, their moral and intellectual qualities are of so strange an order, and mixed in such strange fashion, that those who know them best despair of their ever rising to the level of the rest of Europe.

It has appeared to us not inopportune to review these strange pictures of the decay of the Spanish branch of the House of Austria, and of the country cursed by their misgovernment, at a moment when the eyes of the world are once more attracted to Spain by the fall of another dynasty, sunk under the intolerable weight of its own profligacy and imbecility. In no country, certainly, has the principle of monarchical government been put to so severe a trial. The House of Austria and the House of Bourbon, each transplanted to the soil of Spain, each fertile elsewhere in wise, high-spirited, and patriotic princes, degenerated at once into races of tyrants, bigots, or *crétins* : and it may be said that for nearly four centuries the Spanish crown has never been worn by an enlightened sovereign devoted to the interests of his people. After the fatal overthrow of the Commons in the sixteenth century, Charles V. only saw his native country again when he returned to die there. Philip II. directed the whole power of the monarchy to the cause of reaction in Europe, unmoved by the atrocious evils he caused to his own subjects ; and in the whole list of their successors there is hardly one, except Charles III., who deserves any better fate than that of historical ignominy. Yet the Spanish people have continued to believe in their rulers, to fight for them, to die for them ; and even the wretched Princess, who has just ended a reign of thirty-five years by a shameful expulsion from her dominions, was placed on the throne by the enthusiastic efforts of the best part of the nation.

It is impossible that these events should not have taught the Spaniards a lesson ; and if their former monarchical experiments have fared so ill, they may well be less prone to adopt another ruler foreign to themselves, and called to the throne on no better plea than that of necessity. The whole problem

of government has to be solved. A long period of excessive drought has caused a famine of the most disastrous kind in the land; yet, such is the total want of confidence and security, that no effectual efforts can be made to supply the country with food by importation and foreign trade. The treasury is empty, the credit of the nation destroyed by the wilful and deliberate repudiation of its former debts, even when they might without difficulty have been capitalised and acknowledged. For several weeks the government has been carried on, as it were, by haphazard, by the men who made the Revolution, and they have been obeyed rather from the dread of worse evils than from confidence in their wisdom. An assembly chosen by universal suffrage is about to determine what the future institutions of the country are to be. For the first time in the history of Europe, foreign Powers are wise enough to hold aloof altogether from this new phase of the Spanish Succession; and there is not so much as a serious candidate in the field for the doubtful honour of the vacant throne. The table is cleared. The page is blank. The future is open. Seldom in any country has the choice of the people been so free. What use will the Spanish people make of their opportunity? We do not presume to answer the question; but in their place our voice would be for the establishment of a federal republic, unless they determine to restore the Bourbon family to the throne in one of its younger branches. No doubt a republican government in Spain would be turbulent, divided, weak at home, and powerless abroad, not much removed from the present condition of the former Spanish colonies in America. But it would be preferable to a mongrel monarchy under a foreign prince. If anything can revive and sustain the political energy of the Spanish race, perhaps the contentious spirit of republican institutions would have that effect; and if the experiment failed, another form of monarchy would probably grow out of it.

ART. II.—*Lord Kingsdown's Recollections of his Life at the Bar and in Parliament.* [Privately Printed.] 1868.

IT was the deliberate opinion of the eminent judges who shared the labours of Lord Kingsdown at the Privy Council and in the House of Lords, as well as of the leading members of the Bar who practised before him in those Courts of Appeal, that no man in our times has possessed and combined in an equal degree the highest qualities of the judicial mind. To quickness of perception and subtlety of intellect he united a faculty of order which seemed as if by magic to assign to every argument and every fact its proper value, so that the obscure became clear and the intricate plain. To the cases before him, thus stripped of all disguise, he applied with certain knowledge the fixed mechanism of law, and at times the broad principles of jurisprudence unfettered by technicality. Yet so carefully did he steer his course, that when he reversed the decisions of inferior tribunals or settled some disputed controversy, the result seemed to be the natural and necessary growth of judicial argument to which his mind had been irresistibly led. To the Bar his manner was ever that of a most courteous and invincible patience. A Court of Appeal, he was wont to say, is bound to hear everything that can be alleged for the suitors before it, since there is no one to review its judgments, and every step it takes is irrevocable. Hence the labour he bestowed on his judgments, which were always written and often printed before delivery, was extreme. Fastidious in many things, he was most fastidious towards his own performances; and if there was any touch of natural indolence in his disposition, it gave way to the most elaborate industry when he conceived that a judicial duty was to be performed. In this wise, having retired from Parliament and the Bar in his fiftieth year, Mr. Pemberton Leigh devoted twenty years of his life to the administration of justice in the highest Courts of Appeal. Unlike any other man of equal or similar judicial eminence, he never filled any of the ordinary judicial offices of this country; he never presided in any Court; he never filled any office of power and profit; he never received a sixpence of the public money; his fame was confined within the narrow circle of the choicest intellects of his profession, with whom he chiefly associated; and except when a peerage was conferred upon him by Her Majesty, on the recommendation of Lord Derby, in 1858, it may be doubted whether he received any token of gratitude from the country he had served. He had refused

the Solicitor-Generalship, he had refused judgeships both in law and equity, he refused at last the Great Seal when it was offered him by the head of the party to which he consistently belonged. It was therefore the result of his own choice, if he never filled a more conspicuous post in the service of the nation. In truth he shunned popularity and notoriety as eagerly as most men seek them. Indifferent alike to power and to wealth, in addition to the ample means which were fortunately at his own disposal, the sacrifice of independence appeared to him too large a price to pay for the honours of the world; and the more retired and unostentatious were the occasions he found for the exercise of his talents and for the discharge of duties, the more attractive they were to him.

Hence it might well happen that when the immediate contemporaries of Lord Kingsdown have passed away, nothing will remain but a few speeches in forgotten debates and a few judgments in unfamiliar law books to explain the profound respect which was paid, by those who knew him, to his name. It will seem hereafter like a paradox to affirm that in an age of great advocates and great judges—in the age of Scarlett and Follett, of Brougham and Lyndhurst, Cottenham and Lushington, or further back in that of Eldon and Grant, down to that of Campbell and Bethell, none was in truth greater in his vocation than the veiled figure, which withdrew from the Rolls at fifty, and left the great prizes of professional life untouched. Nor can we attempt to struggle against the inexorable laws of fate. If Lord Kingsdown cared not enough for celebrity to inscribe his own title in the Temple of Fame, no other hand can place it there; nor would it become us to regret that which was to himself a matter of indifference. But the '*non omnis moriar*' is not to be entirely cast out of the human heart; and in the absence of a more durable memorial Lord Kingsdown amused himself some years ago by making a few scratches in the sand and committing to paper these recollections of his early life. Nothing was further from his intention than to write his own biography; and indeed, with his wonted modesty, the person he cares least to speak of is himself. Nor was it his desire that these Notes should be published; the less so, as some of them relate to family transactions, in which the public has no interest. But we have received the permission of his relations to make a discreet use of these Notes, which have been printed for their own convenience. We shall confine ourselves, in the selections we are about to make, to passages characteristic of Lord Kingsdown's own career, or of the more eminent of his contemporaries.

There is always a charm in what great men tell us of their early life. Whatever else may have befallen us, we have all passed through *that*; and, as Mr. Darwin would argue, there is very little difference between the germs of a chancellor or an archbishop and those of a country solicitor or a dissenting minister. Lord Kingsdown is no exception to the rule. He was the son of a widow left in narrow circumstances, and his education was pinched by the want of means to send him to Westminster and Oxford. But we shall leave him to tell his own story.

‘I have often regretted never having kept a journal in the course of my long life. . . . It is now too late to repair the neglect: but it may amuse my old age, and form some instruction for any member of my family who may hereafter engage in the same profession with my own, if I note some of the circumstances which have attended a life—for many years—of more uninterrupted prosperity than has often fallen to the lot of man.

‘Its dawn was far from promising so bright a day. My father, who was at the Chancery Bar, died in 1804, at a time when he had attained to very considerable business, but before he had been able to lay by any large sum. I collect from his fee-books that he must have been making about 2,000*l.* a year—a good professional income for a junior in Chancery in those days, when fees seem to have been at least a third less in amount than they were in my time. My mother was left with five children, three sons and two daughters, with not more than 500*l.* a year for their support and education, though her income received an augmentation of about 200*l.* a year in 1806, on the death of her parents; my grandmother surviving her husband only a few months.

‘. . . I was eleven years old at his death, and had been sent before I was seven to a large school at Chiswick, kept by Dr. Horne, who had above a hundred scholars, with a view of being transferred to Westminster, and afterwards to Oxford. My mother’s scanty income prevented this plan from being carried out. I remained at Chiswick till I was removed from school altogether, at Easter, 1809, when I was but just sixteen. Mr. Farrer, a very old friend of our family, took me into his office for twelve months, at the expiration of which time I went as pupil to my uncle, Mr. Cooke, in whose chambers I remained for five years.

‘I have frequently considered with myself whether this change in my education tended to my ultimate success or otherwise. At that time nothing but classical literature was taught at public schools; for this I had always a liking. Mr. Horne, who succeeded his father at Chiswick, was a very good scholar, with the talent, and, unfortunately, with the temper of his family. I had gone through something more than the usual routine of school-books before I left his charge; and when I was my own master, knowing that from my defective education any blunders I might commit

would be the more rigorously marked, and my ignorance be held to be even greater than it was, I devoted myself with some assiduity to the study of Greek and Latin authors. I went through Livy, making extracts of passages which seemed to be suited for quotation in public speaking, several pages of which I have lately found, though I do not know that any one of them has ever been turned to account. I went through the Iliad and Odyssey, translating more than one book of the former into Latin hexameters; twice through Thucydides, making an abstract of every passage as I proceeded by a note in the margin; once through Herodotus and Xenophon, and a good many other authors as far as those languages go. Though very far indeed from possessing a competent knowledge of them, I have found in the course of my experience that the greater part of the men with whom I have come in contact have known as little as myself. Living at home with my mother, and studying under my uncle, debarred by poverty from mixing much in society or amusements, I was forced into habits of industry and moral restraint, to which I had from nature but very moderate dispositions.

‘If, on the other hand, instead of remaining at a private school (of which for a considerable period I was the head, *longo intervallo*), I had gone to Westminster and been knocked about there, and at college, it would perhaps in some degree have cured or diminished the constitutional shyness and timidity which have impeded my progress through life, and prevented me from obtaining, or I should rather say accepting, offices of some consequence in the State.’ (Pp. 1–6.)

A vision of a living crossed the mind of Mrs. Pemberton, and it was only the brilliant success of her son at the Bar which reconciled her to the loss of the prospects he might have had in the Church. But without saying, as the Cardinal de Retz somewhere observes, that he had ‘l’âme peut-être la ‘moins ecclésiastique qui fût dans l’univers,’ Lord Kingsdown confesses that he should have felt a strong repugnance to be more than a lay member of the English Church. Not that he was indifferent to matters of religious thought and inquiry. On the contrary, they occupied much of his time, especially in latter years. But he thought upon these things in the spirit of a lawyer rather than of a divine; and while he was more and more attracted and satisfied by the historical evidence of the Gospel, he was less inclined to give his unqualified assent to dogmatical theology. The Council of Nicæa had, he conceived, done an incalculable injury to Christianity; and he held in great aversion the sacerdotal pretensions of the clergy in all ages of the Church. The Church, then, was certainly not the profession for which he was qualified or destined.

When young Pemberton entered the chambers of his

uncle, Mr. Cooke, it was the practice to attend there regularly at nine o'clock, remain till past three, dine at four, return to chambers at six, and stay till ten. On Saturdays and Sundays lawyers dined out, generally at half-past five. On any other day a barrister in any practice, or one hoping to acquire any, never for a moment thought of being away from court or chambers during the regular hours. He remained in these chambers five years reading Peere Williams, whom he styles the 'prince of reporters;' and Vesey, with the omission of vol. 13, because it contains Lord Erskine's judgments. Mr. Cooke, though an excellent commercial lawyer, was not particularly skilful as a draftsman, nor very profound on the law of real property, and he had no other pupil but his nephew. Towards the end of this period, which was extended to five years, because he had not taken a University degree, young Pemberton drew a few equity pleadings for solicitors, being then uncalled; but the pay was miserable, and the practice has since been abandoned. At length, in 1816, he attained the honour of mounting a wig, being then twenty-three years of age. Up to this period his life had been one of drudgery and privation.

'It is common, I believe, to consider youth and boyhood as the season of enjoyment, and cares and sorrows as commencing or increasing with manhood. With me it was quite otherwise: all my earliest years were gloomy and joyless, and I cannot remember one, hardly indeed a month in the course of them, which I would willingly live again, whereas there is hardly one year (if indeed there be one) since my twenty-fourth which I would not gladly repeat. It is well for philosophers to despise wealth, and preach up the happiness of virtuous poverty, but all depends on what is meant by poverty. That which prevents a man from associating on terms of equality with those who in birth and station are his equals, especially if female relations are involved in the humiliations which are the inseparable attendants on the "*res angusta domi*," is a real and substantial evil, and inconsistent, unless in minds more happily tempered than mine, with enjoyment. The greatest perhaps of satirists has with perfect truth pointed out its worst ingredient:—

" Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit ;"

and in those days there was much more reason than there is now for Sydney Smith's observation, that "in England poverty is infamous."

'No doubt, however, it is to this period, however little agreeable in itself, that I am indebted for much of my subsequent success. It was the severe preparation for the subsequent harvest. I learned to consider indefatigable labour as the indispensable condition of success; pecuniary independence as essential alike to virtue and to

happiness ; and no sacrifices too great to avoid the misery of debt. In the whole course of my life I have never borrowed a farthing, and I contrived even to make some small savings out of the pittance of 100*l.* or 150*l.* a year which I earned by practising under the Bar.' (Pp. 11-13.)

The time was now come, however, which wiped away these gloomy impressions for ever.

'My long servitude had secured me against the dangers of what Lord Coke calls "*præpropæra praxis et præpostera lectio*," and it is not therefore very surprising that I started into business with very unusual rapidity. In the first year I made 600*l.*, a thing I believe unheard of at that time at the Chancery Bar, and each succeeding year my receipts were larger. Pupils flocked to me, of whom I had reason to be proud. My first was George Sanders, a son of one of the most eminent conveyancers at that time ; and my second, Plumer, a son of the Master of the Rolls. Hayter, now Secretary to the Treasury, and Ford, the celebrated author of the "*Handbook of Spain*," were soon added to the list, and Philip Abbott, a son of Lord Colchester, and Elmsley, who has ever since remained the most intimate and valued of my friends. Before I was thirty I was making a professional income of 3,000*l.* a year.' (Pp. 14, 15.)

The following passage is in the nature of an episode, but it mentions a fact of considerable importance to the administration of justice :—

'I believe after this I might have got into practice as a parliamentary counsel, but it would have interfered too much with my business in Chancery to make it desirable. The same reason prevented my going the circuit. It was formerly the custom for Chancery barristers to do so. Lord Eldon, I believe, had a lead on the Northern Circuit, and both Mr. Perceval and Sir Samuel Romilly went the Midland. When a man was made Attorney- or Solicitor-General he gave it up ; and, if he was previously at the Common Law Bar, usually took his seat as a barrister in the Court of Chancery. Under these circumstances, the Attorney-General had a fair claim to any office in the court, either that of Master of the Rolls or Chancellor ; and the best men at the Bar were qualified for the highest station in either branch of the profession, having usually had experience in both. This was the case with Lord Hardwicke, Lord Mansfield, and Lord Eldon. But unfortunately the claim to these great offices has been supposed to remain, when the qualifications for them have ceased. Lord Erskine, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Brougham, and Lord Campbell, all undertook the highest judicial office in Chancery, without ever having had the slightest practice there ; and (it may be said without disparagement of their transcendent abilities) without any knowledge of the science on their exposition of which millions of property were to depend. It is known, indeed, that Lord Erskine did all he could to avoid a

position for which he was notoriously unfit, and endeavoured to induce Lord Ellenborough to take the Great Seal. I happened myself to be present when gossiping with Sir J. Scarlett, and some other members of the Bar, at Howard's coffee-house, after mentioning a great many anecdotes of his professional career, he made use of the remarkable expression, "the most discreditable passage in my life" "was sitting in the Court of Chancery." . . .

'When one considers the various duties which belong to the office of Chancellor, it is impossible not to be reminded of the remark of Rasselas to Imlac, who was enumerating the necessary qualifications of a poet. "Enough! enough!" said the prince, "thou hast said "enough to convince me that no man can ever be a poet." Even in the mere judicial business which belongs to the office, few men have possessed the requisite knowledge in more than one branch, if in any. The Scotch Law, for instance, is finally settled in the House of Lords, and it may be safely asserted that neither Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Cottenham, Lord Truro, nor Lord Cranworth ever had any practice in Scotch Law till they were called upon to pronounce upon it in the last resort.' (Pp. 20-23.)

The office of Vice-Chancellor of England was created in 1816 to relieve Lord Eldon and to appease the clamour of the suitors. It was first filled by Sir T. Plumer, no great equity authority; but in 1818 he was succeeded by Sir John Leach, of whom these notes contain the following admirable portrait:—

'Sir John Leach was a man of many great qualities, utterly fearless, both morally and physically, of singular clearness of understanding, and a quickness in collecting the facts of a case, and a neatness and precision in the statement of them rarely excelled, of remarkable powers of elocution, of a considerable acquaintance with the technical principles of equity, and a scorn of everything mean or base. He was outstripping other competitors, and fast advancing to a lead with Sir Samuel Romilly, when he took his seat on the bench. But he had defects as a judge which, perhaps, overbalanced his good qualities. A temper at once irritable and violent, an overweening opinion of his own knowledge, an impatience of all contradiction, and a total want of that calm attention to the arguments of counsel which is absolutely essential to enable a judge either to satisfy suitors or to do justice. I never felt the full force, till I sat myself at the Judicial Committee, of an observation made many years ago by my old friend Sir William Alexander. "Nobody knows how much energy it requires in a judge to hold his tongue."

'This was an energy which Leach certainly did not possess, and probably would have despised. When he was first Vice-Chancellor, his interruptions were incessant. As soon as he understood, or fancied he understood the facts, he would hardly listen to argument. He trusted to his knowledge of the principles of equity, and imagined that any decided case which did not square with his notions must be bad law. He came on the Bench with a full deter-

mination to clear off the arrears of his Court, which in two or three years he effected; but he accomplished it by never hearing a case through; by deciding against the plaintiff on the opening, or against the defendant without hearing a reply; and there was equal truth and wit in a remark of Rose, in answer to somebody who was speculating on what the Vice-Chancellor would do when he had got through all the causes in his Court. "Do! why, he will hear the "other side." The contrast of Lord Eldon's slowness made his rapidity more celebrated, and his fame in that respect penetrated where it could hardly have been expected to reach. I remember seeing a coach between Preston and Blackpool, which, to denote its speed, was called "the Vice-Chancellor."

'The effect of these proceedings on the part of the Judge was to lead to constant altercations between him and the Bar, which proceeded to such an extent that at one time he had determined to commit Sir E. Sugden, who, with much the same temper and courage, had a wonderful knowledge of cases, which Leach esteemed very lightly. He called into his room some of the leading counsel—I believe all the Queen's counsel—to speak to them on the subject; but they all dissuaded him from so violent a step, and, I believe, told him that his own violence was the cause of the unpleasant scenes which occurred. No judge that ever existed could have disposed of the same quantity of business in the same time without innumerable mistakes. The offensive manner in which he acted exasperated the counsel, and often occasioned appeals when otherwise they would not have been brought, and the result was that Lord Eldon was more overpowered than ever, and his dilatoriness was more exposed to remark; for the whole of his time was occupied in rehearing matters which had already been before the Vice-Chancellor; the business was as much in arrear as ever in his Court, and the suitor was subjected in all doubtful cases to the expense and delay of two hearings, instead of having its merits disposed of by one hearing before Lord Eldon. The old Chancellor was naturally nettled and vexed, and could not always restrain the expression of his feelings. Every word that could anger Leach was of course carefully repeated to him, often probably with additions, by the counsel whom he had offended; and the Vice-Chancellor was on no better terms with his chief than with the Bar.' (Pp. 26–31.)

While he was still at the Bar, Leach's temper and overbearing manner not unfrequently got him into difficulties. On one occasion he provoked Romilly into applying the word 'impertinent' to something he had said or done, and a challenge was the result, though the dispute was settled without a trial by battle. Just before Leach's promotion to the Bench, the Habeas Corpus being at that time suspended, he had occasion, in opposing a motion for the new trial of an issue, to insist emphatically on the right of juries to decide finally.

To this Romilly adverted in his reply by declaring that 'he listened with pleasure to such sentiments from one whom public rumour had marked out for a high judicial position, for that his learned friend no doubt remembered that the Habeas Corpus Act and trial by jury were the two safeguards of liberty, and clung like a fond mother who had lost one child with increased affection to the other.' Sir Samuel Romilly survived but a short time the promotion of Leach, for the catastrophe which terminated his noble and useful life happened immediately after the long vacation of 1818.

'Lord Eldon, it was said, burst into tears on seeing the vacant seat which had been so long filled by the great advocate, between whom and himself there never had passed anything but the most dignified courtesy in public, or, as far as I know, in private, notwithstanding the violent opposition of their political views.

'When I knew Sir Samuel Romilly his business was so great, and he was so much engaged in politics, that, in spite of his great industry, he was seldom master of his case when he opened it. Having the complete lead of the Court, he was almost always for the plaintiff or the petitioner, and had therefore to begin. I have often seen his briefs with a short abstract of the facts and dates on the back of the first sheet, which had been made by some one who had read the brief for him (usually, I believe, his nephew), and from this, and what he had picked up at consultation, he was accustomed to state his case; his opening, therefore, was often loose, sometimes purposely so, in order to allow greater scope for the reply. This course, very convenient for a counsel, but not very fair towards his opponents, was encouraged by the habits of Lord Eldon, who always heard a case from the beginning to the end, though his opinion was probably made up as soon as he had collected the facts, and who used to justify the practice by saying, half in jest and half in earnest, that when the defendants had failed in satisfying him that the plaintiff was wrong, the plaintiff's counsel often succeeded in doing so in his reply.

'As an advocate I think Sir Samuel Romilly approached in his own line as near perfection as it is possible for man to attain. He was familiar with the law and the practice of the court himself, and was aware that they were equally well known to the judges whom he addressed; he did not therefore, waste time in arguing points which were untenable; he transacted the ordinary run of business like a man of business, without aiming at anything more, *par negotiis neque supra*. But when any great occasion arose, especially when he came to reply at the close of a long and important case, in which the feelings were at all engaged, nothing could be finer. Usually restating his case (which of course his opponents had misunderstood), not always exactly as he had opened it, but as, after the discussion which it had undergone, it could be presented with the best prospect of success; noticing all the arguments which had

been used against him, and which admitted of an answer, with as much fairness as it is usual with counsel (which perhaps is not saying much); clear, powerful, and logical when he was right, discreet and adroit when he was wrong; never introducing an unnecessary sentence, seldom using a word that could be altered for the better; always energetic, often earnest and impassioned, never degenerating into violence, either of language or tone; with a noble countenance, a stately figure, or what seemed such when drawn up to its height and clothed in his robes, and a voice distinct, deep, and mellow, always, as it seemed to me, modulated with singular skill,—the exhibition was one which it was impossible to witness without admiration and delight. Probably they who have heard Sir William Grant and Sir Samuel Romilly have heard the most exquisite specimens of eloquence ever addressed from the Bar to the Bench, or from the Bench to the Bar. Oratory to juries and to popular assemblies is of course quite a different matter. Whether, if Sir Samuel Romilly had lived to attain the Chancellorship, he would have been as great as a judge as he was at the Bar must be considered as doubtful, having regard to the very rare instances in which the same men have been equally eminent in both characters. He seemed to possess all the requisites, but he might have been found deficient in the temper and patience which, though the least showy, are not the least important qualities of a judge. “*Omnium consensu capax imperii, nisi imperasset,*” is a maxim of too frequent application to all great stations.’ (Pp. 47–51.)

To these illustrious names we are tempted to add that of another lawyer, less known to the public, but not less highly esteemed by the profession in his day, and on whose memory Lord Kingsdown dwelt with a strong predilection. Nothing in these pages is more graphic than the following sketch of Mr. Bell:—

‘The removal from the Bar of Leach and of Romilly, and of Richards, who had been made Chief Baron of the Exchequer, left a clear course for the new King’s Counsel of 1818. Of those who had been made in 1815, only one had established any great position, viz. Mr. Bell, who after Sir J. Leach’s appointment confined himself to the Vice-Chancellor’s Court. His success was achieved against disadvantages which would have seemed to be insurmountable in a profession where any kind of oratory was required. His voice was thick and inharmonious, his utterance indistinct, his sentences perplexed and confused and never completed, his figure awkward and deformed, with a club-foot, a head with fiery red hair, a huge mouth, and features altogether as plain as could be consistent with a uniform expression of benevolence and good-humour. His handwriting was totally illegible to all who were not by long habit familiar with it; and when it was deciphered the opinions which were expressed in it were almost as difficult to be understood as the hieroglyphics in which their meaning was enshrouded. Against all these obstacles the unconquerable energy of the man prevailed. The confusion of

his expression did not reach his mind. He had obtained high distinction—I believe had been a Senior Wrangler—at Cambridge. His powers of application were extraordinary, and exerted to the uttermost; his knowledge of law inferior only to Lord Eldon's; his knowledge of the practice of the Court, and all the intricacies of pleading, probably superior. His quickness in detecting an objection of this kind in his adversary's case, and his ingenuity in meeting one when raised to his own, were unsurpassed. He always thoroughly knew his brief, even before the consultation, at which, instead of picking up the facts from his junior and hearing his view, he explained his own. In speaking before Leach, no provocation, either from the Bench or the Bar, ever disturbed him. He yielded for the moment, but always returned again to the charge, and persisted till he found the Court was fully in possession of his argument. Nor when the victory was won against him, and the battle seemed to be over, did his efforts cease: on the contrary, he often deprived the conqueror of the spoil. He had an unrivalled knowledge, amongst other matters of form, of the forms of orders and decrees, which he had copied from time to time in the course of his practice. The directions to be given and the inquiries to be made in Chancery are often of extreme difficulty and complication, and it often is necessary to recur to the Court to settle the minutes. On those occasions Bell's astuteness was without parallel. Few of the counsel knew anything of the forms, or cared to engage in the tiresome details; Bell would not unfrequently, when a hasty decision had been pronounced at the hearing, get it really reversed under pretence of settling the proper language of the order. Or if the judgment was not altered, he would introduce some declaration in his client's favour, or qualify some which was against him, or suggest some accounts and inquiries seemingly very innocent, but by means of which, when the cause came on again, it not unfrequently appeared that the matter was really left open. So great was his success that he obtained the lead in the Court very shortly after he entered it, and maintained it unimpaired as long as he remained in it. So highly was his opinion valued, notwithstanding the strange mode in which it was usually written and expressed, that he was continually obliged to refuse cases, even when parties would be content to wait for months in order to obtain it.

‘He excelled all his competitors at the Bar, and indeed all the men whom I have ever known, in kindness of disposition and readiness to impart information. When a man is deeply engaged in his own business, worried perhaps and wearied, there are few things more annoying than being interrupted by the questions of others, especially of those who have no claim upon you. Yet to Bell, when in the fullest practice, I have repeatedly gone when I was very young at the Bar, to consult him on some difficulty which had occurred, and have always been treated with the same kindness and consideration. He would not only give the information if he had it in his head, but would take down his books or refer to his precedents, and seem rather pleased to be able to give assistance

than vexed at being asked for it. What happened to me happened in like manner to all others who applied to him; his good nature was inexhaustible. Though sometimes a little joked for his peculiarities, his sterling qualities procured him universal respect, and he was certainly more beloved than any man in the profession.' (Pp. 52-57.)

Amongst these eminent persons it was the fate of Mr. Pemberton to enter upon his career at the Bar. Most of them had passed away before he had reached his own meridian, and succeeded them in the highest seats of justice. He had been favoured by circumstances, and by his connexions in the practice of the law, but he disclaimed all the usual artifices by which men were supposed to court success. He refused to attend commissions of lunacy and commissions of bankruptcy; he withdrew from the Exchequer; he gave up drawing pleadings altogether, and of course his pupils with it; and stood upon his own merit, for some time before he obtained a silk gown. To this period two incidents belong which will amuse our legal readers.

'In 1823 a circumstance occurred which brought me in some degree into notice. Rothschild was defendant in a suit by a person named Doloret, who had filed a bill for the specific performance of a contract with respect to a share in a foreign loan. Under the advice of Bell and myself, he had demurred to the bill on the ground that from the nature of the transaction time was of the essence of the contract, and that the delay of a day might totally change the nature of the risk. The case was new and of vast importance to the defendant, who indeed could not possibly have carried on his business if the plaintiff had succeeded. Briefs were delivered to Bell and to me to support the demurrer against Sugden and some junior, who were counsel for the plaintiff; but when the cause was in the paper for argument Bell had retired from court business, and confined himself to chamber practice, and could not be prevailed upon to argue the case. I was therefore left alone to argue it, and succeeded. The case is reported in 1 Simon and Stuart, p. 590. Rothschild was very much pleased, and made me a present of a gold snuff-box, and when afterwards, in the year 1825, the British and Foreign Alliance Insurance Company came out under his auspices, at a high premium, he allotted to me fifty shares, the highest number allowed to anybody, by which I made 750*l.*, the only speculation in which I ever engaged.' (Pp. 58, 59.)

But he was not always equally fortunate, and the recollection of what he considered an unjust decision against him dictated the following severe censure on two great legal functionaries of the day:—

'A man of the name of Brookman had long gambled in the French funds, employing Rothschild as his agent, who executed his orders,

supplying *Rentes* from time to time out of his own stock, at the market price of the day. After this had gone on for a considerable time, Brookman had lost a large sum of money by his speculations, to the amount of near 20,000*l.*; and he bethought himself of the expedient of applying to this transaction the rule relating to principal and agent, by which all sales by the agent to the principal may be set aside, and the agent must account for any loss, but can derive no profit. Sugden was retained by the plaintiff, and Chatfield, who was Rothschild's attorney, determined not to employ any King's Counsel, but to trust the defence entirely to Knight Bruce and myself, who were then both without the Bar. This was of course a marked distinction for two junior barristers, but the result was, as regarded the defendant, very disastrous. Shadwell, who was much under the control of Sugden, made a violent decree in his favour, and the Jew not only had a very large sum to pay, but was heartily abused by the leading counsel against him, and the abuse in a considerable degree sanctioned by the judge.

'As the decree was, I believe, utterly wrong, and the case excited a good deal of attention, Rothschild was furious; and probably both he and the public attributed the mischief in a great degree to the inefficiency of his advocates, which to two young gentlemen then struggling for admission within the Bar was no slight discouragement.

'The case was afterwards heard upon appeal in 1832, when Brougham was Chancellor, during the heat of the Reform Bill, and just at the time when a great debate on the subject was to come on in the Lords. Knight Bruce was leading counsel with me for the appeal, having then our silk gowns. Brougham was engaged in preparing his speech for the Reform Bill. After evincing the most scandalous partiality, in extending to Sugden, of whom he was in great terror, an indulgence which he refused to us, he sat for some time on the case without even the semblance of attention. In the course of the argument, which lasted for two or three days, he sent for Lord Wynford to assist him, who knew no more of Equity than he did himself. At the close of the argument Lord Wynford got up, and, holding the papers, which were very voluminous, in his hand, he said that of course it could not be supposed that he had read through such a mass, and that he had not heard the whole of the argument, but that he had heard quite enough to convince him that the appeal ought to be dismissed with costs; and dismissed it was, neither of the judges who sat having the least knowledge of a case admitted to be of the first impression, and of which even if the principle were right (which I am satisfied myself that it is not) was carried out in details which nobody could attempt to justify.

'I have known in the course of a long life many cases in which gross injustice has been done; but anything so utterly shameless as the proceedings in the House of Lords in the case of *Brookman v. Rothschild* I never yet witnessed; and I think a repetition of such a scene is now impossible. It was a case which would have well justified the impeachment of both the learned lords, yet such was

the excitement at the time about the Reform Bill, and such the unbounded popularity of the Chancellor, that any job, however outrageous, might be perpetrated by a Minister not only with impunity, but amid acclamations of those who imputed every attack on an officer of the Government to a desire to stop the Reform Bill.' (Pp. 61-65.)

His own experience of the law in *propria personâ* was not more favourable, but it was a solace to the well-tried man of Equity that such reverses could only befall him before Common Law judges.

'In 1823, on the retirement of Dallas, Gifford was made Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, with a peerage. I was his *Colt*, that is to say, carried about the rings which he distributed on being made a Serjeant; and he continued to treat me, as he had always done, with great kindness. It was a curious circumstance that the first day he sat at Nisi Prius he tried an action brought by a courier, of the name of Pupel, against me for wages. I had refused to give him a character, for he had imposed upon me with respect to his knowledge of German at Trieste, where I had engaged him; but I gave him a certificate that he had travelled with me from that city; and, unfortunately, in paying him, on arriving in this country, I omitted to take a receipt from him. I proved, however, the fact of payment by my cousin Richard, who was present, and the expression by the man of his gratitude when we parted. However, Serjeant Vaughan, who was for the plaintiff, made a rattling speech against me; asked what a man deserved for having his bones shaken all the way from Trieste to London; said that when he would have been glad to see a little of my ready rhino I had given him a certificate under my broad seal, &c., &c.; and, though of course the judge summed up strongly against the plaintiff, the jury found a verdict against me. Both Lord Gifford and the Serjeant laughed with me afterwards, and inquired why I had not moved for a new trial. My answer was that I must at all events have paid the costs of the first, and, as the damages were only 20*l.*, I thought it better to submit. This is my only experience of the merits of that Palladium of English liberties, Trial by Jury.' (Pp. 65-67.)

It was not till 1829 that Pemberton at length applied for and obtained a silk gown from Lord Lyndhurst—a singular contrast to the facility with which that honour has been conferred, and we must say degraded, in more recent times.

'When Canning became Prime Minister, and all the Tories refused to serve with him, he offered the Great Seal to Copley, who at the time was performing his duties as Recorder, I think, of Bristol. On his way home he was met at an inn by a King's messenger with a dispatch from Canning, which, on opening it, he found to contain these words, "Will you be Chancellor, *non obstante* "*Philpotto?*"

'Lord Lyndhurst was engaged to dine the following week at a large political party of his old colleagues, I forget at what house, and, having abandoned them to their great annoyance, he had some doubt whether he should keep his engagement. After consulting with his wife, however (the then Lady Lyndhurst), they determined that it would be cowardly to stay away, and that they would face it out. Lord Lyndhurst says that he took down to dinner Mrs. Arbuthnot, who did nothing but reproach and abuse him the whole time that he sat by her ; but Lady Lyndhurst was taken down by Lord Eldon, who was most marked in his attentions and courtesy to her, and in enabling her to overcome the awkwardness of the position in which she could not but feel that she was placed.

'Soon after Lord Lyndhurst's appointment some new King's Counsel were made, amongst others Brougham and my great friend (as he afterwards became) Bickersteth. These promotions sufficiently showed on what political support Canning relied. Brougham and Sir F. Burdett, Bickersteth's great friend, were his main backers in the House of Commons, and sat, as I have understood, immediately behind him. I have often talked with men who were either in office or connected with those who were in office at that time, and my firm persuasion is that it was neither personal dislike to Canning nor jealousy of his abilities, nor difference from him on political subjects, that induced all the principal Tories to decline serving under him. Indeed, as far as politics go, I imagine that he was willing to adopt any, as indeed he showed by consenting, as a condition of office being conferred upon him, that the Catholic question should not be brought forward. One and all with whom I have spoken on the subject said that he was a man on whom they could place no reliance ; that in or out of office he was always intriguing against some with whom he was acting.' (Pp. 69-71.)

On obtaining his rank of King's Counsel, Mr. Pemberton sat down in the Rolls Court, which he resolved no more to leave, except for the House of Lords and the Privy Council. Bickersteth, who was a little his senior, had the complete lead in that Court, and Pemberton accepted the second or rival place. Their daily professional opposition ripened into habits of personal intimacy and affection, for so finely were the minds and characters of these great advocates constituted that each of them seemed to have a livelier sense of the qualities of his opponent than of his own. In political opinions they were wholly at variance, nor were their habits of thought more nearly allied, for Bickersteth was the favourite child of the Benthamites, and Pemberton had been bred in the purest school of Toryism. But the natural refinement, breeding, and innate sense of justice common to both of them created a sympathy more powerful than all their differences ; and to the close of Lord Langdale's life they remained united by no common degree of friendship.

Nearly twenty-seven years have elapsed since Mr. Pemberton retired from the Rolls and from the Bar, and it is upon the Equity Bench rather than at the Bar itself that we must now look for those—the number, alas! already how small—who remember what he was as an advocate. But on their minds that recollection will never be effaced. His was not the suaviloquence of Follett or the grandiloquence of Wetherall, but a lucid simplicity and subdued strength, which seemed, without an effort, to assume the most appropriate forms of argument and language. Usually more succinct than the advocates of his own day, and infinitely less prolix than the advocates of our time, Pemberton marshalled the facts of his case with an unerring perspicuity, and then led the mind of the Judge, by a natural train of thought, to the legal principle which ought to govern his decision. A crowd of ingenious and apposite illustrations served to strengthen his own position or to rebut the arguments of his opponent. The bearing of the whole case was by this process distilled into an essence, and a subject, originally complex, reduced at last to one or two questions so simple that the determination of them appeared easy and irresistible. To the ordinary purposes of English eloquence—juries, public meetings, and party demonstrations—oratory of this exquisite refinement would have been inapplicable. Even in the House of Commons, Mr. Pemberton owed the favour with which he was listened, to his character as a lawyer, rather than to any command over a popular assembly. But in a Court of Equity or at the Bar of a Court of Appeal, where questions of law are generally debated without any disturbing element, the merit of Mr. Pemberton's style of argument has never been surpassed. He was not by nature an orator. Shy and somewhat taciturn in daily life, it was but rarely that he warmed up to a great subject. In Parliament he never spoke without a painful amount of diffidence; and within a few years after he left the Bar, he lost the habit, if not the faculty, of ready speaking altogether. He entered the House of Lords late in life, and long after the practice of oratory or debate had become unfamiliar to him, and accordingly his speeches in that assembly were few in number and ineffective. But he availed himself of his return to Parliament to propose and carry two or three useful measures of legal reform.

We shall pass lightly over the family occurrences to which Lord Kingsdown has adverted in these Notes; but one of them had so important an effect on his after-life, that it is

impossible to leave it unnoticed. The story is so curious that it must be told in his own words :—

‘In 1830 an event happened which has decided the course of my subsequent life. Sir Robert Leigh, who had retired from Parliament in 1820, and had amassed by prudence and frugality a very large property, in addition to his patrimonial estate, though he had been always fond of Mr. and Mrs. Cooke, had kept up no intercourse with the rest of the family, and, indeed, had apparently an aversion to them. The family estates had been settled by his father, in default of issue of his own body, on the issue of his brother (my grandfather), and would have been divided therefore (if the limitation had taken effect) amongst his five daughters, of whom my mother was the eldest. This settlement had greatly annoyed Sir Robert, and indisposed him towards those who had the chance of benefiting by it. In 1828 or 1829 he quarrelled with the Rector of Wigan, who claimed tithes of the Hindley Hall estate, which Sir Robert insisted was covered by a Farm Modus. The Rector filed a bill in Chancery, and set down his cause at the Rolls. Sir Robert endeavoured to retain Bickersteth, and was very angry when he found that he was retained on the other side. Still greater was Sir Robert's vexation when he was told that I was the next in business in the court, and that he must engage me. He submitted, however, though I believe with a very bad grace, said I was a mere boy, and, in short, considered his case as sacrificed. When his attorney, Mr. Gaskell, who was a perfect stranger to me, came to the consultation, I observed that I believed I had some interest, or might have some interest, in the estate; when he informed me that the entail had been found faulty, and that Sir Robert had barred the remainder, after the limitations to his own issue and his brother, and their issue male. This did not much disturb me. On looking into the evidence I found that there was a fatal blot in our case. In order to maintain a Farm Modus it was necessary to state precisely what lands were covered by it, and, if any were improperly included or improperly omitted, the Modus was held to be ill laid, and a decree went against the defendant. On looking at an old map of the estate, I found that a small piece of land, taken in from Pennington Green some fifty years before, was included in our answer as part of the ancient farm; the only chance for us was that the blot might not be hit.

‘We went into court on the memorable morning of the hearing of the cause—memorable to me from its consequences—with not much confidence; and up to this time I had never seen Sir Robert in the course of the proceedings, though I learned afterwards that he had attended the Rolls Court for several days before in order to judge how far he was likely to be ruined by the inability of his counsel. I fancy that he was a little reassured.

‘In the course of the argument for the plaintiff, poor Sutton Sharpe, who was with Bickersteth, made an attack on Sir Robert's grandfather, who had been a great attorney at Wigan, to whose

artifices he attributed a part of the circumstances which appeared favourable to the defendant. I had therefore the double task of vindicating my ancestor and maintaining the *Modus*, and succeeded so well that, after the case was over, judgment being reserved, Sir Robert came up and introduced himself to me, loaded me with compliments the most extravagant and absurd, said I had vindicated the name of the family and done everything that could be done for the case, and now he did not care what was the result of it, he was perfectly satisfied. A few days afterwards his joy was complete by a judgment being pronounced in his favour. Though the matter could not have been one of 50*l.* a year in value, he was as deeply interested in it as if it had involved as many thousands. In the following year his brother Roger died, principally in consequence of the violent injuries which he had sustained at the Wigan election. In the autumn of that year I paid Sir Robert a visit for a few days at Hindley, when he received me with the greatest affection, said I was welcome to the hall of my ancestors, and set me at the top of the table, with the important words:—

“Aggredere, et votis jam nunc adsuesce vocari.”

‘Soon afterwards he publicly announced me as his heir, and showed me his will, which he had executed before going to the election at Wigan in June, 1831, when I believe he fully expected to be murdered, and where the event all but justified his apprehension.

‘It has always seemed to me that my introduction to Sir R. Leigh is one of the most remarkable examples which I have ever seen of the important effects produced by circumstances apparently trivial, and which we are accustomed to call fortuitous. If the cause had come on for hearing some months earlier, or been set down in another court, I should probably have had nothing to do with it. If Bickersteth had not been already retained for the plaintiff, no doubt I should have been his counsel, and should have been obliged, probably, to make the observations which gave so much offence to Sir Robert when made by Sharpe. At all events, I must have contended against his interest, and probably might have defeated him by observing the blot to which I have alluded, and which he would naturally have considered as a mere trick. In any event, the chance is that I should have lost or have failed to gain some 12,000*l.* or 14,000*l.* a year.’ (Pp. 75-81.)

These expectations were so far disappointed that, from circumstances over which Mr. Pemberton declined to exercise any influence, and certainly by no fault of his own, the inheritance was eventually limited to a life-interest in the Leigh estates. In December, 1842, Sir Robert Leigh died, and his relation, then in the foremost ranks of his profession and one of the most distinguished members of the party then just entering upon the full enjoyment of office and power, succeeded to the ample Wigan property. The result was to Mr. Pemberton

Leigh (as he was then called) a singular and surprising one ; but before we enter upon this passage of his life, we must briefly trace the part he had played in the House of Commons.

It was not till 1831, in the hottest crisis of the Reform Bill, and when the political prospects of the party to which he belonged were singularly gloomy, that Mr. Pemberton obtained a seat in the House of Commons. A bargain was made through Mr. Arbuthnot that he should stand for the borough of Rye, one of the Cinque Ports, with Mr. Pusey the sitting member. The sum of 2,400*l.* was to be paid on his being returned, the seat being considered quite safe. But the expectations of the parties were disappointed. A furious contest ensued, Colonel de Lacy Evans having undertaken to open the borough to the Radical interest. The Tory candidates and their adherents were attacked by the mob :—

‘The voting then commenced, amidst a scene of tumult and abuse and violence towards my voters which was frightful. But the most frightful of all was an incident which occurred when a very respectable old man went up to tender his vote for me and Pusey : his son, a Radical, rushed forward, seized him by the throat, insisted that he should take the bribery oath, and called him a perjured old villain, for that he knew he had received a bribe. This was a little too strong even for some of the Colonel’s supporters ; whether for the Colonel himself I do not know. The voters on the opposite side were soon polled out, but it was so obvious that the election could not end without outrageous riots and loss of life, unless some compromise was entered into, that Dr. Lamb, the patron of the borough, said to me that he was very sorry, but that he strongly advised that we should be content with returning one member ; that he did not think our voters would venture to come up ; that Pusey must of course be his first care ; that his arrangements were with him, and that he would advise me to retire. I told him, with perfect truth, that, if I had had the least idea of what was in store for me, I would never have come near Rye ; but, having come, and being in the thick of it, I would not retire ; that he knew best what the result was likely to be ; and that if he chose to give up the contest it would be his act, and I should be satisfied. “No,” he said ; “if I was willing to run the risk of what might follow, he would stand by me to the last ;” and he immediately went up to the polling-booth. When he was seen by the mob the yell set up by the blood-thirsty ruffians was appalling ; he turned round to them with an undaunted countenance, and exclaimed (I shall never forget his words), “Do you expect to terrify me with your violence ? Let any man look in my face and see if it changes colour ; let him come up and lay his hand on my heart and feel if it beats one pulse the quicker. In the name of God and my country, I vote for Pusey and Pemberton.” I believe the populace was awed by his courage,

which I never saw equalled in similar circumstances. His risk and mine were quite different. I was a stranger, and might easily escape, and at all events the next day should be at a distance; he was a resident on the spot, with a house close to the town, and known, of course, to all the villains who might wish to wreak their spite upon him.' (Pp. 85-88.)

In this state of things Mr. Pemberton resolved to abandon the contest; ordered horses to his carriage, and returned to town. But in the course of the night a message arrived to inform him that the townspeople would not hear of Pusey, and that in fact Pemberton and Colonel Evans were the members for Rye. After relating these scenes with a great deal of humour and spirit, Lord Kingsdown adds:—

'I never shall forget the night in which, after so much excitement, I found myself a Member of Parliament. I threw myself upon my knees, and earnestly prayed to the Source of all strength that I might be enabled to perform faithfully and successfully the duties which belong to that position.' (P. 93.)

Mr. Pemberton never aspired to a conspicuous place in the House of Commons, but he enjoyed the confidence of Sir Robert Peel, and having lost his seat for Rye, he was returned at the election of 1834 for the more secure borough of Ripon. Peel offered him the Solicitor-Generalship under the short-lived Conservative Administration of that day, which he declined, on grounds which it is not very easy to explain otherwise than by the want of political energy and ambition. Lord Lyndhurst also offered him a puisne judgeship, which was also refused, and Coleridge was appointed to it. On this occasion Lord Kingsdown makes the following curious remark:—

'For the judgeship I was totally disqualified; indeed, I had always a great distaste for judicial office, which I never hesitated to declare, and I have often since been reminded of it; and, though circumstances have placed me in a position in which now for above fifteen years I have been more or less occupied in the discharge of judicial duties, and have found them less irksome than I expected, I have never once regretted having declined the promotion to the Bench which at different periods has been offered to me.' (Pp. 102, 103.)

To the astonishment of his friends, who judged more truly than himself of the qualities and powers to which the modest simplicity of his own character forbade him to rely on, he appeared to have 'slunk from the course where that immortal garland is to be run for not without dust and heat,' and doomed himself to voluntary obscurity:—

'Yet so differently are the events of the world ordered, both in

public and in private matters, from the expectations which are formed of them by the actors in them, that the very circumstance which seemed to exclude me from future distinction was probably the cause of my attaining a distinction which I believe was never before enjoyed by any other English barrister—that of being a Privy Councillor while I remained in practice at the Bar—that I was offered a peerage by four Governments in succession, and that by the last, Lord Derby's, the Great Seal was not only offered to me, but pressed upon my acceptance.' (Pp. 104, 105.)

When the Whig party returned to office in April, 1835—

'There was considerable difference of opinion in the Cabinet, as I have heard from Lord Langdale, whether he or Pepys should be the new Chancellor; but the decision was in favour of Pepys, and my great friend and opponent became Master of the Rolls, with a peerage, which he told me he strongly objected to receive, but it was forced upon him. As a mere lawyer he was not equal to Pepys, who became Lord Cottenham, and was certainly, as long as I remained at the Bar, one of the best judges I ever saw on the Bench. But Lord Langdale would probably have made a better Chancellor as regards politics and legislation, though he did not make as much figure as a Speaker in the House of Lords as was expected. But he had a great fondness for law reform, a strong feeling in favour of popular rights, and at the same time a deep sense of the extreme importance of maintaining order and the supremacy of law, though he enjoyed a vast reputation amongst the Philosophical Radicals. With these qualifications, his appointment to the Chancellorship would certainly have been useful to the country, and of importance to the Government. Lord Cottenham had no showy qualities of any kind. The effect of the change from Brougham to Cottenham on the Prime Minister was well expressed by some one who remarked that Lord Melbourne must feel very much like a man "who had parted with a brilliant, capricious mistress, and married his house-keeper."' (Pp. 110–112.)

Undisturbed by these changes and appointments, Mr. Pemberton continued the even tenor of his way, and he now stood one may almost say alone at the head of that branch of the profession to which he was indissolubly wedded. In 1838 an incident occurred which proved that the dignity of the law and the maintenance of its authority were superior in his mind to every other consideration.

It was in that year that the memorable dispute between the House of Commons and the Court of Queen's Bench arose out of the case of *Stockdale v. Hansard*, with reference to the right of the House to cause libellous matters to be printed and sold under the protection of its privileges. Mr. Pemberton contended with great animation against the claims of privilege and in favour of the jurisdiction of the Courts. On no other

occasion did he put forth so much of his real power in debate ; on no occasion was his strong innate love of order and justice so keenly excited. Arrayed against him, and on the side of privilege, were all the great political leaders of the House, both on his own side and on the side of the Government. But that circumstance had no weight with him, when he thought a great principle of constitutional law was at stake :—

‘In the various occasions on which this question came before the House in the following years I spoke several times, with varying success, against what seemed to me the monstrous pretensions of the House. It was undoubtedly a question on which the leaders of the Opposition—Peel, Stanley, and Graham—were quite as strong in favour of Privilege as Lord John Russell and the other members of the Government and the Radicals, so that the game which we had to fight was a difficult one ; and Pollock and Follett (Peel’s Attorney- and Solicitor-General), though they could not maintain the extravagant claims of the Commons, had so far committed themselves that they did not like to speak against them. One night when I sat down, after speaking rather strongly on the subject, Peel said to me, “Pemberton, I do not complain of you at all for the course you are taking ; you stated your views at the beginning ; but I do complain grievously of my late law officers, who never told me that we were going too far till it was too late for the House to retrace its steps without disgrace.” I had a good share in the arrangements which were afterwards made for settling the matter by Act of Parliament, against which the Radicals protested as in truth a surrender of the right. Perhaps at some time I may go more into detail in this matter.’ (Pp. 114, 115.)

It is to be regretted that he never fulfilled his intention of leaving a more complete account of this transaction.

In 1841, when Sir Robert Peel again became Prime Minister, Pemberton consented to accept the unremunerative office of Attorney-General to the Duchy of Cornwall. Shortly afterwards Sir Robert Leigh died, and he succeeded (as has been already stated) under certain limitations, to the Leigh property, subject to the life interest of his aunt Mrs. Cooke, which she most liberally gave up to him. The decision he took on this occasion is so remarkable that it must be told in his own words.

‘I was now on the verge of fifty. I had reached a position at the Bar beyond which I could not rise without taking office either political or judicial, and I had no taste for either. I had a large income for my life, and had accumulated some 60,000*l.* or 70,000*l.*, had no incumbrance of natural children, and no inclination to marry, and I determined to take a step which excited the surprise of most of my friends, and was, perhaps, a very hazardous one with a view to my happiness. I resolved to give up my seat in

Parliament, the best and safest in the House, to leave the Bar, and spend the remainder of my life in ease and retirement as a country gentleman. The first thing I did with this view was to write to Sir Robert Peel, resigning my office of Attorney-General to the Prince, and placing the seat for Ripon at his disposal whenever he liked to fill it. I received a very kind and gratifying letter from him as regarded myself, expressing the earnest anxiety of the Queen and the Prince that I should not quit the service of the Prince of Wales, and that, as I had resolved to leave the Bar, and could no longer be Attorney-General, I would accept the office of Chancellor, which was then held by Prince Albert. I assented to this request, which I had no decent pretext for refusing, and received a note from Sir Robert expressing his gratification, and adding that my acceptance enabled him to offer me (without embarrassing himself with other claims) a dignity which he thought peculiarly suited to me, that of a Privy Councillor. I gladly accepted the offer which gave all I could want—a certain position in the country, without entailing any restraints or obligations. Not long afterwards Lord Lyndhurst expressed a wish that I should consent to be one of the two members of the Judicial Committee whom the Crown has the power to appoint, though they have not held judicial office. I agreed to this, whenever I should leave the Bar, the period for which I had not fixed. . . .

‘In the spring of 1843 I gave up my seat for Ripon, and was succeeded by Smith, the Irish Attorney-General; and at Christmas, 1843, I took the decisive step of leaving the Bar and retiring into the country. I could not but feel some misgivings as to the manner in which I should bear so great a change, from uninterrupted labour and strife in law and politics to a life of idleness and obscurity; and I looked not without some apprehension to the long winter evenings which I should have to pass alone. I provided myself with microscopes, telescopes, painting implements, a chest of turners’ tools, and I know not how many other resources against ennui, none of which I ever used; and after the lapse of seventeen years I can safely say that I have never had one hour hang heavy on me, nor felt anything but regret at being called upon to forsake my solitude in order to attend the sittings of the Judicial Committee or the Duchy Councils.

‘In February, 1844, I commenced my attendance as a member of the Judicial Committee, and sat there regularly for some years. The business of the Duchy was much more troublesome than I had expected.

‘The only agreeable part of my Chancellorship to me was, that it brought me into constant and intimate communication with Prince Albert. Sir Robert Peel, when he introduced me to him in 1841, said that I should find him one of the most extraordinary young men I had ever met with, and so it proved. His aptitude for business was wonderful; the dullest and most intricate matters did not escape or weary his attention; his judgment was very good; his readiness to listen to any suggestions, though against his own

opinion, was constant; and though I saw his temper very often tried, yet in the course of twenty years I never once saw it disturbed, nor witnessed any signs of impatience.' (Pp. 123-130.)

The Prince knew better, and esteemed more highly, than any other man the remarkable services which Mr. Pemberton Leigh rendered to the Duchy, to the Prince of Wales during his minority, and indirectly to the country. For the result of them was, that the abuses which had crept into that department, both before and after the accession of George IV. to the Crown, were corrected; the rental of the Duchy was greatly improved, as well as the condition of its estates; and a very large sum was economised, which served, when the Prince of Wales came of age and married, to defray the necessary expenses of his exalted position, without any appeal to the country, beyond the limited income which was then settled by Parliament on His Royal Highness and the Princess of Wales.

At this period the brief autobiographical Notes which we have been permitted to use come to an abrupt termination; and Lord Kingsdown leaves entirely untold that which is his greatest claim to honourable remembrance—namely, his judicial career at the Privy Council, to which he gave an unremitting attention for nearly twenty years. We must endeavour to supply the deficiency, however imperfectly, from other sources.

The appellate jurisdiction of the Privy Council is varied and peculiar. It embraces all the colonial Courts of the Empire. It controlled, even under the late East India Company, the administration of justice throughout India, and rendered that powerful Company accountable to the independent authority of the Crown in all the acts that could form the subject of legal proceedings. It is the supreme Court of maritime jurisdiction, important to a great commercial country in peace, and of paramount consequence in time of war. And, as is well known, it is by this tribunal that the judicial supremacy of the Crown is exercised in ecclesiastical affairs. Although, therefore, the proceedings of the Privy Council as a Court of Appeal seldom affect the ordinary course of affairs in the United Kingdom, they are of momentous importance to the remote dependencies of the Empire. There, at the foot of the throne, the colonial subjects of the British Crown know that they will find the most precious of all the gifts which authority can confer upon a people—namely, justice, untainted by a suspicion of local influences, and dispensed by men of the highest legal eminence; and it is no exaggeration to affirm,

that since the establishment of independent responsible government in most of the British Colonies, this power of the supreme interpretation and application of the law by way of appeal to the mother-country is the last direct exercise of power which the Crown has retained, and it is one which the Colonies have hitherto shown no desire to throw off. On the contrary, they are disposed to cherish and respect this link which connects them with the justice of the Empire, as long as the appellate jurisdiction is promptly and efficiently exercised over them. There, the native of India, be he prince or ryot, Mohamedan or Hindoo, knows that he can appeal against the ruler to whom England has delegated the government of her Asiatic possessions. There, the suitor in our Courts maritime, be he British or foreign, belligerent or neutral, may claim in peace and in war the protection not only of English law, but of the law of nations, interpreted by a chosen board of English judges. There, the disputes which vex and agitate the clerical mind, have more than once been allayed by the calmer and more tolerant views of a tribunal chiefly composed of laymen.

It is due to the memory of Lord Brougham to record that the re-organisation of this tribunal was carried into effect by him in 1833, whilst he held the Great Seal. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council was then first constituted by Parliament and armed with statutory powers; and the success with which it has continued for thirty-five years to administer the appellate jurisdiction of the Crown proves it to have been one of the most satisfactory and permanent of Lord Brougham's legal reforms. He himself took a strong personal interest in its success, and continued to sit on it for several years after he had ceased to preside on the woolsack. But like many other energetic and intelligent schemes of that great man, it required the support and assistance of a hand more firm and steady than his own to give full effect to it. Some time elapsed before the Judicial Committee was recognised as one of the great legal institutions of the country; and if it owed much to Lord Brougham as its founder, it owed more to the care subsequently devoted to it by Lord Langdale, and most of all to the masterly control which Mr. Pemberton Leigh soon obtained over its proceedings. The practice of the Court was carefully regulated, its sittings were fixed, the expenses of suitors were reduced, all arrears were swept away, appeals from the most distant corners of the Empire might be disposed of in twelve months, and the judgments of the Board acquired that weight and authority which are essential to a tribunal of the last resort. A Court of Appeal affects the whole adminis-

tration of justice, not only by the actual decision of the causes argued before it, but by the control which it exercises over all the judicial officers beneath it, who know that any of their proceedings may be reviewed at its bar, and by the determination of unsettled questions, which in fact fixes the law.

Lord Kingsdown continued for twenty years, from 1844 to 1864, to apply his high legal attainments and his pre-eminent judicial qualities to the business of this Court, from which he was rarely absent. His colleagues, themselves judges of high standing, but who were more or less engrossed by the duties of other judicial offices, gratefully acknowledged the value of his services; and although Lord Kingsdown never claimed or asserted any superiority of position over them, but treated every member of the Board with equal consideration and deference, it was well known and indeed apparent that a large share of the business of the Court, and the most elaborate of its judgments, devolved upon him. Nothing could exceed the fastidious care and unwearied industry which he bestowed upon the preparation of these decisions. At the close of the argument he was wont to investigate for himself every part of the evidence with as much care as if he were about to re-argue the case himself, and not seldom his own acuteness supplied arguments which had escaped the attention of the ablest advocates. Nothing was hasty, nothing perfunctory, nothing incomplete in the survey of the case, on which he based his conclusions; and the result was an exposition of the facts and an application of the law as perfect as human care could make it, clothed in language of inimitable purity and precision. It would be tedious and inappropriate in this place to follow him through the Reports of the Privy Council in which these judgments are recorded, or to show how often he corrected the miscarriages of colonial judges, and unravelled the complicated web of Indian tenures and descent, whilst he opposed an insurmountable barrier to any approach to exaction or injustice on the part of the Indian Government. But there are two branches of the appellate jurisdiction which demand at our hands a somewhat fuller notice.

On the outbreak of the Russian War in 1854, Lord Aberdeen foresaw that questions of great nicety and of infinite importance to the country would ere long be brought before the Prize Courts, and eventually come before the Judicial Committee. He also anticipated that as thirty years had elapsed since the termination of the last war, which had been carried on under circumstances of peculiar asperity, both to belligerents and to neutrals, it might well be that this important

branch of international jurisprudence would require a complete revision. Lord Aberdeen requested Mr. Pemberton Leigh to direct his attention to the subject, and to take especial charge of the Prize Appeals. He also consulted him on the large concessions which were made, at the outset of the war, in concert with France, to neutrals, to enemies' property under the neutral flag, and to trade. A careful study of Lord Stowell's famous decisions convinced Mr. Pemberton Leigh, that however he might admire the learning and the diction of that great judge, the Court of Admiralty had in the last war carried its restrictive measures further than either justice to foreign nations or the interests of our own commerce could warrant at the present time. Ever inclined himself to liberal and temperate measures, which he regarded as the surest indications of true strength, he brought to the consideration of these questions a temper and forbearance which has not always prevailed in Prize Courts. He construed with great strictness the law of blockade and the exercise of all belligerent rights; he threw on the Government the costs of proceedings which the Court saw reason not to sanction; and he powerfully contributed to the adoption of those enlightened principles which have since been recognised by treaty, and will form the basis of the future prize jurisdictions of this and all other maritime countries.

Another class of cases of equal delicacy also demanded his attention. The transfer of the right of appeal in ecclesiastical cases from the King in Chancery to the King in Council had abolished the Court of Delegates, and placed the supreme control over these causes in the Privy Council. The testamentary and matrimonial business of the Archbishop's Courts of probate and divorce followed this change, and previous to their extinction, many of Mr. Pemberton Leigh's ablest judgments related to these questions. The decision he came to in one of them, *Brémer v. Freeman*, upon the invalidity of the will of a British subject domiciled abroad, which appeared to him inevitable but unjust, led him to propose and carry in Parliament a modification of the law. Ere long, however, ecclesiastical causes of another description began to occur. It is remarkable that in three centuries not above three or four suits of a doctrinal character appear to have been instituted in the Courts of the Church of England. Within the last twenty years a much larger number have ripened for decision, and have called public attention not only to the matters in dispute, but to the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown. In all of these Lord Kingsdown took part. He was a member of the Committee which

heard the appeal of Mr. Gorham against the Bishop of Exeter, and of that which heard the appeal of the authors of 'Essays and Reviews;' and in the appeal of *Westerton v. Liddell*, on the ornaments of the church of S. Barnabas, he not only sat but delivered the judgment of the Court. It also devolved upon him and his colleagues in the well-known case of *Long v. the Bishop of Cape Town*, to decide on the tenure of the Anglican Bishops in colonies having independent legislatures; and that judgment is also from his pen. These cases, which it suffices to name, are the foundations of the policy of the law towards the Church of England, and of the definite obligations of the Clergy to the law of the Church. Whether written by Lord Kingsdown or by other judges, they are animated by his spirit of moderation and tolerance, and they express the convictions of his mind. He was warmly attached to the Church of England, as a pious and beneficent institution, founded on the law. Amongst the splendid acts of private munificence in which he delighted, more than one parish church was built or restored at his expense. Averse to metaphysical subtleties and theological dogmatism, he was himself well versed in the philological and historical criticism of the Gospels, to which he applied the acumen of his legal faculties. These studies had rendered him as tolerant as he was wise; and he held that the interests of truth and of justice required that in the Church of the Nation, the pretensions of no clerical party should be allowed to circumscribe the liberty which the law had secured to it on questions of disputable certainty. A few months before Lord Kingsdown's death, when he was already known to be suffering from a mortal disorder, it was proposed in the Hebdomadal Board at Oxford to confer on him by that University the degree of Doctor of Laws, by accepting which he would have reflected at least as much honour on the University as the University could bestow upon him. The proposition was eagerly adopted by a large majority of the Board, but it was opposed by Dr. Pusey and one other ecclesiastic, and to avoid the scandal of offering to so eminent a man a disputed honour, the motion was dropped. Oddly enough, Dr. Pusey himself thought it his duty to inform Lord Kingsdown of this occurrence, and to add that his opposition had proceeded from no want of respect to his lordship, but solely from the conviction that Lord Kingsdown had contributed to sustain, by his high judicial authority, judgments adverse to what Dr. Pusey is pleased to consider the spiritual interests of the Church. The anecdote is hardly worth preserving, and the mind of Lord Kingsdown was not so constituted as to be at all annoyed by

it; but it may serve to show the irreconcilable hostility of some priests to the law of their country, and that they considered, with reason, Lord Kingsdown as one of its most fearless and honest interpreters.

No man would have inferred from the extreme simplicity of Lord Kingsdown's tastes and habits, or from the unassuming modesty of his retiring manners, that he had taken so large a part in some of the chief affairs of his time, and that he might have won the highest prizes of his profession, if he had cared to accept them. Indifferent to power, to popularity, and to fame, he contended for none of the ordinary prizes of ambition. He sought and found his reward in the maintenance of a manly independence, and in acts of kindness and of public duty, privately and even secretly performed. Perhaps an excess of refinement disqualified him for the turmoil of a more active life; perhaps a tinge of indolence came over him in his later years. Whatever he undertook to do, he must do completely, or not at all. He has left his mark upon the law; he died in the highest esteem of those most competent to estimate his extraordinary powers of intellect. These are but fugitive memorials of so great a mind and so notable a man. But he accomplished as much as was consistent with the elevation and repose of his character, and enough to entitle him to a place in the legal history of our times.

ART. III.—1. *Auguste, sa Famille et ses Amis.* Par M. BEULÉ. 2^{de} édition. Paris: 1867.

2. *De la Morale de Plutarque.* Par OCTAVE GRÉARD. Paris: 1868.

3. *Les Antonins.* Par Le Comte de CHAMPAGNY. 3 vols. Paris: 1865.

THERE is a tendency in some English writers at the present moment to regard the Roman Empire as a positive and unalloyed boon to its subjects. There is a contrary disposition to represent the Cæsars as little better than vulgar usurpers, and their administration as an unmixed evil. The arguments alleged on either side require for their digestion many grains of salt; more especially since the foes and the friends of the Cæsars apply to their own times the lessons which they draw from imperial history. Such parallels are, in our opinion, far less surprising in foreign writers than in our own. Blackstone in his 'Commentaries' remarks that the English common

lawyers have in all times been very jealous of the civil law of Rome. We can fortunately afford to dispense with all jealousy of the Cæsarian system, yet, on the other hand, we are perhaps too prone to look upon the Senatorian government as in some measure an image of the British Parliament. That Rome, whether under a commonwealth or an empire, should attract more notice from foreigners than it does from ourselves is very intelligible. The print of the Cæsars is still visible in many parts of Europe—in political institutions, in language, and even in race. In Britain that impression was comparatively feeble, and when it was removed by successive infusions of Norse blood, it left scarcely a trace behind. The bishops of Rome have exercised a far greater influence upon South Britain, at least, than the emperors; and if it be necessary to draw, or to imagine a parallel, the lines should be sought in the history of the Church, and not in the history of the State.

The question, however, of the proper character and consequences of a system that for more than three centuries prevailed for good or evil throughout the civilised world is one that merits attention, from its having been of late canvassed at home and argued abroad, with an earnestness usually reserved for the politics of the day. We may perhaps, therefore, not be occupying our readers' time in vain, by a sketch of ancient imperialism as it existed under its most mature and favourable aspects.

The materials for the proposed inquiry are to be found in the by-ways rather than in the main roads of history—in writers who accidentally give evidence on the subject, more than in writers who formally tender opinions. The latter may be biased, or ill-informed; the former let slip, often unconsciously, and always without a preconceived purpose, their feelings, their experience, or their conclusions as to the merits or demerits of the government of which they write or under which they lived. It is scarcely necessary to dwell upon the superior merit, in this case, of undesigned evidence and casual disclosures. The senatorian proclivities of the greatest of Roman—perhaps of ancient—historians are palpable. Tacitus, recently escaped from the tyrannous caprice of Domitian, felt even towards good emperors as the conservative Fabii had felt towards the innovating Scipios, as the elder Cato felt towards those who wished to varnish the rudeness of Latium with Greek refinement or sophistry, and as Cicero did towards the first of the Cæsars. To Tacitus the generally peaceful policy of the Empire was a symptom of its decline. He mourned for the days when the borders of Rome were almost

annually enlarged ; for triumphs like those of Paulus Æmilius ; for the rotation of prætorian and proconsular governors ; for the supreme jurisdiction of the conscript fathers ; for the equality of a few great houses in place of the supremacy of a single one. Under the mild and steady administration of Trajan, he cannot pardon Augustus for having been the founder of a system which for its proper operation depended, in great measure, upon the personal character of a single guide. Dion Cassius, though fully meriting Niebuhr's commendations for his knowledge of Roman constitutional law, lived at a date too remote from the Cæsars of the first century, or of the Antonine period, to appreciate them properly. In his time the power of the sword had quite superseded the authority of the gown ; and in the reign of Septimius Severus the senate had as little influence upon the government as the Cortes had in the reign of Philip II. upon Spanish affairs. Of Suetonius it is scarcely necessary to take notice. As an admirable Boswell we are grateful to him ; for he throws more light than even Tacitus himself on the society of the Roman capital.

Of the works, whose titles are placed at the head of the present article, that of M. Beulé is in one respect the most curious. It adds one to many recent proofs of the vital interest surviving in Roman story for Frenchmen of the nineteenth century. M. Beulé's 'Auguste' reminds us of a class of writers who flourished while there was yet a Jacobite party in Great Britain, and who called the Pretender 'the young Ascanius,' and found a likeness between the stupid George I. and Claudius Cæsar. He, as they did in their day, writes of the dead ostensibly ; but his pen is really occupied with the living. His work is a thinly-veiled satire, and the centre from which his observations are taken is not the Palatine Mount, but the Tuileries. M. Beulé's name is justly dear to archæologists ; and his object in these lectures is a noble one, for it is a protest against the degrading influences of Imperialism on society ; but though they present a vivid picture of the Court of Augustus, they can hardly be accepted as a guide in Augustan history. A more valuable work is that of M. Gréard. With an apparently narrower horizon than that of M. Beulé, his account of Plutarch's 'Moral Works'—we use this common title without approving of it—comprises a far wider range. Strictly confining himself to the life, writings, and opinions of Plutarch, he conveys to the reader a very fair idea of the condition of the Roman Empire in the Flavian age and that of Trajan and Hadrian. We append the 'Antonines' of the Comte de Champagny as a befit-

ting sequel to the 'Auguste' and the 'Morale de Plutarque;' for it was in the age of Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius that the system laid down by Augustus attained to its full dimensions, and with the reigns of these good emperors closes the era of civil and liberal government for the Roman world.

Taking M. Gréard's volume for our guide, it is expedient to state our reason for assigning to Plutarch so prominent a place among witnesses for the condition of Rome under the Cæsars. The time has long since past for Plutarch-worship, for faith in him as an historian, for enthusiasm, like Turenne's, for his biographies. Madame Roland, were she living, would probably no longer seek in his pages for ideal heroes; and the school-boy who should be told that his Lives were far better worth reading than the 'Waverley Novels' would doubtless put down his adviser in that matter as an obsolete pedant. But it is not with the biographer we have now to do. We are dealing with a time when heroism would have been out of place; when Greece was no longer mother of the great in arms or arts; when proconsuls like Paulus or Flamininus would have enkindled the jealousy of Cæsar, and perhaps shared the fate of Corbulo, or the prudent retreat of Agricola. The age of pagan chivalry had expired, and an age of organisation had taken its place. The Moral Treatises of Plutarch are commonly considered dull as the historical folios of Ogilby and Echard; and, unless they be studied with a definite purpose, we are not prepared to deny that they are so. Plutarch held the pen of a ready writer, but, except for occasional gleams of pictorial force, his was not the pen of a lively or philosophical one. Yet when Southey, in the 'Doctor,' puts Philemon Holland's translation of the 'Moral Works' into the scanty library of Daniel Dove, and observes that Daniel, owing to his studies in that portly folio, might have puzzled half the scholars in Europe by his curious lore, Southey knew what he was saying and paid a just tribute to Plutarch. These Treatises are indeed an encyclopædia of odd fancies, instructive stories, strange superstitions, curious speculations, local manners, and obsolete science; in short, of nearly every subject capable of throwing light upon the inner life—the life that historians too generally pass over—of a people and an era. For such odds and ends of knowledge the Morals of Plutarch have only two rivals in the world, the one being Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' the other Bayle's Dictionary.

Many critical battles have been fought over these 'Opera Moralia.' Some of them, as for instance, the 'Treatise on Education,' have been proved to be spurious, the work of

some Philo-Plutarch; and others were perhaps assigned to him because so voluminous a writer, it was thought by uncritical collectors, might well afford to father a foundling or two along with his genuine offspring. Yet whether genuine, doubtful, or spurious, there is scarcely a Treatise in the collection which does not reflect the spirit of the Flavian or Antonine age. It is curious indeed that so rich a vein as this should have almost escaped the indefatigable curiosity of Gibbon. Yet in the masterly introduction to the 'Decline of the Empire,' contained in his first three chapters, there is scarcely a reference to Plutarch. Gibbon, indeed, lived to regret having passed too cursorily over the age of the Five Good Emperors. Below Hadrian the miscellaneous writings of the great biographer would not have been of service to him, but his sketch of the Flavian dynasty and of Trajan would have been far more complete than it is had he consulted Plutarch. Gibbon, although he went to the fountain-heads of information throughout the greater portion of his work, was in some degree guided by French writers; and in the last century the *Lives*, far more than the *Miscellaneous Essays*, of the biographer were familiar to scholars and historians.

Plutarch, from the circumstances of his life, was well qualified to observe and record the internal condition of the Empire. After being a pupil of Ammonius at Delphi, he completed his education at Athens, where in the lecture-rooms of the principal philosophers he might compare with one another the doctrines of the sects, and the results to which centuries of speculation had led them. During a residence of several years at Rome—a portion of which, at least, fell within the fifteen years of silence imposed by Domitian's tyranny*—he lived among scenes which Tacitus and Juvenal described. The most celebrated of biographers lacks himself one; and we have the more reason to regret it, because there is every probability that he was a member of the most intellectual society in the capital of the world. At Rome the learned composed a very small class; philosophy was confined to salons and cōtées; public education, in its modern sense, was unknown; and therefore literary men were thrown into one another's company as much as they are in provincial towns at the present day. Rome had its Hôtels de Rambouillet and its Holland Houses, its public readings and its philosophical lectures, and in the time of Plutarch presented very close affinities to Paris in the age of Louis XIV., or to London, its wits and its coffee-

* Tacitus, 'Agricola,' c. 3.

houses, in the reign of Queen Anne. Beyond those circles there was gross ignorance in the masses, and political intrigue or inordinate luxury in the upper ranks of society. Plutarch was the friend of Sossius Senecio, and Senecio was the friend of the younger Pliny; it is far from unlikely, therefore, that the biographer was acquainted with the greatest of Roman historians, since the name of Tacitus was inseparably connected with that of Pliny. Communicative, and even garrulous as Plutarch was, his silence on the subject of his friends or associates in Rome need not militate against such a supposition; for Quintilian is equally reticent, and he, as the tutor of Domitian's nephews, can scarcely fail to have been familiar with the name at least of one of the leaders of the Roman bar, the future historian and annalist of the Julian and Flavian emperors. The silence of contemporaries affords no proof of either knowledge or ignorance. For any trace of him in Bacon's writings, there might have been no dramatic poet named Shakespeare; and so far as regards Lord Clarendon, it darkly appears that there was one Mr. John Milton, an incendiary pamphleteer, but no sign of the author of *Comus* or *Paradise Lost*.

Plutarch's occupation in the capital was that of one whom the ancients termed *grammaticus*, but whom we should describe as lecturer or private tutor, if not indeed schoolmaster. A philosopher was at that time as common an appendage to a great house in Rome as a resident chaplain once was in the hall of an English nobleman; and, like the chaplain, the stoic or academic dependent was often ranked as a little above the head-butler or the steward, and divided with the family jester the good graces of 'my lord' and his company. In any one of these capacities Plutarch would have occasion to collect for his pupils or audience passages from the more eminent writers in biography, history, or philosophy, and these he would seem to have afterwards employed in the composition of his miscellaneous works. He was as indefatigable a gleaner of literary and ethical curiosities as Southey himself; and could we have *his* Common-Place Book, it might be far more valuable and interesting than the very unequal collection of Photius.

How long Plutarch resided in Rome cannot be told. His earlier editors are too liberal in the period they allow for him. There is reason for believing him to have been still in Italy at the time of the eruption of Vesuvius in A.D. 79, and also during the brief reign of Titus. It is far from impossible that he was among the philosophers banished from Rome and its suburbs by Domitian, for in his 'Treatise on Exile,'

in which he offers consolation to another, there are signs of his having been himself a sufferer from imperial fear or caprice. He may, accordingly, have been an eye-witness of the best and worst periods of the Flavian dynasty. He may have applauded the frugality of Vespasian and the leniency of Titus, and silently deplored the pedantic reforms of their successor. He would, in that case, have witnessed the cruelties that excited the indignant verse of Juvenal and the scarcely less indignant prose of Tacitus—the proscription of the most virtuous and eminent members of the senate; the influence of the *delators*; the crimes of Marius and Regulus; the inhumation of the wretched Vestal, and the series of vices and follies that wore out the patience even of a servile senate and a degraded people. It seems to have been after Plutarch quitted Rome that the Empire entered upon the comparatively golden age of five good emperors in immediate succession. We know that he was living in A.D. 120. He therefore survived Trajan, and saw the earlier and better years of Hadrian's administration.

We have dwelt upon these points—probable, yet uncertain as they must be called—of Plutarch's personal history, because they show his favourable position for studying his own times. At Delphi he would see a revival of pagan ritual and faith—a revival that began a few years earlier, and is alluded to by him in more than one treatise. In Athens he would test the respective popularity of the philosophic schools, and imbibe his partiality for the doctrines of the Academy and his prejudices against the tenets of the Garden and the Porch. At Rome he sat near the hearth of centralised power and marked its benign or malignant aspects; while in his retirement at Chæronea he enjoyed the opportunity of acquainting himself with the features of provincial life, and of comparing it with the pomps, the vanities, the tumult, and the excitement of life in the capital.

We now turn from Plutarch to the subject itself on which he is so often instructive. In contemplating it Rome and Italy will be set aside. The provincial and social, the moral and intellectual, condition of both have been often delineated, and by no one more vigorously or graphically than by Dr. Merivale. But neither Rome nor Italy reflects the life of the provinces. The one was too far demoralised, the other too much a suburb of the great city to be a faithful mirror of the general condition of the Cæsarian world. No attentive reader of Plutarch's 'Moral Works' can fail to detect in them symptoms of mourning over the degradation of the time. His frequent suggestion

of remedies implies the presence of disease, and his prescriptions often display, or at least hint at, the character of it. The philosopher of Chæronea did not rank with the Stoics who held the Cæsar to be a kind of *ex-officio* criminal against whom it was a good citizen's duty to conspire; neither among the Epicureans who perceived no motive for exertion because they entertained no hopes for mankind. He accepts the existing form of government as a useful if far from a perfect system, capable under wise and benevolent rulers of satisfying all the political demands of its subjects. He recognised the most valuable boon of Cæsarian rule—the maintenance of peace—and he did not sigh with his contemporary, Tacitus, for the renewal of triumphs or the extension of frontiers. On the other hand, there are many tokens in his writings of a desire to make the best of present circumstances, and to improve them when practicable by calling in the aid of religion and philosophy, by a punctual discharge of civil duties, and by providing a good system of education for the young. He shared with Seneca in commiseration for the hard lot of the slave; and he discerned the evil which a servile class inflicts upon the master. He entertained hopes for mankind, even if they fell short of a revival of ancient freedom or intellectual energy.

His practice accorded with his precepts. Aware, like Juvenal, of one of the capital evils of the time—the propensity of men to crowd themselves in cities, and the consequent desolation of rural districts—he more consistently than the satirist returned to his native town, assigning as his reason that he would not help to decrease by absence its already scanty population. At Chæronea he became archon, as at a later period he became a priest of Apollo at Delphi, since it was the duty of every citizen who could discharge them, to take his share in the civil and religious duties of his station. He would not admit old age, unless it were disabled by ill-health, to be an excuse for inactivity. He contended that it was better to wear out than to rust away. He disbursed the stores of his learning liberally, since it was the duty of the learned to diffuse knowledge, and the age stood greatly in need of education. He confined his activity to the narrow circle of a small and obscure provincial town on the principle that the improvement of the masses is best promoted by multiplying the centres from which it radiates. For imperial purposes—the defence of the provinces, the administration of law and police, and the collection of revenue for those ends—let the state look to that. There was yet a margin of activity left for the citizen which neither Cæsar nor his procurators could fill, or if they attempted to do

so they would, from misunderstanding, possibly do more harm than good by interfering. Under the system of Augustus, centralising as it was in many respects, room was left for local exertion, and it was the common error of the provincials to fancy that they would be well at Rome while their real interests were lying around them and at their feet.

Accordingly it is the gist of many of Plutarch's 'Political Precepts' to discourage the passion for migration to great cities, and especially to the greatest of all. The tenor of his counsels on this subject may be thus exhibited:—

'Are ye not ill-advised,' he says, 'nay, even insane thus to rush to Rome for preferment, to loiter in great men's halls, to waste means and yet more valuable time in solicitation, to undergo the pains and humiliations of suitorship, to despise the home of your birth and flock to the home of your masters, to leave security and to go in search of danger? Are not we Greeks litigious enough that you must cross the seas to plead causes; not idle enough in all conscience, that you must journey to the Flaminian Circus for your pleasures; not poor enough at home that you must waste your small substance in costly lodgings where ten to one you will have your wretched garret burnt, or where the rain will come through the tiles, and the pigeons spoil your rest?*' Badly off as you may be at Chæronea, you will be worse off at Rome, unless indeed you have the luck to invent a new sauce, or have a prodigious organ of lying, or can make yourself acceptable to Verres, or useful as a street-bully to Clodius.'

There are few more touching disclosures of the misery of a fortune-hunter than those in which Martial contrasts his servitude, while acting as a kind of laureate to Cæsar and his court, with the freedom he enjoyed after returning to his native Bilbilis. At Rome he was fain to beg for money, for cast-off clothes, for *strenæ* or Christmas-boxes; he was compelled to live in a garret because he could not afford a room on the fourth or fifth floor, to waste his mornings in salutations, and his evenings at tables where he was placed below the salt. At Bilbilis he was well lodged in his own house; his garden and his vineyard furnished cheaply his table and his cellar; the clear stream did not demand a fee for bathing in it; the atmosphere, unlike that of the Subura, was not loaded with the fumes of oil, stale fish, and sour wine; and if his neighbours did not understand his wit or applaud his verses, neither did they vex him with tedious ceremonies or positive affronts. His

* 'Ultimus ardebit, quem tegula sola tuetur
A pluvia, molles ubi reddunt ova columbæ.'

Juvenal, *Sat.* iii. 201.

poems, whether of compliment or solicitation, corroborate the wisdom of Plutarch's advice. Plutarch discovered, without passing through the epigrammatist's experience, that 'there were livers out of' Italy. The amusements of a profligate capital had no attractions for him; and although we find in his writings few if any of the denunciations of its vices with which Tacitus and Juvenal abound, we may be sure that so observant an eye as his was did not overlook them. Neither can he have failed to discern the insecurity of great men's favour at Rome. If *lettres de cachet* and a *bastille* were yet to be invented by Most Christian kings, the Cæsar was provided with islands for exiles, and with the mines for more serious offenders; or if he were averse from violent measures, a letter signed with purple ink would politely convey the imperial desire that Caius or Titius would, on receipt of it, disappear from among the living at his earliest convenience. Nothing more strongly marks the peril of the rich and the high-born under such Cæsars as Nero and Domitian, than the promise made or the oath taken at his accession by a good emperor—that he would not put a senator to death. This undertaking was not always a security against imperial jealousy or caprice. Elizabeth of Russia held capital punishments in abhorrence, yet many of her Bojars would gladly have accepted a death-warrant in lieu of the lingering tortures and the *peine forte et dure* of incarceration; and some of Hadrian's victims, towards the close of his reign, when disease and disappointment had embittered his always uncertain temper, may have envied Seneca his bath, or Sejanus his quick dispatch. Official life, no one can have known better than Plutarch, was always burdensome and often perilous; spies were at many tables, in many bath-houses, in the law-courts and in the market-place. Nor was even obscurity in all cases a protection. Men without any pedigree at all were as liable to be haled to Domitian's Alban villa as he who numbered among his ancestors a Claudius or a Fabius, and displayed in his hall the waxen masks of consuls who ploughed their own fields or tended their own herds and flocks. Perceiving also that even in a province a senatorian proconsul or a Cæsarian procurator was not always the most desirable of neighbours, Plutarch busied himself with such matters alone as touched not on their authority, and he recommended, or rather insinuated, similar discretion to the young and aspiring among his acquaintance.

The value of the moral writings of Plutarch will be enhanced in our estimation if we compare them with the philosophical works of Seneca. What the latter is for Rome or Italy the

former is for Greece at nearly the same period. The Roman, indeed, had probably quitted the stage before the Greek philosopher entered upon it in the capital, for it requires the credulity of Rualdus to believe Nero's minister surviving when Plutarch began his career of lecturer or private tutor. We have no intention to underrate Seneca's merits. He has been often abused without having been read. Much weight and worth there is in his writings, in spite of his affected style; much also that deserves respect in his character, notwithstanding his unphilosophical love of money and his compliance with his pupil's atrocities. In practical worth as a writer he will bear no comparison with Plutarch. The ethical standard of Seneca is generally an ideal and an impossible one—or possible only for a hermit. The standard of Plutarch for the conduct of life is within the reach of ordinary mortals. The one preaches total abstinence, the other reasonable temperance. There is often a parade of strictness in the Roman; there is always in the Greek a vein of charity and good humour. The one sets ostentatiously before his readers his dinner of herbs and water from the spring; the other without affecting to be confidential proclaims his indifference in such matters and takes with cheerful spirit the goods provided for him. Seneca in some things was born out of due time; two centuries later he would have made a conspicuous father of the Church. In the robes of a priest or in a monk's cowl he would have declaimed against the vices of the age and enjoyed the fruits of a good benefice; he would have mortified his flesh and made good investments of his money; talked much of another world and made the most of this one. Of this double nature there is no trace in Plutarch. As soon as he had acquired a competence he gave up remunerative employments; he put into act the philosophy which Seneca preached. He too was born out of due time; his useful and domestic virtues were those of Hooker or George Herbert.

Scarcely less marked is the difference between Plutarch and his junior contemporary Lucian. Far more gifted than the Chæronean sage with fancy, eloquence, and wit, he was far inferior to him in charity and benevolence. The weaknesses which the one attempts to heal, the other delights to expose. Lucian was as general and perhaps a keener observer of men than Plutarch, but his study of mankind and society led him, with very few exceptions, to despise and ridicule them. Neither religion nor philosophy was respected by him. He laughs at the father of gods and men; he laughs at Zeno and Epicurus; he is as merciless as Swift, as irre-

verent as Voltaire. He describes the condition of the Roman Empire at a somewhat later period than Plutarch's; yet it is easy to perceive that nearly the same objects were before the eyes of both. Had the earlier writer described the adventures of Peregrinus Proteus, we might very likely have found that the character given of him as 'virum gravem atque constantem,'* was as near to the truth as the charlatan-apostate of Lucian; had the latter writer treated of the 'cessation of oracles,' we should as probably have read merely a diatribe on the frauds and vices of priests. It would seem as if Lucian had set himself against the contemporary revival of Paganism as virulently as Pascal set himself against the Jesuits, and it is not surprising that Erasmus and Ulric von Hutten admired and availed themselves of the philosopher of Samosata in their sharp encounter with monks, images, and miracles. The works in the usual collection of Lucian's writings in which the Christians are directly named are spurious, and we are accordingly unable to say whether he assailed the rising sect or not. But there can be no doubt that the iconoclast of Paganism was a useful ally for the apologists of Christianity, and that some of their darts were pointed, if not actually forged, upon his anvil. Historically, about the same degree of credit is due to them both; but the defenders of the new creed and the satirist of the old have found acceptance with Church historians, while the probable and moderate opinions of Plutarch are comparatively disregarded or unknown.

The question we have to consider is, first, the aspect of the Roman world under the Cæsars, and, secondly, Cæsarianism itself. A brief examination of the component parts of the Empire will enable us, so far as our limits permit, to deal with the problem. Was such a form of government the only one suited to the needs of mankind at the time, or was it unnecessary, and did it partake of the ordinary vices of despotism? If no other form of administration were practicable, the system founded by Augustus is its own justification: if it were a merely vulgar usurpation, the burden of defending it must be left to adventurous theorists in politics. We apprehend that no *fautor veterum* now-a-days will be found willing to defend the senatorian government within or without the walls of Rome, at least after the abortive revolution of the Gracchi, and during the last century of the Commonwealth. That nearly all the greater works of literature were produced in that period, or that the poets and historians of the Augustan age were born

* Gellius, Noct. Attic. xii. c. 11.

while there was yet a republic, and so may be regarded as the children of a better age, may be admitted. But to what extent does that admission affect the question? We can understand the enthusiasm of the scholar for Lucretius, Catullus, and Cicero, and for the poetical galaxy of the next generation; we can understand also the hatred of the scholar for Cæsars under whom poetry and eloquence alike declined. But we have to deal with the practical and not the sentimental side of the question; and we may therefore ask, was a consummate orator or poet any compensation for the general misery of mankind?

That misery is as indisputable as the genius which dictated the Verrine and Philippic orations, or the poem on the 'Nature of Things.' It should be recollected also that these master-works were not produced by men living under a strong or liberal government, but by men struggling with a fierce and protracted crisis; for since the epoch of the Gracchi the history of Rome is that of a scarcely interrupted revolution. The free people of the city which had resisted Hannibal and extorted its rights from the patricians, had become a fierce and corrupt democracy; the patricians had contracted themselves into an equally corrupt and fierce oligarchy; and there was no middle-class able to curb these turbulent opposites. To the powers of land, of the purse, or the sword there was no counterbalance in a commercial or manufacturing order. The weak and the poor were living in direct collision with the strong and the rich; and throughout the wide circumference of the provinces, in the century before Augustus, there was not a single city that could act as a check upon Rome. Her situation was then without a precedent; and modern history has not hitherto supplied a parallel to it. Her case accordingly must be tried upon its own merits. Horace, although in another sense, correctly described the Cæsar of the world as having '*nihil simile aut secundum*' to him; and every attempt to apply the example of Rome to modern Europe, whatever side the disputant may take, is unhappy, because the first condition of a comparison, similarity in circumstances, is entirely wanting.

The aggregation of the provinces under the Commonwealth—we cannot afford a more precise term, for combination there was none before Augustus imparted a superficial unity to the mass—was little more than a repetition of what had already taken place in Italy itself. The peninsula from the Macro and the Rubicon to the straits of Messina was as far from being homogeneously peopled as the Empire was afterwards. Besides the Romans and the Latins proper, there was the great Sabellian

race, bounded on the south by Greeks, on the north-west by Etruscans, and on the north by the yet more ancient race of the Umbrians. And these, the sovereign races, were embedded or surrounded by an earlier population of serfs, if not of slaves. These nations, for so they really were, nearly as much as if they had been Gauls or Syrians, obeyed different laws, spoke different languages, and, until welded together by a common conqueror, held little intercourse one with another. Did a Roman or Latin official visit the court of an Etruscan Lar, either he could speak in the Etruscan tongue, or he took an interpreter with him. Did a Latian corn or cattle-dealer go to Tarentum to exchange barley or hides for wool, the bargain was concluded in Greek. Etruria was governed by a priestly oligarchy; Sabellia by a feudal aristocracy; and Great Greece fluctuated between turbulent republics or oppressive despotisms. The Roman conquest of Italy south of the Po was a rehearsal of the conquest of the *Orbis Romanus*, the first step of which was the expulsion of the Carthaginians from Sicily. It is unnecessary to trace the march of the legions from their first landing at Messina to the hour when Alexandria opened to Augustus its deserted halls.* On every fresh acquisition the process was uniform—division of the vanquished, suppression of the people, support of the oligarchy in each. But the manner of dealing with successive incorporations of the rude or the civilised races of mankind requires some notice, since it bears directly on the question before us—the internal condition of the Cæsarian empire.

From the first no system was devised or observed beyond the simple method of annexation—laying field to field, province to province; but from the first there was a politic affectation of conferring a boon on the conquered. They were weak, and it was the duty of Rome to protect them; they were divided by faction or disturbed by foes, and it was time to graft them upon a common stock, to heal their divisions and secure their frontiers. But such favours could not be conferred without considerable trouble and expense to the giver, and accordingly the subject must fill the military chest of his gracious master, and supply his army with recruits. Again, was it to be thought that the general benefactor should in civil cases obey the laws of either Greek or barbarian? The law of Rome or the decisions of a proconsul must be applied whenever

‘Portus Alexandria supplex
Et vacuum patefecit aulam.’

Horace, *Odes*, iv. 14, 35.

a Roman settler or visitor sued or was sued by a native ; and the litigious Greek, the supple Syrian, the Gaulish chieftain, and the double-dealing Numidian must alike seek redress, against a Roman plaintiff or defendant, at the prætorian or proconsular tribunal. In all less important matters the provincial was undisturbed ; he might worship, wrangle, or amuse himself as he pleased ; for in such trifles as religion, building or draining of towns, the theatre or the gymnasium, a paternal government* can afford to be indulgent. The subjects of the Commonwealth were indeed not always losers by exchanging a native for a foreign ruler. Their lot under the successors of Alexander was a hard one in general ; and the chiefs of the Gauls and Iberians were not distinguished for justice or mercy to their herdsmen or tillers of the soil. Had indeed the senatorian administration been merely strict, had the prætor's edicts been consistent, there would be no question about the matter, for Rome was not more remarkable for success in arms than for skill in legislation.

But unfortunately for their subjects, the provincial magistrates, as a rule, were either bankrupts or seriously in debt when they hoisted the crimson banner for the first time in the chief town of a dependency ; and, yet more unluckily for the governed, they were not allowed more than two or three years for bettering their circumstances. An election-bill at Rome was a very serious affair ; and a Roman creditor, even if he could no longer, as he seems to have been empowered to do at one time, take his pound of flesh or make a slave of his debtor, was still a most formidable personage. Neither was it to be expected that prætor or proconsul should content himself with simply collecting enough to pay off his debts. There might be a yet more costly election before him. He was only prætor, he might become consul ; or if he had passed the curule chair, must he not provide for the comforts of his declining years, and for the dignity of retired leisure ? For such and other good ends he could not fail to perform at least one duty of a shepherd—shear his sheep closely ; and that duty was scarcely ever left undone. That besides feathering his nest he enjoyed ample opportunities for collecting statues and pictures, as well as for gratifying worse passions than that of coveting his neighbours' goods, need not be added. The oppressed, indeed, had

* 'Patrocinium orbis terræ verius quam imperium' (Cicero *de Off.* ii. 8), is one sample among many that might be presented of the lofty affectation of the Roman conqueror. The proclamations of Napoleon I. to kingdoms he had conquered or was preparing to invade have a most Roman air.

the right of appeal to the senate; but that august body usually took a very mild view of their brethren's offences, and the appellants, who at first deplored their losses only, had generally to bewail their own folly in seeking to recover damages. Even a judgment in their favour was a very imperfect pleasure, since

‘damnatus inani

Judicio (quid enim salvis infamia nummis?)

Exul ab octava Marius bibit, et fruitur Dîs

Iratis: at tu victrix provincia ploras.’

Under the Cæsars the condition of the provinces was improved. For governors they generally preferred an imperial procurator to a senatorian proconsul. An appeal to a single master was less ruinous than a petition to many. It was in Rome or its immediate neighbourhood that a Cæsar of the first dynasty was the object of terror or hatred.* Heavy as their hands may have been on the Roman nobles, they were for the most part indulgent or careless rulers of their distant subjects. Had there been a provincial Tacitus he might very probably have ranked Tiberius among the good emperors, since the Alexandrian Philo and the Greek Plutarch appear to know nothing of his cruelty or his vices. In his own capital Claudius passed for little better than a dolt, the tool of women and freedmen: in Gaul he was accounted an active, sagacious, and benevolent sovereign. Judæa, indeed, was nearly driven into rebellion by Caligula's demand to be worshipped with Jehovah; and Greece found Nero's histrionical excursion as costly and inconvenient as the residence of a senatorian magistrate in earlier days. Yet the visits or caprices of the Cæsars were at the worst merely a summer storm blighting a portion of the harvest; not a periodical typhoon leaving famine and desolation behind it. By Tacitus it is imputed to Tiberius as a fault, proceeding from jealousy or procrastination, that he detained from an assigned province a knight or a senator sometimes for several years, sometimes altogether. It may have been very inconvenient, it was doubtless illegal, for an Appius or a Scipio to be kept in Rome within reach of the delators or his creditors, but his detention there may in some cases have been to the advantage of his expecting subjects. The representative of Cæsar, who was allowed to remain for six or eight years abroad, might at least enrich himself at leisure, even if he did not, as happened occasionally, form local ties and attachments, and gratify his love of ease or a good name by

Tacitus, *Hist.* iv. 74, ‘sævi proximis ingruunt.’

steady and lenient administration. But a representative of the senate had at most three years, and often less than three, in which to enrich himself, besides providing for the costs of a pretty certain impeachment on his return, and, accordingly, he thought that if spoliation were to be done well, it must be done quickly. And, setting aside considerations of policy or humanity, there were other reasons for ameliorating the lot of the provincials. There was some pleasure to a systematic Roman—and no people were more attached to system than the Romans—in beholding from the Palatine or Capreæ or the Alban Villa, a regular and uniform administration under which the laws or rescripts that served for Macedonia and Asia, served also for the Gauls and Iberia. There were further motives for protracting the term of provincial administration. It was not always safe to recall a popular governor—a Cæsar in miniature with soldiers at his command and subjects well affected to him. It did not suit the master of thirty legions to be environed at Rome by a rich and powerful aristocracy, for a magistrate content in a province might turn out a conspirator in the capital. Again, it was a Cæsarian art to shun senatorian interference with their colonial policy, and, inasmuch as the senate was nominally the court of appeal, it was desirable that the subjects of the Empire should bring to that court presentments of grievance as seldom as possible.

We can only infer from slender and scattered details what may have been the plans of the great Julius for the remodelling of the Roman world. From the little that is known of them we may, however, safely conclude that they were equally liberal and sagacious, for keenness of political vision and humanity of temper were properties of his nature. We can discern that he had probed the source of the evils which had so long afflicted Rome and her subjects. Her municipal constitution was unequal to the burden of empire. That constitution must accordingly be enlarged, and if possible expanded to the horizon of conquest. The provinces were held together by military bonds alone; their union must for the future be cemented by communication of civil and political privileges. The champion of democracy would approve himself also the benefactor of the provincials. As of old the plebeian estate had broken down the barriers of the patriciate, had wrested from it the rights of intermarriage, of possession of the domain-land, and of participation in the higher offices of the state, so again the subjects of Rome, standing as they did in the relation of a commonalty to the city, must be admitted to similar rights, and be incorporated with the metropolitan

state. The Greek, with his ancient civilisation, must be introduced to the semicivilised Spaniard and Gaul, and each be taught to regard one another as brothers having for their common parent the City on the Seven Hills. But what city? Not the abode and prop of a few aristocratical houses, not as her Italian subjects termed her—‘the wolf-den;’ but a new Rome, the equal and affable mother of children diverse in hue, lineage, speech, and disposition. Once before, such a conception had presented itself to the mind of a great soldier. To place on the same level Persian and Greek was the hope or the dream of Alexander, and in his case also the vision was rendered in vain by a yet more untimely death than Cæsar’s.

But what may have been possible for Julius was impracticable for Augustus. Educated to be his uncle’s heir he was, doubtless, conversant with his uncle’s schemes, and probably also willing to carry them into effect. But the shattered condition of his inheritance made it imperative on him to adopt a more conservative policy than that of his predecessor. Warned by the Ides of March, Augustus shrank from taking his position as head of the democracy. The oligarchy was ‘scotched, not killed:’ the prejudices of the *Civis Romanus* alarmed by the first Cæsar must be soothed by the second. The one, pursuing his scheme of amalgamation, had brought into the senate Gauls, Spaniards, and even Africans; and tribunes and centurions of the legion ‘*Alauda*,’ ‘the crested Gallic cock,’ profaned the benches of that august assembly, as it still presumed to call itself. The other purged, so far as he durst, the national council-chamber of such impure and hybrid elements. Instead of communicating to her subjects the privileges of Rome, Augustus laboured to restore the senate and refused to increase the number of the tribes. His care for the provincials was confined to alleviating their burdens, redressing their most grievous wrongs, keeping a sharp eye upon their governors, repeopling with colonies districts depopulated by war, and securing the frontiers of the empire from the inroad of eastern or northern enemies. The highest praise of Augustus is to have employed to the best advantage the materials left him for reconstructing society; but his policy both in theory and in practice was conservative and in some respects reactionary; and if the world reposed under his guidance, it did not derive from it a single spark of new life.

We now come to the important question whether any system except Cæsarism were possible for the ancient world in the time of Augustus. We shall endeavour to answer it through the medium of a brief survey of the condition of the Empire as

the second Cæsar contemplated it from Samos after the last Macedonian kingdom was enrolled among the provinces. Casting our eyes then eastward of the Adriatic and southward of the Lilybæan promontory, we meet with states and kingdoms whose great day had passed, and whose civilisation was corrupt to the core. The last political life of Greece had expired with the Achæan league, as its last central force had collapsed with the defeat of Perseus at Pydna. In the interim between those events and their complete subjugation by Rome a few maritime republics alone, such as Rhodes, retained even a shadow of freedom. Alexandria was torn by three chronic factions of Greeks, Jews, and Egyptians: Antioch and Seleucia preserved little of their Hellenic element, except empty rhetoric, philosophical trifling, fondness for the theatre, the race-course, boxing and wrestling. Their useful existence was occasionally varied by a raid of Parthian cavalry or a sanguinary fight in the streets. The second Carthage had scarcely risen from its ashes; and beyond the walls of their Macedonian capital the native Egyptians were an industrious, patient, and mechanical race, incapable of intellectual exertion or self-government.

Looking westward from Ostia, we find the *incunabula* of the most flourishing kingdoms of Christendom, but political institutions and civilisation removed a few degrees only from the nomade condition of mankind. The youthful vigour of the West demanded a guide, the decrepitude of the East a prop: education on the one hand, protection on the other. We will not assume, but we will endeavour to show, that a strong keystone alone could hold together the discordant materials of an arch that stretched from the western outposts of the Parthian to the cabins of the Gallician fishermen. Once alone in the annals of mankind has society presented the spectacle surveyed by Augustus at Samos, twenty-one years before the Christian era. It was then unexampled; and every attempt to convert it into a precedent, whether made by Charlemagne, the descendants of Mary of Burgundy, the House of Bourbon, or the sword of Bonaparte, has ended in calamity and confusion.

To a modern Cæsar are opposed the power and influence of the Church; the vast interests involved in commerce and manufacture; the general diffusion of at least elementary education; the hereditary character of monarchical government; the representative system; the extinction of personal or prædial servitude; and the expiring but still partially effective ties of feudal gradation or habit. It is unnecessary to add the power of the press; since, in the first place, that modern organ of resistance may be converted into an ally, or rendered powerless

as an opponent of despotism ; and, in the next, freedom of writing was allowed and despised generally by the worst as well as the best of the Roman Cæsars. But to Augustus, and to those who followed or affected to follow his system, no one of these antagonists presented itself. As for a Church in its modern sense, it did not exist. The State religion of Rome had the Cæsar for its supreme pontiff, and neither affected the opinions nor touched the feelings of its professors. And as to the various creeds or superstitions of the provinces, they were, with two signal exceptions, mere local peculiarities, without any principle of union, and powerless before the divinity of the reigning emperor. Those exceptions were the priests of the Gaul and the Jews : of them, at least, owing to their superior organisation, Cæsar had some pretext to be jealous ; and in due time he found it expedient to extinguish the one and to expel the other from their capital and native land. Again, a manufacturing interest did not exist, for in Rome the artisan was generally a slave, and beyond the limits of Italy a foreigner, and the people and the philosophers alike regarded industrial occupations with contempt. There are traces, indeed, of great mercantile houses in both the eastern and western provinces ; but there was no league among them, like that of the Hanseatic towns, and consequently they supplied no balance to the central force of the government. Neither was there any motive for dreading the power or diffusion of knowledge. Occasionally a dilettante Cæsar might silence a rival poet as Nero silenced Lucian ; or a suspicious one regard the history of a Cremutius Cordus as Queen Elizabeth regarded Hayward's history of Richard II. A handful of philosophers might, whenever they became troublesome, or too loud in their commendations of Brutus and Cassius, be desired to reside for the future in an island, or to employ themselves more usefully than in speculation as diggers in the mines or in attempting to pierce the Isthmus of Corinth. As for the mathematicians, who were for ever calculating upon the probability of Cæsar's decease, they were little better than common fortune-tellers, liable, as such gentry are now-a-days, to fine or imprisonment ; and we have more reason to admire the patience of the Cæsars than to complain of their severity towards the spirit-rappers of those days. Once, indeed, and once only, the idea of something approaching a representative system appears to have presented itself to Augustus ; but the germs of representation lurked neither in the colonies nor the municipia of Consular or Imperial Rome, but in the forests of Germany and in the cities which beheld the decay and survived the fall of the Empire.

Neither in the heights nor the depths of society was there any counterpoise to Cæsarian power, for there was no church, no rival kingdom or league of autonomous states, no free agricultural population, no guilds of princely merchants, no elective assemblies, no one of the balancing forces which, if they do not render despotism impossible in Christian Europe, at least contain in themselves the seeds of remedy, or barriers against extreme abuse. The system inaugurated by Augustus and matured by Trajan and the Antonines, cannot be an example, be the torturers of facts never so busy, because the circumstances of the Roman and Christian world—we can never repeat this opinion too often—are as unlike one another as the creed of a Brahmin is to that of an Israelite; and the credit due to Augustus is his sagacity in discerning the one course that was left him for reconciling differences and ensuring peace. The skill of the architect was proved by the durability of his work. For two centuries the breastworks he raised against foreign invasion or domestic revolution withstood the fury of both. The wars which seated Vespasian on the throne strained but did not overwhelm the power of resistance. The partition of the Empire by Diocletian between four rulers, two Augustuses and two Cæsars, although likely in seeming, was abortive in practice, and the centralised scheme of Augustus, altered in form, was retained in substance by Constantine. So long as there was but one empire, the Eastern hemisphere was protected in its age, the Western educated in its youth. Peace, the normal condition of the subjects of the Cæsars, was a fair, perhaps an ample, compensation for the restless ambition, or rather the lust of appropriation, of the Commonwealth. What the results of peace were we shall now attempt to describe, introducing our remarks upon it with the evidence of two contemporary and conspicuous witnesses.

The panegyric oration of Pliny is an instructive, although a tedious composition. It has a negative as well as a positive import, and the former is the more valuable of the two, since the points selected for commendation in a good Cæsar are points also applicable, when reversed, to the condemnation of a bad one. The background of this portrait of imperialism is Domitian's tyranny—the terror and the servility of fifteen years. The foreground of it is Trajan's firm, equable, and active reign—the image of a patriot emperor, under whom thought and speech were free, alarm was unknown, and obedience easy. A considerable portion of this oration is devoted to the happiness of Rome and Italy under a really paternal government, and with them on the present occasion we are not

dealing. But a part also pertains to the condition of the provinces under a just ruler—and *that* calls for our notice. To supply the capital with food was among the most urgent cares of the government, whether republican or imperial; the knowledge or a rumour that there was a short supply of grain in the state granaries would at any time rouse the ire of the populace against the senate or the emperor. The full power of the state was lodged with Cneius Pompeius at such a crisis, since it was better to have a possible master than to undergo a real famine. More than once Tiberius was called upon to exert all his administrative energy to replenish the garner of the capital; and Nero, before the legions of the West revolted, was once in imminent peril from a panic-stricken mob on account of delay in the arrival of the corn-ships. The provinces of Rome, like the rice-producing districts of our Indian empire, were occasionally visited with failure of their crops, and the machinery of senatorian government was often inadequate to the task of averting or relieving famine; and Pliny ranks among imperial virtues the success of Trajan in dealing with such visitations. ‘How must every province rejoice,’ he says, ‘in having come under our protection now that a prince is on the throne able and willing to transfer from one region to another the produce of the earth—a prince who purveys for lands severed from Rome by seas, as he provides for the capital itself. Nowhere is the climate so constant as to ensure universal fertility; but Cæsar has it in his power to correct the seasons’ caprice, and although he cannot make a blighted or barren tract immediately fruitful, he can arrest the hand of famine.’ And he concludes by comparing the lot of imperial with that of republican Rome at such a crisis—‘quanto libertate discordi servientibus sit utilius, unum esse cui serviant.’

The friend of Pliny can hardly, we imagine, have endorsed this sentiment, since he regarded an oligarchy as the only proper regimen of the Roman world. Yet whether by chance or design, he expresses a very similar opinion in his *History*. He conveys it, indeed, in a speech ascribed to Cerealis during the revolt of the Rhenish provinces in A. D. 70, but the speeches reported by historians usually convey their own opinions. He makes Cerealis thus address the people of Trêves and the Celts who occupied the upper banks of the Marne and the Seine. Recalling to their memory how often Rome had stood between them and their restless neighbours the Germans; how they were not only enrolled in the legions, but even promoted to command them; how often they were raised to the highest offices of the state in their birth-land; he proceeds:—

‘Your country, till you put yourselves under our protection, was at all times harassed with wars and oppressed by tyrants. You cannot deny that only as the subjects of Cæsar you have enjoyed peace as the rule. It is true you pay him taxes ; since to maintain the tranquillity of nations arms are necessary ; and soldiers must be paid ; and without tribute their pay cannot be supplied. I do not deny that sometimes you are harshly used, that you have greedy or prodigal governors. But have you not also barren seasons, floods, and other calamities of nature at times to contend with ? So long as human nature is what it is there will be faults. Do you expect from Tutor and Classicus milder and more equitable treatment than you have had from the Cæsars ? will they protect you from German invaders or plunderers by means of lighter tributes than you now are paying ? Suppose the dominion of Rome (which may the Gods avert !) at an end. What other result will follow than the revival of the old international wars ? Let your own experience and that of your fathers instruct you that submission with security is preferable to rebellion with ruin. The fabric of an empire now eight hundred years old cannot be torn down without involving in destruction its destroyers ; and you, men of Gaul, who have gold and rich lands, will be the immediate victims of such convulsion.’

In the preceding words Pliny and Tacitus, as we know from other authorities, spoke the ordinary feeling of the provincials. There was a general conviction that the unity of the empire, with many inconveniences, was preferable to the dislocation and anarchy which prevailed before their annexation to Rome. The emperors, for the most part, delighted to enlarge the sphere of citizenship, and to extend to their subjects the uniform principles of Roman jurisprudence. Obscure as the traces of it are, the policy of communicating the franchise to their foreign subjects was common to the Cæsars, whether of the Julian, the Flavian, or the Antonine dynasties. In these respects they followed the ideas of Julius and not the practice of Augustus. That under the Cæsars there was considerable improvement in the condition of the provincials, there is abundant evidence. The improvement arose partly from a uniform system of administration and partly from selfish considerations. The Cæsarian procurator was preferred to the senatorian proconsul ; and the *Municipia* which enjoyed the privilege of being governed by their own law often petitioned that they might be ranked as *Coloniæ*, and be governed by imperial law. Outlying tribes sent envoys to Rome to entreat that they might be annexed to the empire, and if denied that boon, removed into districts belonging to it. The conveniences or luxuries of life tempted many barbarous races to forego their barren freedom and to place themselves under the shadow of the protecting eagles ; and Armenia affords an example that the Eastern king-

doms, if they must accept a suzerain, preferred the Cæsar of the West to the Parthian monarch. With strange, but not with them unusual inconsistency, writers of the present day who recommend the surrender of British India to its native lords, and who describe our eastern administration as uniformly oppressive and corrupt, applaud the vigour and intelligence of Cæsarian government, as compared with our tedious and cumbersome parliamentary machinery, and cite these instances of attraction to Rome in proof of their assertions. They adopt what is favourable to their theory; they ignore what opposes it; and they omit to mention that among the hill and bordering tribes of India there is a similar desire to be ranked among the subjects of the British oppressor! The subjects of Rome knew well that an appeal to Cæsar was less likely to ruin them than a petition to the senate. The least consistent emperor was less generally inconsistent—we believe Caligula to have been insane—in his laws and exactions than governors whose term of office was short and whose dispositions were various. If sheep have a voice in the matter, they would doubtless prefer the company of a single wolf to that of a herd of wolves; or could a beleaguered city have its choice, it might open its gates more readily to Agricola and his well-disciplined legions than to Attila and his Huns. The establishment of stationary camps also must be reckoned among provincial alleviations. With the camp grew up markets and villages or towns; intermarriages were contracted with the natives, and after many years' absence from Italy, the soldier learned to regard himself less as an alien than as one born and bred in the district where he was stationed. With the arms necessarily followed the arts of the capital, its language and its manners; and the soldier of Crassus may have been more reluctant than Horace supposes to quit his barbarian wife, or to exchange what had become his home for the comparatively strange scene of Rome or Naples. On their part the provincials were willing to accept the Roman franchise; and when Claudius conferred full civic rights on the Transalpine Gauls, and Vespasian the Latin rights on the Spaniards, it is not found that either of the receivers murmured at the gift. By becoming citizens, indeed, they incurred some inconveniences, for they were then liable to conscription for the army and to certain taxes from which they had been hitherto exempt. Yet a general anxiety to be enrolled as *Cives Romani* certainly existed, and it can scarcely have been regarded as a merely nominal distinction. The solicitations of Pliny to Trajan in the interest of his personal friends and clients can hardly have been exceptional cases, but

represent the pressure actually exerted upon the emperor from every side. Nor was Hadrian less besieged by such petitions, or less liberal in granting them, than his predecessor; and it was perhaps no empty flattery that inscribed on the medals of Antoninus Pius the legend 'Multiplier of Citizens.'

The anxiety of the provincials to become Roman citizens had other causes also—the want of combination among themselves and the political indolence then pervading the world. There were moments when the fabric of the Empire seemed crumbling to dust. Such a moment was the civil war following Nero's death. Three emperors were in the field; the legions of Germany invaded the sacred soil of Italy, and the legions of Syria were marching to repel the invaders. But no entire province, much less any league of provinces, took advantage of the hour; and none deplored the extinction of the Julian line, or the accession of the Flavian to the Empire. It is difficult to realise, with the history of Christian Europe before us, the political paralysis of the world seventeen centuries ago. We read of Spanish aggression in the sixteenth century, of French aggression in the seventeenth, of the Thirty Years' War, and of the wars engendered by the French Revolution; but we do not read of indifference to the yoke prepared for the nations by Philip, Louis, the Cæsar of Vienna, or the Directory or the First Empire of the French. In the one case there was a living soul, in the other there was a corpse to deal with. And what common principle connected, or what common feeling vibrated through society, at that period? Political opinion can scarcely be said to have existed; the Greek boasted of his old republican freedom in words, but in acts submitted to the will of any conqueror who was in the ascendant; the Gaul celebrated in verses the prowess of Vercingetorix and the German that of Arminius, but neither German nor Gaul ventured to oppose the successor of him who had led Vercingetorix in chains, and driven Ariovistus back to his woods and marshes. Religion never troubled the still waters of Cæsarian government: so far from resenting the worship of Roman gods, the provincials rivalled one another in raising altars to Cæsar. Nor was their choice although ignoble, unwise, since it was Rome alone which could arrest exhaustion in the East or modify the barbarism of the West. Each hemisphere was indeed pressed by a heavy yoke, yet constraint was preferable on the one hand to inanition, and on the other to confusion. The West profited the most by the influence of the victor. The Celts and Iberians, and in some measure the Teutons also, were latinised: a higher civilisation than they could have

attained, if ungrafted on a Roman stock, was rapidly infused into them, and they were made capable of becoming the parents of great and cultivated nations. On the East, the sun of political and social liberty had set for ever. The Greeks, in their highest aspirations to freedom, never conceived of a state as other than a city with small territories and a limited number of citizens,* and even Plato would have regarded the Achæan League as a political solecism, unworthy the attention of a philosophic legislator. Yet continued peace and uniform public laws, accompanied with a fair amount of municipal independence, rekindled in both Asiatic and European Greece the embers of commerce and enterprise, and a material career at least was reopened for nations which had long slumbered beneath the oppression of Alexander's successors.

With these facts before us—and their number might be easily enlarged—we are led to the conclusion that the system of Augustus was the only one available at the time, and that in the hands of a Trajan or an Aurelius, it was well suited to the condition of the world. The internal operation of that system will be surveyed presently. A few lines must, however, be devoted to its external aspect, not merely on account of its material grandeur, but because the shows of greatness and power have in all ages possessed irresistible attractions for mankind. We can now dissect coolly the pomp, the state, and vanity which made Louis XIV. appear to myriads of intelligent beings the mirror and model of earthly sovereigns—we can now discern the worm at the root of Roman Cæsarianism. But this power of vision was not granted to those who were dazzled by the brightness of the shrine; and their obedience to the idol was easy, since their faith in it was strong. There was a wide difference between the aspects of the Empire as they presented themselves to a spectator from without and from within it. From without it was beyond all comparison the most sumptuous and sublime political edifice known to the ancient world. Rightly did Lipsius entitle his survey of the Cæsarian realm '*De magnitudine Imperii Romani.*' Beyond any kingdom or commonwealth, principality or power, Rome under her Cæsars purveyed for the comfort, the health, and the recreations of her subjects, and from the time of Vespasian, the first who salaried professors of literature, for their education also. We will not, in this place, pause to ask whether their munificence were dictated by worthy or by selfish motives. By her chain of roads she provided not merely for the conveyance of her legions, her

* Plato, *Laws*, v. p. 392.

magistrates, her literature and laws to the furthest limits of the civilised world, but she reconciled the most hostile, brought into contact the most distant, and fused together the most uncongenial elements of society. Centuries before her eagles were planted securely on the banks of the Euphrates and the Thames, commerce had brought the Tyrians to Spain, and the merchants of Carthage to the southern shores of Britain. Long before a legionary had set foot in Africa, the land trade had borne the Carthaginian over the Libyan desert to Egypt, and deposited in the few green spots that speckled its sands the produce of European markets. But these, in comparison with the civilising energy of Rome, were little more than private enterprises, and with Carthage they vanished, neither did they even partially revive, until it was restored. The presence of Rome was stamped by works nearly as imperishable as those of nature herself, and the traveller who surveys her footsteps at Nismes, Trêves, or Alcantara will readily admit that the Christian Church is the only rival of the Cæsars in sumptuous provision for the people.

The successors of Nerva might not inappropriately be termed the *building* Cæsars, but their constructions were of a far more useful as well as more durable character than those of the Julian dynasty. Of the Cæsars proper, the conversion of their capital from a partly Greek, partly Etruscan city into a residence worthy of a sovereign people and its lord was the principal object; and the sobriety of the Flavian emperors was displayed in providing sumptuous halls and baths for their subjects, not *golden houses* for themselves. The change is significant; for the impress of imperial Rome is not more visible in its laws or its literature than in the character and purpose of its architecture. With Trajan, however, commences the era of works directed, for the most part, to public interest and utility; and as these benefited or adorned the provinces, an allusion to them falls within the limits of the present subject. At Rome Trajan, in comparison with some of his predecessors, built but little, and his constructions there were not for himself, but for the gods, the senate, and the people. He was content with the palace which had satisfied Augustus; while he restored the temples, enlarged the halls, and improved the places of public resort. At Ancona he constructed a haven for his fleet on the upper sea; and the mole which he raised to defend the roadstead of Centumcellæ shelters at this day the port of Civita Vecchia. Doubtless, as in all ancient works of the kind, much of the labour was performed by slaves; yet the necessity of providing employment for an idle and hungry

populace was unquestionably among the motives for such erections. It was, however, in the provinces that his zeal or beneficence was most conspicuously displayed, and the title of the 'World-Builder'* earned by him. The name of 'Ulpus Trajanus' is inscribed upon the most solid and useful monuments of the Empire, and the imperfection of the written annals of his reign is in some degree supplied by records of more 'perdurable stuff' than parchment or papyrus.

His example was followed and surpassed by Hadrian; but the latter rendered even more important services than the construction of public works to the subjects of Rome. If Augustus inaugurated the imperial system, Hadrian was the first who surveyed by personal inspection the provinces, and could we by the exchange obtain the journal of his progresses, it would be cheaply purchased by the sacrifice of all the later effusions of the Roman epic muse. Of the Wall of Hadrian in this island it is needless to remind the reader; but we may perhaps be permitted to select from the wide circumference of his imperial progress Britain as an example of the civilising influence of Rome upon her subjects. The remark made by Tacitus in his 'Life of Agricola,' that it would be easier to enervate the Britons by luxury than to subdue them by arms, was only partially correct. As the natives were for many generations after Agricola's conquest of them in demand with the Roman recruiting-serjeants and crimps, it may be presumed that they were not enervated by baths and theatres and other instruments of luxury; and it is certain that in no other province of the Empire were the fruits of peace and security more happily displayed. The painted 'Old Zealander' of Cæsar had nearly disappeared at the time of Hadrian's visit to our shores; and in his place there was an industrious and thriving population employed in the useful and productive labours of agriculture, mining, and manufactures. The exports from Britain of corn and cattle, of pottery and glass, would not be disdained by a modern Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the cities, roads, and country-towns of the island attested the wealth derived from these sources. Nor does it appear that such civilisation was the result of force or active colonisation; for Britain contained at most three colonies of Roman citizens. These advances in

* 'Orbem terrarum ædificans.'—Eutropius, viii. 2. The policy of despots to occupy as well as to impoverish their subjects by public works, did not escape the notice of Aristotle.—*Polit.* v. 9, § 4; τῶν περὶ Σάμον ἔργα πολυκράτεια· Πάντα γὰρ τὰντα δύναται ταυτὸν, ἀσχυλίαν καὶ πενίαν τῶν ἀρχομένων.

refinement were the consequences of the strict police and security maintained by the conqueror. The apt and apprehensive genius of the Celt was fostered; his ferocity was held in check; his divisions were suspended or reconciled, and the cruel religion of his ancestors abolished or restrained within proper bounds. Swift apparently had the image of Roman civilisation of Britain in his mind, when he expressed his regret that the wholesome discipline of conquest had not been extended to Ireland also.

We have sketched the fairer side of ancient imperialism; and must now present it under a far less attractive aspect. How did the general security and comfort of the provincials affect their character as citizens and men? They who pretend that Cæsarian rule was, from its general equity and regularity, an unqualified boon, are at least bound to show that it had no tendency to degrade the objects of its bounty. Man does not live by bread alone; neither is sensual or material prosperity, if unaccompanied by some nobler fruit of peace, a sign of good government. Be it that wherever the Roman eagles alighted, a harmonious administration of law secured the people under the shadow of their wings from recurrence of war and insurrection, protected their property, and tolerated their native customs and creeds. Be it also that under the Cæsars the provincials were in general exempt from the periodical visits of proconsular locusts, and that the senate was not the only court of appeal against senatorian violence or greed. There is yet a further question to be answered. Under the great *Pax Romana*, so vaunted of by poets and historians, so applauded by some modern philosophers, what was the result of quiet and protection? The reply will be found in such by-ways as Pliny's *Epistles* and Plutarch's *Miscellaneous Works*. In the correspondence of Pliny and Trajan we have a few samples of the rescripts of an active and benign emperor, consulted by a mild yet energetic proconsul. The magistrate we should expect to find referring to his master upon all important matters of war or peace—for was not the Cæsar Imperator? upon all questions connected with Roman citizens in foreign lands—for was he not Tribune of the People? upon such religious or rather on such cults as might seem to affect the dignity of the Cæsar as Supreme Pontiff; on the reformation of bad, inconvenient, or obsolete laws—for was he not Prince of the Senate? on all fiscal difficulties—for was he not president of the Treasury, in short, on every subject concerning the welfare of the millions under his rule?

The magistrate, on the other hand, we should expect to find

appealing to the Cæsar on these questions, yet at the same time exercising a large discretion on matters merely local. He was indeed, as the Persian satraps had been before, a miniature autocrat. So long as his government lasted he was commander-in-chief of the army, and supreme judge. In virtue of his edict he was the legislator for his province, and the censor in all questions relating to public morals. He held a court as Cæsar did; he presided at the games and religious assemblies of his district; he made progresses, he imposed and collected taxes, and, in some sense, he was the fountain of honour and the patron of art and literature. As a Roman colony was the picture in little of Rome itself, so a prætor or proconsul under the Cæsars differed from his chief only in the shorter tenure of his office and in his ultimate responsibility.

Upon what subjects do we find the proconsul of Bithynia corresponding with the emperor of the world? We find few if any traces of the 'discretion' we have supposed; on the contrary, Pliny exhibits a scrupulousness about local action, that sometimes, it would appear, taxed Trajan's patience. 'You are on the spot,' writes the Emperor on one occasion, 'you know the facts and the persons better than I can do; cannot you settle the matter without troubling me for directions?' The contents of the letters may be comprised under the heads of compliments of the season; thanks for favours received, for petitions granted; recommendations of friends accompanied with testimonials; explanations or apologies in cases where there had been a departure from routine; reports of his journey to his province; applications for instructions as to the number of soldiers to be retained, as to sentences on certain criminals and slaves; accounts of local matters, town-privileges, repair of theatres, aqueducts, temples, and public buildings; in short, with very few exceptions, Pliny refers to Trajan cases of which the Emperor, many hundred miles from Nicomedia at the time, must have been a very indifferent judge, and the resident magistrate alone a competent one. Had Trajan been capricious and cruel, like Domitian, or like Hadrian irritable and jealous, the proconsul's timidity would be intelligible. But the Cæsar of Pliny's panegyric—and of history also—if a strict, was also a just and generous sovereign, and some other motive must accordingly be sought for such scrupulousness. Was it that Cæsarianism, even under its best aspect, cannot brook independent action, or was it the attachment to routine so conspicuous in the Roman character?

We believe that the motive partook of both elements. Whether he were the delegate of another, or a free agent,

the Roman, both in public and private life, was as a rule the servant of law and custom. He had an Englishman's dread of innovation. He would have perfectly understood and appreciated our phrase—precedent of parliament—our tenacity of old customs, our patience of inconvenient laws. The words *mos majorum* had even amid the storms of revolutions a cabalistic significance for him. Nothing in Scipio's conduct gave more offence to the elder Cato than his want of decorum in dressing like a Greek. Marcus Antonius made himself as many enemies in Rome by his Alexandrian revels, which hurt no one but himself, as by his Parthian campaigns which imperilled her eastern frontier. Tiberius incurred as much odium by choosing Greeks for his boon companions, when there were plenty of senators ready to drink with him, as by his treatment of the wife and children of Germanicus. The younger Agrippina, unless she has been greatly belied, committed as many crimes and was guilty of as many vices as Catherine de' Medici, but these were, in the eyes of her contemporaries, venial faults in comparison with her presumption in driving to the Capitol in a chariot* usually appropriated to the dignified clergy of Rome. It was his civil demeanour as prince of the senate that made the Romans condone, if they could not forget, the cruelties of the Triumvir, and the plain litter and single follower of Augustus won him more hearts than he had lost by proscription or the Perusine massacre. The replies of Trajan to Pliny display, though he was an alien by birth, a truly Roman attachment to routine, and we may fairly surmise that he was walking in the steps of Augustus in deciding upon points that appear trivial to us at this moment.

Yet there may have been imperial, even if there were not personal jealousy in such minute administration. The governor of a province, especially of a distant one, might be a formidable rival to the Cæsar, and was often suspected of being so. Nero could not be easy until Corbulo dispatched himself, or Domitian so long as Agricola remained in Britain. Tiberius once received a broad hint from one of his viceroys that his Cæsarship would do well to let him alone, as he had not the least intention, without showing fight, of exchanging his present safe quarters in Gaul for the questionable advantage of residing near Capreæ. The fears or suspicions that ever page the heels of despots were not unfelt even by the better

* Tacitus, *Ann.* xii. 42: 'Suum quoque fastigium Agrippina extollere altius: *carpento* Capitolium ingredi, qui mos sacerdotibus et sacris antiquitus concessus,' &c.

Cæsars, and that they were not always groundless is shown in the instance of M. Aurelius and Avidius Cassius. Some good-natured friend, had Pliny been less communicative, might have whispered in Trajan's ears that his proconsul was taking too much on himself, and so bad blood have been bred between them, and the worthy magistrate have been politely requested to confine himself, until further notice, to his country-house. Jealousy of the provincials is undoubtedly revealed in this correspondence. The better Cæsars, while they left to the nobles all the freedom they desired, and more perhaps than they deserved, regarded the lower classes of their subjects with distrust. It was indeed a feeling inherited from the days of the Commonwealth, for the senatorian government had always viewed with suspicion the guilds of the artisans, or any combination of the working orders. But this aversion was more consistent in an aristocracy than it was in the perpetual Tribune of the People. In the oligarchy of Venice we can understand such jealousy; the council of the four-hundred might fairly contrast the calm of their own city with Florence and its turbulent guilds; and the time is not very remote when the blood of the Howards rose at profane contact with the millionaire from Bengal or Manchester. The following anecdote, taken from a letter of Trajan to Pliny, illustrates the timidity of ancient imperialism. The prefect of Bithynia had proposed to enrol an association of workmen at Nicomedia for the speedier extinction of fire—a precaution the more necessary because from another letter in the same series it appears that the city was deficient in its supply of water. What is Cæsar's reply? 'By all means let the Nicomedians have more water and more firemen; but let them be furnished at the expense, and be under the control of government; let the householders provide means for their own protection; let them do anything, in short—except combine.'

The security of the Empire indeed lay, far more than in the power of the sword, in the absence of combination among its subjects. It was their intimate union among themselves which made the Christians an enigma and a source of alarm to the emperors. They were perverse in their refusal to throw a few grains of incense upon Cæsar's altar; they were morose, or at least odiously singular in their aversion to the circus and the theatre; they were sometimes disloyal in their refusal or reluctance to serve in the legions. But these were venial offences, and as regards military service, perhaps individual faults, in comparison with their close and mysterious brotherhood. Rome, if we except the old Sabine dislike to the sophistical doctrines of

the Greeks, never interfered with opinions, and tolerated with indulgent contempt, as a rule, every form of superstition that presented itself to notice. But so soon as social danger was scented, there was an end of forbearance; and the worshippers of Astarte, Isis, and the invisible deity of the Jews were punished or dispersed not on account of their belief, but on account of their organisation.

There is not, in our opinion, in all ancient literature a treatise more profoundly sad than the *Political Precepts of Plutarch*. It is not the work of a rhetorician accumulating examples of human infelicity and parading them in measured sentences, neither is it the work of a Stoic or an Epicurean contemplating through the medium of pride or indifference the condition of his fellow-men. Yet neither Lucretius meditating on the power of chance and the certainty of annihilation, nor Tacitus doubting whether human affairs are governed by a blind fortune or a prescient deity, conveys a deeper impression of melancholy than Plutarch does in this Treatise. And this is the more impressive from the writer of it being a cheerful, and apparently a hopeful man. If he does not think this the best of all possible worlds, he is persuaded there is much good in it, provided it be sought for in the right place and with a wise spirit. Under whatever government his lot is cast, man has the altar, the family, the duties of a citizen to occupy him and philosophy to console him. By precept and example alike he enforces the duty of content with that station of life to which a man has been called. Again and again, in his moral writings, and at every opportunity afforded him in his *Lives*, he urges upon his readers that, instead of gazing on the distant horizon of court favour, a man's wisdom is to busy himself with the affairs and affections of his home and neighbourhood. These he describes with Virgil's tenderness and with more than Horace's sincerity; these he proposes as the wholesome substitutes for a precarious career.

‘Would you be useful to your country, an honour to your family, a friend to your equals? would you earn a good name while living, and have a grateful epitaph on your tomb? look not to Rome, nor to a patron, nor to the prætor's tribunal, nor to the lecture-room, for all these things, even when won, are encompassed by envy, jealousy, and fears—but to what you can do, or perchance suffer for others. He who desires to become an archon or a decurion desires a good work—a far better one than that of wasting the best hours of life in the ante-chamber of Pallas or Narcissus, or squandering verse or panegyric upon degenerate Torquati and Scipiones.’

Yet Talleyrand did not discountenance zeal in office more

earnestly than Plutarch does, ancient as well as modern Cæsarianism demanding of its servants a large measure of personal discretion.

‘Be a magistrate,’ he says, ‘by all means : be as just as you can : look to the town expenditure : secure, so far as lies in your power, food or employment for the poor : pure water and plenty of it for all classes : remember that the great and good Epaminondas himself, when his opponents made him Commissioner of Sewers, turned his attention manfully to the drainage of Thebes. But, at the same time, recollect, my young friend, that the most you can do is after all very little : that there is a Roman prefect above us all ; and over him a proconsul or a procurator ; and over him great Cæsar’s self. Eloquent as you may be in cases of party-walls, ancient lights, water-courses, boundaries, or reports of the night-watch, do not meddle with matters of politics or imperial finance : the prefect’s boots [on the Tribunal] are higher than your head. Go not near the thunderbolts of the earthly Jove or even of his smallest satellite. We, poor Greeks, may think ourselves well off, if we can walk the streets without treading on a centurion’s boot or the gown of a delator. We are Roman subjects—abjects if you will—so the gods have decreed : and we must be content to creep under the huge legs of the imperial colossus, instead of walking erect as our sires did when Pericles commanded the Pnyx and Cimon the fleet. Two centuries ago our ancestors entered a master’s house, and have I not told you in my Life of the Great Pompeius that,

‘He who the threshold of a king once crosses,
Though free before, thenceforward is a slave.’*

Our purpose in the foregoing sketch will be answered if it should induce some English writer, duly qualified for the task, to delineate Roman imperialism under both its aspects. The subject is scarcely touched by Gibbon, and by no means exhausted by Dr. Merivale. Fully acknowledging our obligations to the foreign writers who handle this question with so much learning and ability, we feel some regret that this branch of historical literature has been so generally neglected by native scholars, especially by such as enjoy the freedom and the leisure of university life. The few contributions of any value which we at present possess towards a question eagerly discussed abroad are unfortunately tinged by the theories of a school too prone to confound force with strength in political action. It may be true that our machinery for government is often cumbrous ; and that time is squandered on words when it might be employed in deeds. It may be true also, that our

* “Ὅστις δὲ πρὸς τύραννον ἐμπορεύεται,
Κείνου ὅστι δουλος κἂν ἔλευθερος μόλη. C. 78.

empire, like the Roman, has outgrown its ancient barriers and demands re-adjustment of its props or its levers. Yet, admitting these possibilities, we should rejoice, especially at a time when two opposite tendencies are at work—democracy on one hand, centralisation on another—to have placed before us a complete analysis of ancient imperialism, if for no other reason for this, that such examination of its causes and operation would show it to have been a political necessity of the time, but not the less a symptom of decline and a herald of decay. In common with every form of despotism from the days of the ‘mighty hunter whose chase was man’ to the present hour, Imperialism whether, as at Rome, a necessity of the time, or whether a convenient pretext in its author, contains in itself this ineradicable stain: ‘It is a system of rule from above without any degree of spontaneity from below.’ We are glad to close our own imperfect remarks on this subject with the words of a philosophic statesman—the late Karl Christian Bunsen.

ART. IV.—1. *Realities of Irish Life*. By W. STEUART TRENCH, Land Agent in Ireland to Marquis of Lansdowne, Marquis of Bath, and Lord Digby. With Illustrations by his Son, J. TOWNSEND TRENCH. London: 1868.

2. *Modern Ireland: its Vital Questions, Secret Societies, and Government*. By AN ULSTERMAN. London: 1868.

HE who bears a courageous and unbiassed testimony to the moral and physical condition of the people of Ireland, derived from the experience of an active life, which has been spent amongst them, and devoted to the promotion of their best interests, contributes what is of more value than the schemes of a hundred speculative politicians to the solution of the great problem of Irish government. Amongst such witnesses Mr. Trench may claim a most honourable and conspicuous place. We question whether any book has ever issued from the press of more deep and thrilling interest on the well-worn subject of Irish passions and Irish wrongs. These scenes are related with the popular force, humour, and pathos of Dickens in his best and earliest works. They describe events within the personal experience of the author; but events so strange, wild, and terrible, that if they were not attested by an indisputable authority, it would seem incredible that such things have been and are of frequent occurrence in our own

times, and within a journey of twenty-four hours from the heart of the Empire. We hope this book will be read, not only throughout Britain, but throughout Europe and America, by those who would really know what are the difficulties with which the British Government has to contend in Ireland; for we know of nothing which conveys so forcible and impressive a description of that extraordinary people. Our object, we avow it, is to make this book known as far as our own influence extends; and we are much mistaken if our readers, when they have perused the following pages, do not turn with avidity to the original volume, where they will find a series of narratives only to be matched in the pages of romance. Mary O'Shea and Alice Macmahon are heroines as tender and true as ever were feigned by a poet, and we fancy that Mr. Trench describes with peculiar zest his interviews with these adventurous maidens. The seal-hunt he witnessed by night in the dark caverns of Derrynane is an exploit without a parallel in the annals of sporting. But we are driven by the hard necessity of the times to pass by these romantic incidents and to dwell more fully on the incidents which more directly concern the political state of Ireland.

We shall leave to others, or to another occasion, the task of drawing from this evidence the lessons it abundantly suggests. In the debates which are about to open in the new Parliament, Ireland will claim a large share; and the proudest task which awaits the statesmanship of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues is that of repairing the wrongs of many centuries, and uniting Ireland to her sister kingdoms by closer ties of sympathy and justice. It is not within the power of legislative wisdom and energy suddenly to remove secular delusions, to root out malignant passions, or to establish the authority of moral laws, in countries where the primary conditions of society have been distorted. But the first step towards these great objects is to hold up to the people of Ireland and to the world a true picture of what they are; and this service Mr. Trench has just rendered to his countrymen and to ourselves.

Mr. Trench himself is, as is well known to many of our readers, an Irish gentleman of good family, nearly related to the present Archbishop of Dublin, who has spent his life among the peasantry of Ireland in the honourable position of agent, or as we should call it in Scotland, commissioner, to the great estates of the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Marquis of Bath, Mr. Shirley, Lord Digby, and other large proprietors. He has served these landlords on the condition that they should approve and support (often at great pecuniary

sacrifices) the policy which he conceived to be for the true welfare of the people, as well as for their own ultimate advantage. He entirely disclaims any of those arbitrary proceedings by which tenants have been evicted to suit the interests of the landlord, without a due regard to their own vested rights or future condition. The only tenants of whom he has attempted to clear the land were small holders, incurably in arrear for rent; and to these he has ever held out and afforded gratuitous means of emigration, which in most cases they eagerly embraced. By this system he has reclaimed several of the most pauperised and overpeopled estates in Ireland; and has conferred benefits on the peasantry far more than equal to what he has been able to do for his employers. Possessing a complete knowledge of the Irish character, a ready address, and a dauntless courage, he soon acquired a singular moral authority over the districts and baronies it has been his fate to govern. But this authority has been fiercely disputed; and nothing but his unceasing vigilance, daring, and good fortune defeated the conspiracies which were continually laid for the murder of a man, whom the people themselves acknowledged, in their calmer moments, to be their truest benefactor. Of all the acts of courage which have marked his life, perhaps the publication of this book is the most extraordinary. For as he has related the facts as they are, with names and dates, and no disguise, he challenges in his own person those who are interested to deny them, and he must be animated with an entire confidence in the sincerity of his own motives, and the justice of his conduct, to make revelations of so unprecedented a character.

Mr. Trench began life with a very pretty act of rebellion in his own person. He was sent when he was but a little boy, in 1821, to the College of Armagh, then one of the chief grammar-schools of Ireland. He soon became versed in all the mysteries and rights of this juvenile community. The rights consisted in an ancient and unwritten code; but they were wonderfully well understood; and the masters of the school were held to be as much bound by them as the boys themselves. On one occasion a trick—more serious than such tricks usually are—was played off by one of the boys who aspired to blow up the Doctor by lodging a packet of gunpowder behind the stove. The explosion took place. The Doctor was sent flying into the middle of the schoolroom; and as the other boys refused to give up the name of the culprit, the holidays of the whole school were stopped. War broke out. Holidays were one of the boys' rights. And it was determined to resort to the desperate expedient of a 'barring out.' Stores

and arms were provided. The great dormitory was prepared for a siege, and the school rose in open rebellion. After a resistance of some days, during which a charge of sparrow-shot was fired into the legs of the gardener, the water of the garrison began to fail and the belligerents were reduced to capitulate upon the mild terms of each boy submitting to take a flogging from the outraged pedagogue. The concluding scene of the execution shall be described in Mr. Trench's words :—

‘I have seldom felt more ashamed than when we issued, one by one, from behind the barricades in the dormitory. We had fastened the door so tightly with nails, that we could not open it from the inside, and the gardener's hatchet and Ned Grimes' crowbar had again to be brought into requisition. The Doctor, and his wife and several members of his family, all stood at the head of the stairs looking very solemn and grave, to see us emerge from our fortress. We came out singly through the narrow opening which had been made—unwashed, uncombed, dirty and ragged, and with eyes red and blood-shot, having scarcely slept from the commencement of the barring out. Not a word was spoken ; we passed slowly down the stairs, and then we all assembled in the schoolroom below. A vast pile of birch rods heaped upon the table was the first thing which met our view ; and, then and there, we were each stripped in turn, and being held by Ned Grimes and the gardener, neither of whom could conceal their delight at the turn matters had now taken, we were flogged to the heart's content even of the gardener himself !

‘The holidays were never afterwards stopped.’

All this is related with a droll vivacity which reminds us of Miss Edgeworth's charming story on the same subject ; but it would be scarcely worth while to dwell on it in this place, if the adventure were not so typical of the origin and end of Irish insurrections. It began by a refusal to surrender a comrade who had been guilty of a very gross and dastardly outrage, and so rendered the whole school accessory to a crime after the fact. It was dignified by a notion of ‘rights’ springing not from law and authority, but from a sacred contempt of them. It was carried on with a ruthless indifference to consequences, whether to others or to the boys themselves. It ended, as might be supposed, from the utter inadequacy of the means to the object. And the conclusion was a vindication of the majesty of the law by the birch rods of the excellent Doctor, whom the boys all knew to be a just and even merciful man, even while they were rebelling against him. We presume that these are the reflections Mr. Trench intended to suggest by the introduction of this little narrative. His ‘barring out’ is a miniature history of Ireland.

A few years more found him a married man, settled in the county of Tipperary, near Cangort Park, the residence of an uncle. He was early engaged in the administration of land, and that in one of the least settled parts of Ireland, at a time when the 'Ribbon Code' prevailed to a frightful extent amongst the peasantry. Against the mysterious crimes organised by this association, what defence? It is a fact, says Mr. Trench, that those who had been most earnest and anxious for the improvement of their estates, came most frequently under the ban of the Ribbonmen; whilst the careless, spendthrift, good-for-nothing landlord, lives scot-free, so long as he does not interfere with the time-honoured customs of subdividing, squatting, conacre, and reckless marrying:—

'It is a mistake to suppose that the Ribbon Code was terrible to the landlords only. The tenant, quite as frequently as the landlord, became the victim; and many and many a thriving, harmless, well-conditioned man has perished under its terrible laws. The main object of the Ribbon Society was to prevent any landlord, under any circumstances whatever, from depriving a tenant of his land. "Fixity of tenure," which has lately been so boldly demanded by the advocates of tenant-right, was then only secretly proclaimed in the lodges of the Ribbon Society; and "fixity of tenure" it was determined to carry out to the death, which almost necessarily followed. The second object was to deter, on pain of almost certain death, any tenant from taking land from which any other tenant had been evicted. These main principles of the society were carried out with relentless severity; and numerous indeed were the victims in all ranks of life, from the wealthiest peer to the humblest cottier, who fell under the hand of the assassin, sworn to carry out its decrees.

'But it may well be supposed that a society, thus constituted in utter lawlessness, was not very likely to adhere long or accurately to the precise objects for which it had originally been formed; and, accordingly, by degrees it assumed the position of the redressor of *all* fancied wrongs connected with the management of land, or with landed property in any form whatever. I have known frequent instances of landlords receiving threatening notices for evicting tenants, although these tenants had refused to pay any rent whatever, and of tenants receiving similar notices for taking the land of the evicted occupiers. I have also seen a notice, announcing certain death to a respectable farmer, because he dismissed a careless ploughman; and a friend who lived near me, was threatened with death, because he refused to hire a shepherd who had been recommended to him and who was approved of by the local Ribbon lodge. I myself received a letter, illustrated with a coffin in flaming bloody red, and adorned with death's head and cross bones, threatening the most frightful consequences to myself and family, if I did not continue to employ a young profligate carpenter, whom I had discharged for idleness and vice!'

In the year 1840 Mr. Trench was living near the small town of CloghJordan. The country was much disturbed. A respectable tradesman had just been murdered on the high road, and a well-to-do farmer was butchered, because he had taken two acres of land, which had been thrown on the landlord's hand by an insolvent tenant. On Sunday, while the family were at church at CloghJordan, a whisper circulated among the congregation. More than one person left the church. The preacher brought his sermon to a close. The house of Mr. Hall, a neighbouring gentleman, had been attacked during church time by four men, who demanded arms and money. Two of these men were soon afterwards caught and tried, and transported:—

‘Thenceforth, without any reasonable cause that I could ascertain, Mr. Hall became exceedingly unpopular and obnoxious to the peasantry. A few months after this occurrence, on the 18th of May, a beautiful bright sunny day at noon, I was riding with a friend to the sessions at Borrisokane. I heard a faint report at a little distance in the fields of a gun or pistol, but took no notice of it, when almost immediately afterwards a man came running up a lane to meet us, saying, “Oh! Sir, Mr. Hall has just been shot.” “Shot!” cried I, pulling up my horse, “do you mean murdered?” “Oh! yes, Sir,” replied the man, “he is lying there in the field.” “Is he dead?” I asked. “Stone dead!” was the man’s reply; and as he said so, I shall never forget the strange mixture of horror and of triumph which pervaded his countenance.

‘We rode on rapidly down the lane, and just where it emerged upon a little grass lawn, was the body of Mr. Hall. He was a man apparently about fifty years of age, and his bald head lay uncovered on the ground. He was quite warm, but “stone dead,” lying in the open field. Numbers of people were working all around, planting their potatoes; but not a trace of the murderer could be found. . . .

‘I turned to a gentleman of well-known courage, and a daring rider, and said, “Can we do nothing, Mr. Smith? The murderer cannot have gone far; surely we might make a circuit round the place across the country, and though no one will tell us which way he ran, we may by this means come up with him or see him. We are both well mounted and armed—let us try.”

‘“Hush, my dear Sir,” replied he, “the murderer never ran; that would at once betray him. *He is surely in the field with us at this moment, and is probably one of those now looking at the body and expressing his wonder at who did it.*” I saw the possible truth of his observation, and was compelled to repress my feelings and remain an inactive spectator. The police and stipendiary magistrate came up soon afterwards; and the body having been brought into a neighbouring house to await the inquest, we rode from the scene very sorrowful. On arriving at home I told a man in my employment what I had just witnessed. He showed neither surprise nor excite-

ment, and his manner left a full conviction on my mind that he had been aware beforehand that such a deed was to be done.

'Large rewards were now offered for the discovery of the murderer, and a sum amounting to fifteen hundred pounds was raised; but for some time no one would come forward to give intelligence and claim the reward. At last it was announced by the magistrates, that an accomplice had turned informer—that the murderer was arrested and would be tried at the ensuing assizes at Nenagh. . . .

'The story told by the informer was a strange one. He said that a farmer on Mr. Hall's estate had hired him for five pounds to do the deed, and that the young man was to have three pounds for accompanying him; that the only cause for the murder was that Mr. Hall had prevented the farmer from burning some land for conacre, and "that it would be a good thing to rid the country of "such a tyrant;" that Mr. Hall was expected that day on the estate, and that he (the witness) and his companion agreed to go there also and see how the job could best be done. That he saw Mr. Hall walking in the field with a sword-cane in his hand—that he stole up quietly on the grass behind him with the pistol up his sleeve, and that when he was quite close, Mr. Hall heard him and turned round and asked him what he wanted; he feigned some excuse, saying, "he came to ask his honour leave to sow conacre," which Mr. Hall refusing, he passed on. Again he stole up behind his victim near a hedge, and again Mr. Hall turned round still unsuspecting of his design, but surprised at the occurrence. The intending murderer, thus twice baffled in his design, went aside to his companion, and dashing down the pistol on the ground beside him, said with an oath, "I see it is unlucky, I will have nothing to do with it." The young man coolly took up the pistol: "You are an infernal coward," said he, "watch me if I don't do it."

'Mr. Hall was still walking in the fields, enjoying the freshness of this sunny day in May. The young man came up unperceived within twenty yards of him. Mr. Hall heard him, and turned round and faced him. The murderer walked on still without speaking or showing his pistol, straight up to Mr. Hall. Mr. Hall was amazed; but seeing him still coming steadily and silently on, he half drew his sword-cane, at last suspecting that mischief must be intended. The man still continuing to approach, Mr. Hall sprang back a step or two in order to get his sword-cane free, and in doing so, stumbled over a tussock and fell. The young man then went steadily up to him, and before Mr. Hall could get up or recover himself, he put the pistol down close to his head and shot him dead upon the spot. The moment he had done so he threw the pistol into the adjoining hedge, walked quietly to meet his companion, put his hands into his pockets, never left the ground, and was one of those whom we afterwards saw standing near the body.'

Other murders of equal atrocity followed in rapid succession. The peasants themselves were brutally slaughtered by their

own neighbours the Ribbonmen. At length the murderer of Mr. Hall was brought to justice, tried by a special commission, and condemned on the evidence of a man, who had been hired like himself to commit this crime.

‘After the witness had detailed how he had himself undertaken to be the murderer, and had twice stolen behind Mr. Hall for the purpose of shooting him in the back, and had only given up his design because he fancied it was “unlucky,” the prisoner’s counsel said, “Then it was not your conscience which smote you?” “*Not a bit!*” replied the man. “And you stole up behind the poor old gentleman to shoot him for money?” said the lawyer. “*I did.*” “I suppose you would do anything for money?” “*I would,*” replied the man, quite unappalled and growing desperate. The lawyer still continued to excite him:—“You would shoot your *father* for money, I suppose?” “*I would,*” exclaimed the man furiously. “*Or you mother?*” “*I would.*” “*Or your sister?*” “*I would.*” “*Or your brother?*” continued the counsel. “*Ay, or yourself either!*” cried the infuriated ruffian, almost leaping from his chair, and turning round so suddenly within a few feet of his cross-examiner’s head, that his usually undaunted nerve seemed almost appalled by the ferocity of the savage.’

Judge Doherty pronounced the solemn sentence of the law on the wretched prisoner, who was perhaps not the most guilty of those who crowded that hall of justice.

‘The prisoner did not utter a word, but during the momentary and oppressive silence which prevailed after the last solemn words were spoken, an agonised and piercing shriek rang through the hall—and a young woman was carried out fainting. A terrible sensation thrilled through the whole court—I saw the young man’s frame quiver convulsively as if a sharp knife had entered into his flesh, but he did not otherwise move. He looked his judge steadily in the face—gave one glance around the court—saw his last hope was gone—and then with a compressed lip, but quietly and unmoved as before, he stepped down from the bar, and I never saw him again. He was executed in a fortnight after his conviction.

‘Tipperary for a long time after was quiet.’

There is abundant evidence in this volume that the Irish assassin, however reckless he may be of the lives of others, is not indifferent to his own. He will not attack an armed man on his guard; he will not risk an encounter; and the infliction of capital punishment on a single criminal for murder and for conspiracy to murder, has not unfrequently saved many innocent lives, and stopped for a time the course of these atrocities.

Some little time after Mr. Trench had played a part in these

terrible scenes he was induced to accept the office of agent to the estate of Mr. Shirley in county Monaghan.* He arrived at Carrickmacross in March 1843, and found that the late agent had expired the preceding night. On every hill a bonfire was blazing for joy at his decease. The tenants demanded a reduction of rent, and before he had been twenty-four hours in office Mr. Trench had to confront a formidable insurrection of the people. He reminded them that he was a stranger, and therefore could not know whether the rents were too high or not. A stentorian voice exclaimed, '*Down on your knees, boys! We ask you on our knees for God's sake to get us a reduction of rents.*' But this wild supplication was mingled with a wilder defiance. In a few minutes more the mob surrounded the luckless agent, who had no power to grant what they asked, and he was dragged, kicked, pushed, and torn along into the main street of Carrickmacross.

'At length after walking some distance, I was so beaten and ill-treated, that I felt myself becoming faint, and well knowing that if once I fell, I should be trodden down without a chance of my life, I asked to stop for a few minutes to breathe. I shall never forget that moment. I was then about a mile from the town on the broad and open road leading to Loughfea Castle. I turned and looked around me, thinking my last hour was come, and anxious to see if there was one kind face, one countenance, I had ever seen before, who at least could tell my friends how I had died. But I looked in vain. The hills were crowded with people. The long line of road was one mass of human beings, whilst those immediately around me, mad with excitement, seemed only to thirst for my blood.'

'Having got a few moments' breathing-time, and seeing all appeal to be vain, I turned again on my way, determined, however, to hold out to the last, as I felt that to fall or to faint must be certain death. Just then I became conscious of an able hand and a stout heart beside me, and I heard a whisper in my ear: "They are determined to have your blood, but hold up, they shall have mine first." The speaker grasped my arm firmly under his own, and walked on steadily by my side.

'By this time I was completely naked with the exception of my trowsers. My coat, even my shirt, had been torn off, and I walked on, still beaten and ill-treated, like a man to execution; my head bare, and without any clothes from my waist upwards. To increase

* The barony of Farney is divided into the two estates of Mr. Shirley and Lord Bath. Mr. Trench was at different times agent to both these properties; but the character and circumstances of the population and the district are of course the same. In fairness to the people of Ireland it must be remembered that the barony of Farney was a peculiarly lawless region, and that there are many parts of Ireland where such crimes and conspiracies are unknown.

the misery of my situation, I found that my friend had been beaten and dragged away in spite of himself, and again I was left alone in the hands of those merciless men. I felt also I could now go no farther, and that a last effort must be made before my senses left me from exhaustion. Stopping therefore once more, I asked to be led towards a high bank at the roadside, and leaning against this I turned and faced those whom I now believed would soon become my murderers.

“I can go no farther,” said I; “what have you brought me here for? What do you want me to do?” Again the same voice which I had at first heard at the office, though I could not identify the person from the shouting and confusion around me, cried aloud, “We want a reduction of our rents—will you promise to get us that?”

‘There are times of instant danger, when it is said that the whole of a man’s past life rushes before him in the space of a single moment. If ever there be such a time, this was such to me. I stood there, exhausted, without one friendly face on which to rest, and surrounded by the worst of ten thousand men who seemed determined to have a victim. I knew and felt all this. So I said very quietly, as a last effort to save my life, and hoping they would name something I could promise to ask for, “And what reduction will you be content with?” Again the same voice replied, “We will never pay more than one-half our present rents.” “Then,” said I, “there ends the matter. *I never will promise that.*”

‘There was a pause, and a dead silence. I stood naked and bare-headed before them. They stood opposite to me, with their sticks clenched in their hands, ready to strike. I looked at them, and they at me. They hesitated; *no one would strike me first.* I saw that they wavered, and instinctively, in a moment I *felt* that I had won. This sudden revulsion of feeling—though I was still externally motionless—sent the blood throbbing to my temples with a rush that became almost oppressive. But the strange pause continued—when at length a shout was raised from the old stentorian voice again, “Stand off, boys—for your lives! no one shall harm him—he is a good man after all!” and in a moment I was surrounded by a new set of faces, who dashed furiously towards me. They raised me on their shoulders, swept my old enemies away from me, procured me some water to drink, and carried me, now completely overcome, exhausted, and almost fainting, into the demesne of Loughfea.

‘Here again these suddenly converted friends desired me to get up on a chair, and speak to the crowd now assembled before the castle. I did so. A reaction for the moment had taken place within me, and I felt some return of strength.

‘I told the people I had never injured them. That it was a shame, and a disgrace of which I had not believed any Irishman to be capable, to treat a stranger as they had dealt with me that day. That in my own county I could have as many to fight for me as were now against me, and in short I abused them right heartily and soundly. They bore it without a murmur. My new friends cheered

me vociferously, and I was carried, now quite unable to walk, into the Castle of Loughfea. The excitement was past. Mr. Shirley had not been there, and the people quietly dispersed.

‘In the evening I was conveyed in a covered carriage to Carrickmacross, blackened with bruises, stiff and sore, and scarcely able to stand—musing over the strange transactions which had happened that day—and wrapped in a countryman’s frieze coat which had been borrowed to cover my nakedness.’

The struggle between the peasantry and the authorities was long and violent. The measures taken by the latter were not always judicious, and a conflict ensued which is still remembered in Monaghan as the ‘Battle of Magheracloon.’ A man was unfortunately killed on this occasion by the police. It was with reference to this melancholy event that the following incident took place:—

‘My wife happened in a few days after the “Battle of Magheracloon,” while driving in her pony carriage, attended only by a single servant, to pass the chapel where the riot had taken place, and being a stranger in the country, and ignorant of the road, she stopped near the chapel yard to inquire the way to Carrickmacross.

‘A lady driving herself in a pony phaeton was not a very common occurrence in those unfrequented quarters, and as she conversed with the people who lived near the chapel, a crowd soon collected around her. Having mentioned that she was my wife, the recent battle became immediately the subject of conversation, and she, anxious to calm their feelings, entered into the whole case, and allowed them to tell her the story from beginning to end; and she expressed deep sympathy with them at the death of the unfortunate man who had been shot. They seemed gratified by her sympathy and general kindness of manner, and by her trusting herself alone in the midst of a crowd of rather wild-looking men at such a time, and at length one of the party said,

“ ‘Maybe your ladyship would just come yourself into the chapel yard, and see the place where the dead man lay; it would be kind in you to do so, as we are sure you feel tenderly for the poor man whose blood had been spilled by the police.’ ”

‘She was naturally unwilling to leave her carriage and go into the chapel yard amongst the tomb-stones and graves, escorted by this wild-looking crowd of strangers, but they evidently wished for and pressed it so much that she felt unwilling to disappoint or refuse them, and having naturally a high courage in any difficulty or danger, she at once got out of her carriage and walked with the people to see the spot where the dead man had lain. There was a little heap of straw lying where he had died, and both the straw and the ground under it were saturated with his blood.

‘Her courage came to her aid, and she was able even in the midst of the somewhat excited crowd to look calmly down upon the sickening spectacle, and having again heard them recount all the circumstances

of the battle, she quietly left the spot, looking steadily at the blood and straw as she left—a secret though undefined feeling coming over her, that she ought not to quail even at this painful sight, lest it should appear to the people that her husband had been guilty of having spilled the blood.

‘The peasants watched her closely and attentively—talked rapidly amongst themselves in Irish, for a while—and then followed her silently from the chapel yard, with a softened, respectful, and altered manner. They assisted her into her carriage, crowding anxiously around to show her any little attention in their power, and just as she was about leaving, one of them said to her in an earnest voice,

“Well, Mrs. Trench, I am glad ye came to look at the blood; ye never could have looked at it as ye did, if you or yours had any hand in the killing of the poor boy that’s gone. We all acquit ye of it now. The blood would have welled up in your face, if it had been ye that had done it!”

‘Mrs. Trench drove quietly away, the people all exclaiming, “Safe home to your honour, safe home.” And never once did she receive an unkind or uncivil word from any of the people of Farney.’

The moral authority of Mr. Trench and his family was growing among the people. They began to acknowledge that he was not a merciless extortioner but a friend; they knew that they had ill-treated him, and they were ashamed of it. He caused all legal measures for the recovery of rent to be suspended till after the harvest, and when that time came he succeeded in persuading the most refractory of the tenants *to drive in their own cattle to the pound*. The cattle were at once ordered to be liberated. The tenants crowded in to pay their rents, and even the arrears were soon cleared off. It was not then that the rents were excessive or impossible to be paid, since equal or larger rents are paid on the barony of Farney without difficulty to this day. But the district was frightfully over-peopled. The land of the Bath and Shirley estates had an area of 67,333 acres statute measure. The gross rental, including Church lands, was 46,395*l.* a year. But the population in 1843 was 44,107 souls. More than 30,000*l.* arrears of rent was due; many tenants had paid no rent for several years. It was a struggle for life; and this frightful excess was the result of the subdivision and squatting which the people were ready to die rather than abandon. When Lord Bath visited his estate in 1865 all this was changed. More than 50,000*l.* had been spent in improving the condition of the people; nearly 10,000*l.* of it in emigration. The Ribbon conspiracy was at an end. The English landlord had a princely reception, from an enthusiastic and attached population; and Mr. Trench, who had been well-nigh torn to pieces in the market-place of

Carrickmacross about twenty years before, reaped the reward of his services in the universal recognition of his energy, intelligence, and humanity. But, as Mr. Senior, who knew the story, has observed in his Journals, the redemption of Farney cost a campaign.

Our limits forbid us to enter upon the details which this volume supplies with reference to the Irish famine—the ‘hungry year’ as the Irish call it, when the population died by myriads. But the most fatal cause of all this misery lay in the wilful adherence of the people to a system of tenures alike injurious to the landlord and to themselves.

‘It may here be asked what was the cause of all this misery, and all this after-cost upon the estate of a kind-hearted and generous nobleman? I answer at once, *the pernicious system of subdivision and subletting of land*. No one who has not tried it can conceive the difficulty in which an Irish landlord or agent is placed with regard to this matter. I can truly say *its prevention has been the great difficulty of my life as a land agent*. The collection of rent is almost always easy on a well-managed estate; but the prevention of subdivision is almost always difficult. The desire to subdivide is by no means confined to the larger tenants, nor even to those who hold land to the moderate value of 30*l.*, or 20*l.*, or even 10*l.* per annum; but tenants possessed of holdings valued at only 1*l.* or 2*l.* per annum frequently endeavour, openly or by stealth, to subdivide these little plots of land, and erect huts or sheds upon them for their young people to marry and settle in, utterly regardless of the certain poverty which must necessarily await them where there are no other means of support. And yet if any landlord or agent is determined to resist this system, and to evict those who in spite of all remonstrances and entreaties persist in this pernicious course—though the plot of land be scarcely sufficient to feed a goat, and the hut be of the most degraded class—he is attacked with a virulence and bitterness of hostility which none who do not live in Ireland can imagine: sometimes by the local press, sometimes by local agitators both lay and clerical, who hold him up to public odium and indignation as an exterminator, and sometimes (though not in Kerry) by the blunderbuss or bludgeon of the assassin; so that really it requires no little moral as well as physical courage to face the storm which is certain to be raised against him!’

When Mr. Trench entered upon the management of Lord Bath's estate in 1851, and found it overwhelmed with pauperism, arrears of rent, and crime, his first step was to offer free emigration at the expense of the landlord to any tenant, with his family, who would surrender his land, giving him at the same time all his stock, crops, &c., and relinquishing all claims for arrears. Liberal as this offer was, it provoked the bitter hostility of the most reckless and daring of his tenantry,

because they saw that the time was come when they must either settle their accounts or leave the estate. Amongst the most formidable of these refractory tenants was one Joe M'Key. He held a considerable farm in a wild district of Armagh. He had paid no rent for five years. He vowed he would pay none, and he defied any man in Ireland to take him prisoner. All the terrors of the law had threatened him in vain; and as long as this man held out, it was impossible to deal with minor defaulters. Mr. Trench resolved to go himself, alone and unprotected, to the lair of this outlaw and see what he could make of him. With some difficulty he induced Joe M'Key to admit him into the desolate walls of his farm-house, where two or three ruffians as wild as himself were distilling poteen; and, after a parley, the following scene ensued:—

‘M'Key held the door open for me to follow. I did so; and as I entered he gave the door a peculiar slam after him, which made me look at it attentively, and I saw that the handle which turned the lock was gone, and that when the door was shut, no one could open the lock without some square instrument to turn it. Another glance thrown around the room showed me that there was nothing in it but two chairs and a small table, a bed, and beside the bed, a bill-hook—a most formidable-looking weapon—leaning against the wall. I took care to place myself between him and the bill-hook, and we both sat down at the table.

“That is your defender,” I remarked, pointing to the bill-hook. “It is,” he briefly replied.

‘He then opened a drawer and took from it a petition or statement which he had drawn up himself, intending to send it to Lady Bath. This he read with great emphasis and unction. It was not badly drawn up; but it could only state his poverty, and the hardship of being required to leave his place because he was unable to pay for it.

“‘I fear,” said I, “that this will hardly induce Lady Bath to leave you your land, unless you pay your rent—you will never pay it by making illicit whisky. I have come to ask you seriously what you are going to do, for you *must* know that things cannot go on with me as they did before.”

‘He rose up hastily, and stood opposite to me at the table:—“I never saw you before, Sir, and I don't know what brings *you* of all men here now, but I tell you plainly, I never will surrender; I never will give up my little place. I have planted every stick—I have raised every stone,” he continued again, “and I never will be taken, or give up my place but with my life.”

‘He became so excited, and glanced so often at the window and so often at the bill-hook, that I rose quickly too. His nerves seemed wrought into a most extraordinary state of tension, and he seemed gathering himself as if to spring at the bill-hook. I drew

my pistols from my pocket, cocked them, and held one in either hand, my eye still fixed upon his. We stood opposite to each other, the small table only between us. I knew that if once a personal struggle should commence with such a frame as that, I had not a chance of my life, and feeling now convinced that he had got me into that room to kill me, I was determined if he stirred to shoot him. But a far different suspicion was in his mind, yet urging him on equally to violence. He thought that I had collected the bailiffs or police outside—that I had deceived him—that I had got into his house to arrest him myself; and he was determined either to take my life or lose his own, first. And there we stood, like two tigers, watching who would spring first. His eye met mine, but it did not quail in the least; and after watching one another for nearly half a minute—during which time almost a quiver of his eye would have made me shoot him, so great was the tension of my own nerves—I slowly and gradually raised the pistol—without losing for a moment the hold of my eye upon his—till it fairly covered his head. He watched me till he must have seen straight into the barrels of my pistol; when quietly drawing himself up, and folding his arms very slowly, as if to show that no sudden movement was intended, he seemed to defy me to fire. A feeling came over me as quick as lightning, with a conviction and suddenness which only moments such as these can bring—that I had mistaken him, that he was acting on the defensive rather than the offensive, and, with an impulse which to this hour I am wholly unable to account for, I flung the pistols on the table within his reach, and said in relief of my own excited feelings,

“You scoundrel, you know you dare not hurt me!”

He looked at me steadily, and then sitting down gradually and quietly on the chair, without trusting himself to look at the pistols which lay loaded and cocked on the table before him, he put his hands to his head, leaned his arms on the table, and said in a low voice—

“What do you want me to do, Sir?” “To give me possession of your house and place at once,” said I, “and to come with me now into Carrickmacross.” “I will, Sir,” he replied.

He rose, put his iron finger into the place where the handle of the door should have been, and turned the bolt; and walking up to the other men in the kitchen he said, “Begone out of that till I give up the place.” They stared at him and were perfectly astounded: “Begone I say,” he repeated, and he pushed them out of the room.

The young woman then came up to him—“What is this, Joe?” she asked. “You must go,” said he kindly. “Don’t talk—leave the house.”

She went at once. He put out the fire by kicking it about the floor, took “sod and twig” from the garden, and handed me legal possession of the house and grounds!

“And now,” I continued, “come with me into Carrickmacross.”

He hesitated: “Sir, I will *follow* you in, but don’t ask me to go

with you." "Why not?" I asked. "Because I always swore no man should ever take me alive, and if I was seen to go in with you the people would say you had taken me prisoner." "I understand you," said I; "can I trust you then to follow me?" He seemed almost hurt at the question. "I would not fail in my word for a thousand pounds!" "I have not a doubt of it," replied I; and I mounted my horse and galloped into Carrickmacross.

'I told my head clerk and confidential man all that had happened. He could not believe his senses and thought I had lost mine. "Well," I said, "M'Key will be here within an hour, or I have been dreaming all the morning." "He will never come," was his reply.

'As the hour approached, I confess I became very nervous and anxious; and at length about the time I had stated, the clerk came into my inner room looking somewhat pale, and said, "M'Key wants to see you in the office, Sir."

'There he was, quiet but firm as ever. I told him to return to his home for the present, and that I would see him handsomely provided for in America. He left and said no more.'

But the struggle cost the man his life. He never reached America. Within a month of this strange scene he expired, apparently brokenhearted to have encountered a will and a courage stronger than his own.

The determination shown by Mr. Trench to rid the estate of tenants of this description proved to the Ribbon Confederacy that he was a formidable antagonist, and a conspiracy was organised to 'put him out of the way.' Several agents on neighbouring estates had recently been murdered; Mr. Mauleverer, Mr. Chambre, Mr. Bateson, and Mr. Coulter, were all shot down by the band; and for more than a year these assassins tracked Mr. Trench himself, by night and by day, at church and at market, on the road and in his own house. He owed his life entirely to his own courage and vigilance. He was invariably completely armed, and almost always accompanied by his sons armed like himself. In the dusk he allowed no man to approach him; and, in short, he successfully *defied* them. These measures were preceded by a mock trial held by the Ribbonmen in a barn, at which Trench was solemnly and deliberately sentenced to die. The details of what took place on that occasion were afterwards made known to himself by one of the informers; and he subsequently used this information to confront and confound the treacherous villains who had met on that night to doom him to destruction. The scene as described by the informer is a perfect picture of an Irish league of assassins, and of the passions and delusions which animate the more lawless spirits amongst the Irish people, whether

under the name of Whiteboys, Ribbonmen, or Fenians. Mr. Trench has told us the truth :—

‘ The description afterwards given to me of this Ribbon trial, by Thornton himself, who was present at the whole scene, was strange and curious. Notice had been sent round a short time before to some of the most active and trusted Ribbonmen that “ Trench was “ to be tried ” on a certain night. The parties met accordingly at one of the chief Ribbonmen’s houses situated centrally on the estate. They did not confine themselves to the orthodox number of twelve, as I believe there were fifteen or sixteen present. They were presided over by the owner of the farm, a man well known to me and holding a considerable quantity of land. The house where the trial took place was a large barn, in which was placed a long table, forms were arranged for seats, and plenty of whisky was supplied by a barefooted girl in attendance. The president or judge sat on a chair at the head of the table. The party drank for some time in silence, or speaking to one another only in whispers ; and when all were well steeped in liquor, the president—with a curious silent leap over the whole of the accusation and prosecution, and even the name of the accused, all of which the jurors were supposed perfectly to understand—broke the silence for the first time and said aloud :—

‘ “ Well, boys, can anyone say anything in his defence ? ” There was a short silence, when one of the conspirators said :—“ He gave me an iron gate.” “ May your cattle break their necks in it ! ” replied the president. “ He gave me slates and timber to roof my house,” said another. “ May the roof soon rot and fall ! ” replied the president. “ He drained my land,” said another. “ May the crop sour in the heart of it ! ” replied the president. “ He gave a neighbour of mine wine for a sick child,” observed another. “ The child died ! ” said the president. All were again silent. “ Guilty,” said the president. “ Boys, he *must die* ; and now let us draw lots for the one that will do it.”

‘ There was some hesitation when this terrible process was proposed ; at last one of the men said —“ There is no occasion to draw lots ; the men to do the job are here, and are both ready and willing.”

‘ And so it proved. The two assassins had been introduced, and were present at the whole scene ; and then and there were sworn to follow me and hunt me from day to day, from night to night, and from place to place, to watch my movements, to make themselves acquainted with my person, and never to leave my track, night or day, until they should leave me a bloody corpse.

‘ By degrees as the liquor told upon the party the conversation grew fast and furious, and various subjects were introduced and commented on in their own wild way.

‘ “ They say,” observed one of the leaders, “ that if the boys had held out well when they rose in 1641 they could have had the country to themselves, and driven every Saxon out of it. I hear

there was great sport up at the Castle at Carrickmacross that time, and that they put a rope round the agent's neck and were going to hang him at his own door."

"Bad luck to them for spalpeens that they didn't hang him," said another. "If we had the country all to ourselves now, I know how it would be!"

"Some says it's the land laws that's mighty bad," observed another; "that it's them that's crushing us down, and that they are going to bring in a bill—as they call it—to alter them."

"A curse upon the land laws," cried the president, "and all concerned in them. It's the *land itself* we want, and not all this bother about the laws. The laws is not so bad in the main, barrin' they make us pay rent at all. What good would altering the laws do us? sure we have tenant-right, and fair play enough, for that matter, for Trench never puts any one off the land that's able to pay his rent, and stand his ground on it. *But why would we pay rent at all?* That's the question, say I. Isn't the land our own, and wasn't it our ancestors' before us, until these bloody English came and took it all away from us! My curse upon them for it—but we will tear it back out of their heart's blood yet."

"In troth then ye'll have tough work of it before ye do," rejoined another. "Them Saxons is a terrible strong lot to deal with. They beat down ould Ireland before, and I doubt but they'll hold on the land still, and beat her down again, rise when ye may."

"None of your croakin'," cried the president. "Sure it's not more than three hundred years since they took it all from us, and many a country has risen and held its own again after a longer slavery than that. I say, **THE LAND** we must have, and cursed be the hand and withered the arm that will not strike a blow to gain it!"

"Some say it's the Church that's crushing us," suggested one of the party who had not spoken before.

"Damn the Church, and you along with it," cried the president in a passion. "What harm does the Church do you or anyone else? The gentlemen that owns it are quiet dacent men, and often good to the poor. *It's the land*, I say again, *it's the land*, we want. The Saxon robbers took it from our forefathers, and I say again we'll wrench it out of their heart's blood; and what better beginning could we have than to blow Trench to shivers off the walk?"

"True for ye," said another, "so far as that goes, but ye are wrong about the Church for all that. Sure isn't it what they call the dominan' Church, and what right has it to dominate over our own clargy, who are as good as them any day? Up wid our clargy, and down with the dominan' Church! say I. Besides," continued he more softly, "maybe if we had once a hold of the church lands, the landlords' lands would be 'asier come at after."

"Why, then, that may be true, too," said the president; "down with the Church, down with the landlords, down with the agents, down with every thing, say I, that stands in the way of our own green land coming back to us again."

“What wonderful grand fun we’ll have fightin’ among ourselves when it does come!” said a thick-set Herculean fellow at the lower end of the table.

“Well, now, I often thought of that!” replied his neighbour in a whisper. “It’ll be bloody work then in airnest, as sure as you and I live to see it. Anything that has happened up to this will be only a joke to what will happen then.”

“And what matter?” cried the advocate for fighting. “Sure wouldn’t it be far better any day to be fightin’ among friends, than have no fightin’ at all, and be slaves to our enemies? By the powers,” cried he, and he gave the table a salient stroke with his shilelagh that made the punch-glasses leap, “but I would rather go out as our ancestors did before us, with the skeine in our hands, and the skins of wild beasts upon our backs, and fight away till the best man had it, than be the slaves we are now, paying rint in the office, and acknowledging them Saxons as our landlords!”

Meetings such as this, at which the Irish peasantry affect to administer under fearful oaths of secrecy what they term the wild justice of their race, demonstrate the low, obscure, and ignorant character of those who have played so great and disastrous a part in Ireland’s history. These are the acts and opinions of a peasantry, blind to their true interests, unenlightened by a practical system of religious faith, and maddened by false notions of right and wrong. But they are entirely without leaders capable of directing these fierce passions to rational, social, and political objects. Since the death of O’Connell no leader has appeared in Ireland capable of framing a policy or of aiming at any definite and attainable object. No man of mark or education has joined the confederacy. Even the priests condemn it, though their connexion with the peasantry by birth and interest, and their hatred of Protestantism, may sometimes induce them to screen offenders from punishment. The Fenian agents from America endeavoured to supply this deficiency, but it was soon found out that these adventurers were mere firebrands, speculating on the ignorance of the Irish people, and unable to relieve their wants. The popular movements in Ireland are the fermentation of the dregs of the people, and they will subside when the Irish people is convinced that the Imperial Government is in the hands of men, bold enough and wise enough to give a dispassionate consideration to all their just demands.

Mr. Trench relates several most romantic incidents in connexion with this atrocious conspiracy. On one occasion a girl came to tell him that her lover had joined the band, taken the oath, and would have ‘to do the next job,’ unless his own victim saved him. A warrant was already out against the

boy, but Mr. Trench suspended the execution of it for three days, and shipped off his intended murderer to America with 10*l.* in his pocket and a high-spirited bride by his side.

Failing the master, the assassins resolved to make away with the bailiff, one Pat M'Ardle. Pat had a warning and told his wife of the plot. The lady, nothing daunted, exclaimed —

“Then I'll tell ye what ye will do, Mr. M'Ardle ; get out the gig this minute, and come home like a man, and I'll sit beside ye all the way. We afraid of them chaps ! never let such a thing be said in the country. Out with the gig, man, this minute, and get your pistols ready, and see if they dar' attack us.”

They took the precaution, however, of securing the services of four policemen to beat the bushes for Ribbonmen on the road side.

‘Mrs. M'Ardle made no objection to this sensible arrangement (though I believe in her heart she considered it a little *infra dig.*), provided Paddy would sit in the gig beside her—just to show they were not afraid. And in this position she and Paddy drove quietly on, greatly to Mrs. M'Ardle's delight—forming a perfect cock-shot to the Ribbonmen if they chose to fire.’

The expedition was completely successful, and ended in the capture of the miscreants.

‘The whole party had now proceeded about three miles from Carrickmacross. Darkness had nearly closed in ; and though they had entered the rocky defile—before described as having the name of the “Khyber Pass”—no sign of the Ribbonmen could be found. Here, being undoubtedly the spot of most danger, the police drew in more closely to their companions. Suddenly one of the men exclaimed—“I think I see something on the rock above, but I can't tell whether it is a bush or a man.” “Jump over the fence, you and another,” said the leader of the party, “and see what it can be.” The object they saw was on a high rock at some distance from them, but completely commanding a view of the road towards Carrickmacross. The men leapt to the crest of the fence at a bound. It was a high grassy bank with some small whitethorn bushes on the top. And just as they were going to leap down on the other side, they perceived two men crouching close under them, not a yard from the spot where they stood. “We have them ! here they are !” shouted the policemen ; and in a moment they were upon them, each gripping his man. Paddy sprang from the gig, and the way-layers were secured almost without a struggle. So sudden and unexpected had been the whole thing that they were taken completely by surprise. Some little delay occurred in handcuffing and securing the prisoners ; when at length Mrs. M'Ardle, in a state of high excitement, cried out from the gig, “Ah then, what are ye all about ! shure it isn't going make prisoners of them ye are ? I wonder ye would demane yourselves to do the like. Shoot them, the blood-

thirsty villains—weren't they going to shoot us just now? and shure shooting is better for them than hanging any day. Shoot them this minute—why don't ye?"

Of the two men taken, Hodgens and Thornton, the latter, who was of course the greater scoundrel of the two, peached, and his comrade was arraigned and convicted on his evidence of a conspiracy to murder Peter M'Ardle, the bailiff on the Bath Estate. After the trial, and before Thornton the informer had 'disappeared' from Ireland, Mr. Trench had an interview with him alone in the prison, and it was on this occasion that Thornton related with the utmost composure all the details of the conspiracy to the man whom he had been employed to murder.

'At length I took out my pencil and paper—"Now tell me the names and residences and particular acts of those who were foremost in hiring you and plotting to have me and Paddy M'Ardle murdered."

'He paused for a moment at what I proposed; then suddenly resuming his cheerful tone he said, "Bedad, why shouldn't I? Sure they never cared for me, and why should I care for them? I'm going away now, and I may as well make a clean breast of it, *just to show you I never had any ill will in life to you at all*. And sure it's not every gentleman would come and cheer up a poor fellow like me here, condemned as I am to banishment, and all the world against me; so what does your honour want to know, and I will tell you all the raal truth?"

'I saw he was in a communicative mood, so I asked him for the names and residences, and particular acts and parts which each of the leading Ribbon tenants had taken in the conspiracy.

'He gave me the names of about twenty men who had been actively engaged in plotting against the lives of myself and Paddy M'Ardle. He told me their sayings and their jokes, their threats and their denunciations, and unfolded to me a history of all that went on behind the scenes which was absolutely appalling to listen to. I dare not tell here all that he then described. But he gave me the occurrences and the dates, the spots where the occurrences had taken place, and the residences of the parties involved; so that I soon had a minute history of the most diabolical proceedings that I believe any man in my position ever yet possessed. His history was so circumstantial, and his facts so dovetailed into each other, and, above all, his memory was so clear and accurate when I cross-examined him on particular points, that I could not doubt the general truthfulness of what he told me.'

Hodgens, the convicted man, was more deeply implicated in the Ribbon plot than his faithless associate, and he was offered his life, by permission of the Lord Lieutenant, if he would consent to make a clean breast of it. The love of life was

strong. He was a young, bold, energetic fellow, and when the offer was made to him by Mr. Trench's clerk, he seemed disposed to accept it; but he said he must '*see his clargy first.*'

'The clerk unwillingly retired; he saw further pressing was useless, and he came and told me all that had passed.

' "You could do no more," I said. "We must await the result of his interview with the priest. I trust he will induce him to tell us all he knows."

'The clerk shook his head doubtingly, but made no reply.

'At ten o'clock next morning, my clerk obtained access to the condemned cell of the criminal. The first glance at the prisoner showed that a great change had taken place since the interview of the preceding day. All traces of doubt, uncertainty, and agitation had completely vanished, and Hodgens stood before him calm and unmoved, with a quiet placidity of manner and countenance, as if all anxiety about his fate was gone. He could scarcely recognise, in the placid features of the man now before him, the shattered and agitated frame he had left the evening before, and he saw at a glance that Hodgens had made up his mind, and was at peace within himself.

' "Well," said the clerk, disguising his fears as well as he could, "may I send for Mr. Trench, and will you tell him all you know about what we were talking of yesterday?"

' "I will tell *nothing*," returned Hodgens calmly, and with a composed and resigned countenance. "I will tell nothing, neither to Mr. Trench, nor to anyone else. I have seen my priest, and I'm now prepared to die, and maybe I would never be as well prepared again. So I am content to die, and there is no use in asking me any more. I will tell *nothing*, except to them that has a right to know it, and who should that be but the priest. So now let me alone, for you'll never get another word out of me; *I am content to die for my country!*"

'He calmly sat down, and remained in perfect silence, until the clerk, who had addressed him several times without effect, was compelled to leave the cell.

'What passed between the prisoner and the priest I know not, but Hodgens adhered to his determination, and his secret died with him.'

A horrible story! more shocking perhaps to our sense of morality than any other page in this book. Here is a young peasant, bold, brave, not naturally wicked or depraved, but who hires himself for a paltry sum to murder a bailiff and his wife from behind a hedge. He is caught in the act and condemned to die for his crime. His life is offered him on condition of his disclosing the history of this fiendish conspiracy. He relents; he all but speaks his mind. But in the night the shadow of a priest, claiming a supernatural power to open or to close the

human conscience, to bind or to loose from all offences, passes over him. The guilty secrets of his heart are sealed for ever by the authority of the Church. His life might have been spared. The priest who orders him *not* to speak does in fact consummate the sacrifice. He dies in silence, and this is called in Ireland 'dying for a man's country.'

Some of the uses to which Mr. Trench applied the information he had obtained from Thornton were much less tragical. He sends one by one for the tenants who had plotted against him in the big barn, and gently reminds them of what past on that occasion:—

“Don't you remember,” continued I, “that night in the big barn, when you, and Pat C——, and Bryan R——, and Hugh M——, and all the other true boys of the right sort, met to have me tried, and you condemned me to be shot and put out of the way? ‘Guilty, boys,’ says you—‘he must die!’ and Hodgins and Thornton were there that same night; and you remember after I was condemned, and all comfortably settled about me, you told the boys, as you sat at the head of the table as president, with the black cap like one of the judges upon your head, ‘Boys,’ says you, ‘don't shoot him until after next Thursday anyhow; he promised me two iron gates on that day, and I may as well get them out of him before he dies!’ And then the boys all began to laugh, and told you to be quick about it, as not a day would they give me after that; and don't you remember the sport you had when the girl brought in fresh whisky and hot water, and all the funny stories the rest of them told about shooting all tyrant landlords and agents; and——”

‘Suddenly as I was rapidly proceeding with my tale, my eye still fixed upon him, I saw his countenance assume a glazed look; he tottered for a moment, endeavouring to balance himself as he stood, but losing all consciousness, his muscles relaxed, his whole frame quivered, and falling back against the wall, he dropped in a fainting fit upon the floor!’

By such means as this it was not difficult for Mr. Trench to establish a complete ascendancy over the conspirators. He allowed them quietly to sell their property. Their farms were relet to other tenants. And so the barony of Farney was cleared of assassins.

‘All who are well acquainted with Ireland know the immense effect which success, or the reverse, has upon the confidence of the multitude. Indeed it is a feeling by no means confined to Ireland; and seeing that in everything the conspirators had been outwitted, worsted, or punished, the remainder of the sympathizers gave up their losing game, and returned to industrial pursuits.

‘In a very short time—so short that I could scarcely realise the change—the whole tone of the estate had altered; industry and

activity took the place of apathy and indolence. Those who at one time were fired with sentiments that Ireland would soon become "free," as they chose to call it, and all landlords and agents banished off the land, returned with a suddenness, which only those who know Ireland well could believe, to the patient labour of their farms; a wholesome acknowledgment of the power of the law pervaded the mass of the population; the Ribbonmen suddenly collapsed or disappeared out of the country; their sympathizers no longer seemed to take any interest in their fate; and order, good feeling, and comfort in the management of this large and important district prevailed over the length and breadth of the Bath Estate, and, with one or two interruptions, consequent upon that greatest of all Ireland's curses, a contested election, which creates more general ill-feeling than any other incident I have ever known, have continued so ever since.

'It is now twelve years since the last of the events I have described above took place. Since then I have never carried arms, nor have I thought any protection to my person necessary. My friends have sometimes urged upon me that my conduct in this respect was rash. I did not, and I do not think so. My present impression is that I shall never carry them again.'

It must be acknowledged, as may be inferred from the last paragraph, that in spite of the adventitious excitement caused by American Fenianism, the chronic ills of Ireland have largely diminished in the last few years. There has been an indisputable improvement in the condition of the people. The control of public opinion has weighed with far more power on the exercise of landlord's rights. And the crimes which have since been committed have had less of a social, and more of a political, character. The nearer we can draw to the realities of Irish life the more we may hope to rise above the turbid level of low agitators and political schemers. The peculiar misfortune of a people of a highly imaginative temperament is that many of their wrongs, and of the proposed remedies for those wrongs, are alike unreal, imaginary, and sentimental. We altogether distrust sentimental remedies. If Mr. Trench's experience teaches anything, it shows that in Ireland, as well as elsewhere, the true remedies for social disorder are firmness and justice. Ireland is not to be governed by what are called 'Irish ideas,' which are very often mere mischievous delusions, any more than she is to be governed by 'English ideas,' based on a totally different condition of society, but on the eternal and immutable laws of right and wrong. Mere concession to popular outcry in Ireland would infallibly lead to the most calamitous results. But, on the other hand, there is at this time a passionate desire on the part of the people of England

and Scotland, that ample justice should be done to the sister island, in the most liberal spirit. The Administration which has just assumed the reins of office is pledged before all things to a great measure of justice to Ireland. Their Irish policy will be the test of their statesmanship, and we hope the triumph of their government. At such a moment we cannot better conclude these remarks than by citing a very wise and forcible passage from the writings of Sir George Cornwall Lewis—published long ago—but equally applicable to the present state of affairs, and which we most cordially adopt as our own.

‘It is earnestly to be desired that no impatience of interest, or of party zeal, should precipitate the decision of the Irish questions which must shortly occupy the attention of the Legislature. Events have now reached a crisis at which one false step might never be retrieved. Ireland is still as clay under the potter’s hand. The elements of society in that country are still floating in chaos, and await the hand of power to fix and fashion them. In England and Scotland the form of society is so firmly established, that if we consider large periods of time, little seems to depend on the individual character or acts of the persons who may, for the time being, stand at the head of affairs; and its advances are gained by its own slow but steady efforts. But *it is otherwise in Ireland. Improvement and civilisation must there descend from above; they will not rise spontaneously* from the inward workings of the community. Hence it is above all things to be hoped, that those who may now be said to hold in their hands the destinies of that important country, will take a connected view of its entire condition; that they will deliberately frame a consistent scheme of policy with reference not to present exigencies, but to the future welfare of Ireland and its relations to this country; that they will seek to guide events, not to wait upon them; that they will not falter at this trying moment; and that thus they may happily follow up the great work, which has been too long postponed, of raising the Catholic population of Ireland to a level with the inhabitants of Great Britain, not only in political rights, but also in wealth and civilisation.’*

* Preface to Lewis ‘On Disturbances in Ireland.’ 1836.

ART. V.—*Les Origines de la Confédération Suisse ; Histoire et Légende.* Par ALBERT RILLIET. 8vo. Genève et Bâle: 1868.

A LEGENDARY period is so universal an element in all histories which have not passed through the ordeal of strict criticism, that its formation may be pronounced to be a natural process of the human intellect under certain conditions of civilisation and knowledge. Like all false science, it is the fruit of indolent movements of the intellect. When the social or political condition of a nation is the result of many deep and subtle causes, a ready means is taken to solve the mystery—some one man did it. If the phenomenon be one of administrative organisation, then it was the work of a Solon, a Charlemagne, or an Alfred. If a community has resisted the tyrannous interference of a powerful neighbour, then it was the act of some Arminius, or William Tell, or Wallace. A noble British family has for the supporters of its armorial bearings two ploughmen with yokes in their hands, in commemoration of an ancestor who saved his country by turning the tide of battle against the Danes when they were chasing his countrymen from the field in which he ploughed; but critical history is obliged to abandon the hero, the battle in which he fought, and in short the whole story.

To strip these cherished fictions from the annals of nations is unpopular work. There is always a latent pressure against those who take it up; but it must have its way in the end, like everything that tends to establish truth. To all good lovers of their country it is a process to be viewed with some nervous anxiety. A heroic past is a fine thing for a people to look back upon. If it can stand the test of inquiry, it is no tale of empty bravado, but a precedent showing what is in the race of men who did such things, and giving assurance that the like may be done again should the hour of trial come. It is matter then of anxious moment to those who watch the process, to see what it leaves behind—to see whether it removes all that is heroic and grand in the past, and leaves but a bare story of mediocrity and selfishness; or whether, on the other hand, it merely sweeps away a few paltry fables, and leaves a noble history of courage and endurance all the clearer and more emphatic for the removal of its tinsel ornament. It will often happen that a good deal is lost, and yet enough preserved to make a noble history; and this is peculiarly the lot of Switzerland, as we shall presently see.

The three nations forming the United Kingdom have each a fabulous history. In the production of these legends it might be naturally anticipated that the Irish would, as in fact they did, excel their neighbours in unscrupulous assertion and picturesque absurdity. The fabulous histories of England and Scotland are of a meaningless and arid tenor—a mere expansion of authentic history by shadowy repetition, as a hall is made to seem indefinite, by mirrors at each end, repeating its proportions again and again until they are lost in dimness. But each of these fabulous histories has its legitimate place in the annals of its country. The English fable which partitioned Britain among the descendants of Brutus was invented to give credit and support to the claims of the English Crown to a feudal superiority over Scotland. The fabulous history of Scotland was invented for the confutation of this claim and the support of national independence. Hence the two legends have their place in genuine history like two State papers, not the less entitled to be so called that they are filled with falsehood. The commonly received history of Switzerland with which we have here to deal has no such legitimate place of refuge. But it is a short story, and it is so full of incident and picturesqueness, that if it loose its hold on fact, it will ever keep a secure and distinguished place in the literature of romance. The story has been severely enough handled by others, but the calm, careful, and critical examination bestowed on it in the little work by M. Rilliet, which is now before us, is more fatal to its position. It is too common a thing for the historical iconoclast to make a fierce rush on the popular idol, and so to bring a crowd of partisans to the rescue. Then arises a noisy contest, with much damage to temper and literary reputation, and little service to the fair cause of truth. M. Rilliet's plan is different and much better. He takes down the original authorities, and from these he constructs the history of the people among whom the events in question are said to have occurred. Not finding them in the course of his work, he looks over it to see if there is room for them. Finding that apparently there is none, he seeks elsewhere for the origin of the invention, and appears to obtain a satisfactory answer to his inquiries.

We propose briefly to follow him. Our first step is to identify the people to whom the history—true or false—belongs. It is pretty clear that among those Helvetii with whom Cæsar had his cruel struggle, and who subsequently became an integral portion of the empire, there were no people from the Forest Cantons of Schwytz, Uri, and Unterwalden.

The men who defied the Roman eagles were the inhabitants of the mountain slopes between the lakes of Geneva and Constance. On the North, the authority of the Romans penetrated no farther in the direction of the mountainous Oberland than to Zurich or 'Turicum'. They, no doubt, ascended far up the valley of the Rhone, where they have left their mark in the speech of the people to this day; but they did not climb the mountain passes leading across the great chain of the Alps. It may be questioned if the higher valleys of Switzerland were then, or for centuries after the fall of the Western Empire, inhabited. Responding to the evidence of actual Roman dominion, supplied by the classical writers, by Roman names of places and by Roman remains, another kind of testimony has lately turned up, very serviceable in inquiries like the present. This Journal was among the first to publish in this country an account of the remains of ancient dwelling-places found in lakes and chiefly in those of Switzerland.* Since that paper appeared, the field of evidence has been more amply opened by the labours of Ferdinand Keller.† Among the remains found in these dwellings there are specimens of work undoubtedly Roman. Other vestiges, if they do not carry the absolute stamp of Italian origin, show a high condition of civilisation. The boats found among these deposits are the same canoes cut out of solid wood which are still used in Switzerland and the Tyrol. In European history there are many instances that an inland lake was considered an asylum more secure than mountain or precipice, until the use of heavy ordnance prevailed. But, in the district of these Forest Cantons no remains of lake inhabitancy have yet been found. The accessible lake of Neufchatel is crowded with remains. They abound in Constance, Geneva, Bienne, Morat, Sempach; nearer to the Alps, they are found in the lake of Zurich, and even as far up among the spurs of the mountains as Zug. No specimens from Lucerne, Thun, or Brienz are mentioned in Dr. Keller's exhaustive work, yet none of the places where they are met with could have been more naturally suited for lake-dwellings than these.

The three Forest Cantons began the political history of

* *Lacustrine Abodes of Man* (Ed. Rev. vol. cxvi. p. 153, July, 1862).

† *The Lake Dwellings of Switzerland and other parts of Europe.* By Dr. Ferdinand Keller, President of the Antiquarian Association of Zurich, translated and arranged by John Edward Lee, F.S.A., F.G.S. Longmans, 1866.

Switzerland, having established among themselves that political centre round which the other Cantons clustered. In ethnological history, they were the latest members of the Swiss family, since their territory remained without occupants after the more accessible portions of the country had been peopled. In the same sense, the canton from which the confederation derived its name—that of Schwytz—is the youngest of all. When the Irish monk, afterwards canonised as St. Gall, settled near the lake of Constance in the seventh century, he had gone as completely to the one extreme of the inhabited world, as his brother Columba had gone to the other when he sailed to Iona. If the districts of Thurgau, Appenzell, and St. Gall were at that period becoming gradually inhabited, it is supposed that Schwytz was not occupied by a permanent population until the latter half of the ninth century. The scanty notices which show that the howling wildernesses of old were becoming a place of abode for men, are in the records of the ecclesiastical houses. Thus in the year 995 the advocate, or Vogt, of the abbey of Zurich has a dispute with the inhabitants of Uri about their feudal dues to the abbey, and they were represented by two men with distinctively Teutonic names—Cumpold and Lieuterich. Ever after the Gothic or Teutonic element predominates. It is pretty clear that from this great race came the first and only inhabitants of the Forest Cantons.

A fanciful mind might conjure up the idea that the soil swept down from the Alps by the great rivers carried with it an autochthony for free and enterprising races, so great is the analogy between the historical career of Switzerland and that of Holland, to which might be added many particulars in the religious life and social character of the two peoples:—

‘Two voices are there ; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains ; each a mighty voice :
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty.’

In reality, though the two territories are the most unlike to each other of any two parts of the world, each has the common element which fixed the freeman's choice of an abode—the means of retreat and protection. The marshes and canals have supplied to the one the service rendered by the precipices and torrents to the other.

It was probably while our Saxon ancestors were swarming into Britain that another portion of the same race moved eastwards, and found a suitable protecting ground on the backbone of the European continent, where, leaving Slavonic

tribes behind them, they have pushed a wedge-like angle of the Teutonic nations into the heart of the Latin populations of the South. Of all the tribes who were so driven to seek a distant refuge these must be counted, according to modern notions, among the most fortunate. No doubt there is reason for the poet's picture of the 'rougher climes'—

'Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread,
No product here the barren rocks afford
But man and steel—the soldier and his sword ;
No vernal bloom their torpid rocks array,
And winter, ling'ring, chills the lap of May.'

But they found their refuge in the centre of Europe and civilisation, instead of that farthest northern region to which their brethren had wandered; and although the love of romantic scenery is perhaps the result of a modern and a cultivated taste, it cannot be doubted that, if not the splendours themselves of their wonderful land, yet its immense variety of the gentle and the rude, the sunshine and the storm, the warm sheltered vale of the arctic glacier, must have been healthier food both for the eye and the intellect than the swamps of Holland or the cinder-strewn plains of Iceland.

Besides the strength of their country, the political conditions by which they were surrounded highly favoured the Swiss in their struggle for their liberties. As M. Rilliet, however, very justly remarks, these things are not of themselves sufficient to account for the noble history of the people: had they not been endowed with an ardent spirit of freedom, all their opportunities might have gone for naught. The history of the growth of such a community out of the chaos following on the fall of the Empire is, when drawn with honesty and skill, among the most interesting and momentous of human studies. What really gives the characteristic superiority to the materials of modern history is the great mass of written record belonging to it. This is a precious gift bequeathed to literature by every community that has come in contact with feudalism. These materials are indeed of an exceedingly arid and forbidding kind—title-deeds of property, the chartularies of religious houses, records of litigation in courts of law, transactions of legislative assemblies and corporate bodies, diplomatic communications of the several states with each other, and the like. But it is out of matter such as this that the proper skill of the historian combines a picture of the life and growth of a community. M. Rilliet is one of the first writers who has applied himself to

the study of these original documents as they are still preserved in Switzerland, for the purpose of tracing the character and progress of the Swiss people and of their free institutions.

It was among the accidents propitious to the efforts of the Forest Cantons, that, among the high feudal or manorial rights existing within their territory, a large proportion was in the hands of monastic bodies. Throughout Europe the estates of the ecclesiastics were the best husbanded, and inhabited by the most prosperous vassals. These bodies ruled their vassals through the aid of a secular officer, a Vogt or advocate, who sometimes was the master, sometimes the servant, of the community. In either case there was to some extent a division of rule, and it was not the less so that in these Cantons the larger estates were held by nuns. The various struggles for supremacy in which emperors and competitors for empire, the successive popes, and the potentates struggling for dominion, severally figured, gave many opportunities to a brave and sagacious people, ever on the watch for the protection of their liberties; but the predominant feature in their policy—that, indeed, which secured their final triumph—was their steady adherence in such contests to the Empire, and their acknowledgment of its supremacy.

This is the more worthy of note since popular notions of Swiss history take the opposite direction, and introduce us to the Emperor and his ministers as the oppressors who drove an exasperated people to arms. In fact, there still lurk in popular history many fallacies and mistakes about the nature of 'the Holy Roman Empire' as an institution of the middle ages, and we know few sources in which a better corrective is administered to such fallacies than the volume before us. It is not natural or easy indeed to associate that mighty central organisation with popular liberty and power; and yet in the feudal ages it was a strong and effective protector of freedom. Nothing indeed could be more fierce and unscrupulous than its attacks on independent nations, and its forcible incorporation of them into its own vast system. But, in fact, a Roman imperialist dealt with all who attempted to erect separate independent communities as troublesome and wicked men—in his eyes they were as Fenians in Ireland or Secessionists in the Southern States of America at the present day—that is, enemies of the great principle of national unity. The creed of the world's structure and government was, that as there was one God, so should there be one high priest and one emperor. But it did not follow that communities were to be oppressed and ungraciously treated after being forced to become a part of the

Empire. We have just seen a great republic fighting to compel a portion of its citizens to share its republican privileges and unity. In fact, though communities were received within the Empire, which was a despotism or an autocracy, yet the model according to which they were organised was that of the old civic republic. Hence small republics and free cities were scattered over central Europe, and protected in the heart of feudalism. These were chiefly towns, because the town community by its concentration and isolation was the more susceptible of a distinct constitution of its own, differing from that of the feudal community by which it might be surrounded. But the privileges of the Community, Municipality, or University were not of necessity limited to towns. M. Rilliet aptly remarks, that in the Swiss valleys, with their isolating mountains, and their narrow strips of valuable pasture, political and local conditions existed in some degree resembling those of a walled city. The free cities of the Empire were ever the central rallying points of independent thought and action. One of them, with a history of old renown, was but a few months ago stripped of its separate independence. In Frankfort-on-the-Maine the single-headed eagle of Prussia has just displaced the double-headed eagle of the Empire. When Hamburgh follows this example, the old institution of the free cities will be extinct. Whether even with the enlightened system of internal organisation of which Prussia boasts, the change of rule in these communities will be a gain to themselves, and through them to the world at large, is a problem yet remaining to be solved.

There are, however, many examples to show that, where the old spirit of freedom continues to live, it will hold its own when surrounded by utterly uncongenial political conditions. The nearest neighbours of the Swiss—a people indeed properly belonging to them, though long severed from their brethren by the political adjustments of the great European Powers—teach a very interesting lesson in the antithesis that sometimes may exist between political reality and political nomenclature. The romantic devotion of the Tyrolese to the House of Austria is one of the anomalies of history. But it harmonises with another anomaly, that the peasant of the Austrian Tyrol, though nominally the subject of a despotism, and of a despotism very unpopular among constitutional nations, is as free a man as his neighbour the citizen of the republic on the other side of the hill. It is not that he enjoys mere personal freedom of action, but that he finds room for the aspirations of a free political life. In the Franciscan church at Innsbruck stands the monument of the great Emperor Maximilian, with its wondrous procession

of bronze statues; but the tourist who goes to see this gorgeous and costly group will find it rivalled, in the estimation of the district, by the humble statue of Hofer, the patriot innkeeper, on the other side of the church. The freedom enjoyed by the Tyrolese was inherited from their position as members of the Empire. It had so firmly and distinctly established itself as not to be materially injured by the great European revolution, which abolished the old Roman Empire to make way for the new Empire of Napoleon, and passed the territory of the Tyrol from the rule of the Empire to that of the throne of Austria. Perhaps but for the neighbourhood of those Swiss who had so well secured their own freedom by a strong hand, that of the Tyrolese would not have been so effectually preserved.

But it is time to see what recent researches disclose as to the manner in which the Swiss Cantons availed themselves of their rights and character as privileged institutions of the Holy Roman Empire. Though in theory the kings of the earth were bound as members of the imperial system to act as subordinate rulers, yet often, close to the centre of imperial authority, there was abundant practice of a different tenor. In playing off the feudal against the imperial system, ambitious men had opportunities of aggrandising themselves. The process of aggrandisement was, however, generally slow; and thus it was not so often that one great conqueror made an empire, as that a succession of brave, active, unscrupulous men, seizing the opportunities thus held out to them, in generation after generation, extended the family dominions from a subordinate dukedom to a kingdom. With some states this process of aggrandisement went on with a slow steady progression, like the movement of a glacier. It sometimes occurred that states which seemed destined to absorption in these enlarging masses were saved by a crisis; and sometimes this crisis was an acceleration of the process of annexation before the time for it was ripe. So it was with the Swiss; and the crisis which to all appearance saved them from annexation is all the more notable as it arose out of an event which spread astonishment over the world.

This event was the election, in 1273, of Rudolph of Hapsburg as King of the Romans, and virtually as Emperor—an election full of momentous import to all Europe; yet as unexpected by himself as by all others ignorant of the by-play of interests, which made it rather an accident than a victory gained by one party over another in a political contest. What made it a crisis to the Swiss was their previous connexion with the House of Hapsburg, a connexion geographically so close that the paternal domains, whence that great family takes its

ancient name, are part of the Swiss territory at the present day. This connexion is not to be traced, like the concerns of great nations with each other, in diplomatic communications, in wars, and in treaties. Such vestiges of it as the careful inquiries of M. Rilliet have led him to discover, partake more of the nature of title-deeds to property and appointments to offices. The geographical area of the original estates of the family has been a question pursued with more zeal than profit, and is really of little moment when we know the fact that in and near the valley of the Aar they had estates and feudal rights which they were ever trying to enlarge. There were so many forms, small and great, in which active men could extend their powers and possessions, either through the feudal hierarchy or the organisation of the Empire itself, that a close analysis of the various accretions of such a house, even if all could be discovered and proclaimed, would show a cluster of numerous inconsistencies. Here they are gaining a mere nominal right to homage, which time and good guidance will convert into a substantial lordship; there they acquire a plot of ground which they hold in humble vassalage of some potentate whose authority will in time be extinguished. Among their minor acquisitions, the scanty records of the day afford glimpses of occasional ecclesiastical procurations—appointments to the office of advocate of a religious community, as already referred to. The advocate was the champion or protector of the religious community against the aggression of the strong, and he was the agent for the general enforcement of rights against all whom it might concern. Of course it was for the interest of the religious house that their friend and protector should be powerful; and the most powerful baron in the neighbourhood was not unwilling to take upon himself the advocacy, whether the brotherhood or sisterhood were inclined to intrust it to him or not.

These agencies fell to the House of Hapsburg, as the most powerful in the district. Under such imperial offices as are known by the title Bailiff, Procurator, or Reichsvogt, they occasionally exercised what power the Empire retained over its free communities. Such offices conferred authority which easily ripened into feudal superiorities, or other forms of sovereignty. M. Rilliet attributes considerable, but not, it seems to us, too much importance to a rescript bearing date the 26th May, 1231. It is granted by Henry VII., King of the Romans, or more properly of the aggregated German communities, as acting for his father, the Emperor Frederic II. This instrument revokes certain powers over the people of the

community of Uri, which had been granted at a previous time by Frederic himself to the Count of Hapsburg. It addresses the people of Uri by the term *Universitas*—high in class among the enfranchised communities of the Empire—and promises to them that they shall no more under any pretext be withdrawn from the direct jurisdiction of the Empire. They are to pay thenceforth, into the hands of the imperial delegate Arnold of Aa such dues as they were wont to pay to the House of Hapsburg. This document has no interpreter beyond its own explicit terms. It leaves for speculation such questions as, whether the House of Hapsburg had been employing its power in opposition to German interests? whether there was any immediate political object to be gained by propitiating the community of Uri? and whether the House of Hapsburg, which does not appear to have resisted the change, obtained compensation for the rights it was ordered to abandon? The great point reached through this piece of evidence, and corroborated by others, is, that at this remote period the district which is now the Canton of Uri was dealt with as a Roman *Universitas*—as one of the communities of the Empire, exempt from the intermediate authority of any feudal chief. Express testimony to the existence of a self-acting community in Uri is taken from another document, which to inexperienced eyes would pass for naught, or for a token of subjection. By a rescript of the year 1234, it is forbidden to the Minister or Amman, and to all the men of Uri (*'universi homines Uraniaë'*), to lay any impost on the dependents of the convent of Wettingen, founded seven years previously in the Aargau by the Lord of Rapperschwyl. It is uncertain whether this minister Amman or Amtman, who is the president or representative of the community, was elected by themselves or was an agent of the imperial court. But, as M. Rilliet remarks—

‘His presence indicates that at that time their community preserved a legal organisation and a separate existence—of which the consolidation and the developments are otherwise confirmed by unquestionable testimonies. The prohibition even against the community’s levying taxes on the men of Wettingen, clearly imports that community’s right to levy and distribute imposts for its own behoof.’ (P. 55.)

Some quarrels occurred about the year 1257, the scanty notices of which partake of the common character of legal procedure and local history. The point of moment in them is that they prove the power and influence of the House of Hapsburg in the Canton of Uri, even while showing that it was not exercised in any authorised form such as that of sove-

reign or constitutional judge. Count Rudolph—he who afterwards became Emperor—twice interposed and issued decrees or orders for the settlement of disputes, with the consent and concurrence of the Universitas of the valley of Uri. The record of these proceedings has preserved a small but significant testimony to the position of Uri. The seal of the arms of Hapsburg was attached to them, and also the seal of the community of Uri. This small commodity—a common seal—was the symbol of self-acting individuality. In the hands of communities it became so thoroughly identified with their faculty of separate independent action, that to this day, by the law of England, when a body corporate puts itself in action, it is by its common seal only, and not by any votes or acts of its members, that its proceedings are testified and proclaimed. On the other hand, there is an equally significant relic of the tendency of the Hapsburg intercourse with the Forest Cantons. Some years before this event they had built, between Lucerne and Küsnacht, the castle of New Hapsburg, a strong fortress, calculated not merely for protection but aggression. In the present day it is not easy to estimate the importance of such buildings. When the Swiss fort was built many of the towers now scattered along the Rhine and elsewhere over Europe had great political importance, and their erection is ever a serious event commemorated in local history; though it was the destiny of very few of them to become so memorably connected with the destinies of Europe as the Castle of the Hapsburgs.

M. Rilliet's researches show that Uri is the Canton in which the character of a free imperial community was first established, perhaps we should rather say it was the Canton in which the privilege was most completely preserved from the dangers that assailed it. The Hapsburgs and their rivals had a stronger hold on Schwytz. Rudolph, in a projected marriage between his son and the daughter of Edward I. of England, hypothecated or pawned the valley of Schwytz as security for the dowry. In many of the documents relating to the rights of Rudolph over this district, bearing date after he became Cæsar, it is uncertain whether he acts as emperor or as immediate feudal lord; and perhaps the elements of doubt were not unintentionally left in them, for it was among the accomplishments of the learned clerks who transacted the diplomacy or conveyancing of the day, to prepare the way by which their patrons might hereafter creep upwards from a lower to a higher authority. Rudolph, however, found it, from whatever cause, his policy to attach the people of Schwytz to his

interests as Emperor rather than as feudal lord; and he gave them charters of franchise which seem ultimately to have made them, like their neighbours of Uri, a free community of the Empire, or to have certified their right to that character.

In the fragmentary records of the three Cantons, Unterwalden does not hold rank as a free community of the Empire at so early a time even as Schwytz. It is only known that in 1291 Unterwalden acted with the other two as an independent community. In the disputes for supremacy between the Empire and the Church all three had been loyal to the Empire. There are some indications that Rudolph had discovered the signal capacity of these mountaineers for war, and that already there were bands of Swiss among the imperial troops.

The reign of Rudolph lasted for eighteen years. He found himself on the imperial throne in 1273, virtually because there was no one else who could be placed there. The office in popular phrase went a-begging among the dignitaries who might have been promoted to it. The reason for this was, that its practical influence had decayed, and it carried empty rank without power. It was an opportunity, however, to a man of activity and skill, and such was Rudolph. Hence during his eighteen years of possession he changed the character of the Cæsarship, and the change was felt by the Swiss. In the early part of his reign he wooed them to the Empire—before its end he was strengthening the territorial power of his dynasty. The machinery of the Empire well managed could be brought to extend and consolidate his personal domains—the extension and consolidation of his personal domains strengthened such claim as his descendants might have to succeed him as Cæsar, and thus tended to render the Empire hereditary in his family. The Swiss naturally felt these conditions pressing on their privileges as free states.

When Rudolph died in 1291, the imperial crown was no longer a disputable prize for a chance candidate. There was a conflict on the question whether his descendants should take it as a hereditary right, or the electors should show that they retained their power by another choice. The three Cantons felt that there was danger to their interests in the coming contest, and took a great step for their own protection. They formed a league or confederacy for mutual co-operation and protection. Not only has it been handed down to us in literature, but the very parchment has been preserved as a testimony to the early independence of the Forest Cantons, the Magna Charter of Switzerland. This document reveals the existence of unexplained antecedents by

calling itself a renewal of the old league—the Antiqua Confederatio. No country can produce a national act more thoroughly constitutional. The Cantons were to aid each other loyally against unjust attacks from without on the inhabitants of each or their rights. There is nothing in it about resistance to existing authority of any kind, nor is there a hint of the quarter whence attacks on the rights and liberties of the people may come. The only provision which seems to point at an existing practical grievance is an obligation not to submit to the authority of any judge who has bought his office or is not a native born. All feudal rights are reserved to those in legal possession of them, a stipulation which would preserve to the Hapsburgs and other families their legitimate domains. There are arrangements binding the contracting communities to help each other in the administration of justice by extradition of fugitives from the law.

Thus we have a Confederation of the Three Cantons, dated in 1291, and referring to earlier alliances; while popular history sets down the subsequent Confederation of 1314 as the earliest, for the purpose of making the whole history of Swiss independence arise out of the tragic events attributed to that period. If this leads the way to the extinction of the story on which the Confederation is based, there is compensation in finding that Confederation in active existence a quarter of a century earlier. But the reader will observe that the mere fact of the existence of this anterior league overturns the whole received history of Switzerland, and changes the character of the alleged struggle with the House of Austria, prior to the battle of Morgarten.

There is nothing in this document or in contemporary events breathing of disloyalty to the Empire. The two parties whom the Swiss held in fear were the Church, endeavouring to usurp the old prerogatives of the Empire in their fullness; and the feudal barons, who were encroaching on the imperial authority. Among the three the Swiss chose the chief who would be least of a master, but their choice was sanctioned by ancient constitutional tradition uniting duty with interest. Resistance to foreign aggression has been referred to as one of the points on which the history of Holland corresponds with that of Switzerland. The spirit was the same in both—the spirit of spurning alien domination or interference. But when we look into the constitutional conditions of the two struggles, there is a great difference. It will exemplify this difference, and at the same time help to clear up the position which the Swiss held towards the Empire and the House of Hapsburg, to say that there

would have been a true historical parallel between the two cases, had the Dutch quarrelled with the House of Orange for seeking undue dominion over them, and had they found it their policy to resist the attempts of that ambitious dynasty, seeking at the same time the protection and loyally acknowledging the authority of Spain.

The territories under the immediate authority of the House of Hapsburg were ever enlarging. One addition, as being greater than the original possessions of the family, changed its name to that by which it is best known in history, the House of Austria. Two years before the end of the thirteenth century they again got possession of the Empire, and retained it for ten years. It passed from them by the well-known murder of the Emperor Albert. The Swiss and that prince were ill-disposed to each other at the time of the occurrence, and indeed the murder itself was perpetrated on Swiss ground; yet it had no connexion with the cause of the quarrel which was deepening between the House of Hapsburg and the Cantons. These took advantage of the period when the Empire was not in the hands of their natural enemy to obtain imperial confirmation of their liberties. Such renewals were customary all over Europe. Every reader of early English history remembers the renewals of the Charters, and the testimony to the value of such renewals by the unwillingness of monarchs to grant them. Since franchises and powers had come to be held under writs, those interested in them seem never to have missed an opportunity of making themselves safe by a renewal of the writ, for not only might the rights and obligations set forth in any piece of parchment be lost by a continuous practice to the contrary, but there was a machinery constantly at work for the production and recording of writings that told a false tale. Such falsehoods were generally told to promote the aggrandisement of reigning houses. It was a possible but a rare occurrence that they might be in favour of the enfranchisement of a popular community. A year or two before the Hapsburg family recovered the Empire such an instance seems to have occurred. The Emperor Adolphus of Nassau, at the supplication of the men of Unterwalden, granted a rescript confirming to them all the liberties, rights, privileges, and favours which had been conferred on them by the emperors his predecessors.

‘But,’ as M. Rilliet says, ‘no concession of the kind having ever been made to the men of Unterwalden, this royal declaration, of which the object evidently was to place this little community in the same political condition with the other two valleys, cannot be con-

sidered otherwise than as a testimony to the close union which bound together the three communities, conceding to one of them, as if it were the renewal of ancient privileges, that which in reality had been only enjoyed by the other two.' (P. 125.)

This materially aided the growing power of the three united Cantons. The Imperial Court gave further facility to their combined action, by appointing an imperial advocate, or bailiff, for the united community; the person holding that office was the Count Werner of Homburg.

Thus, two political powers, the House of Hapsburg and the Cantons, each increasing in influence, were each looking at the other with hostile countenance. The elements of a contest were growing within each, yet a certain sense of restraint arising from the weighty interests at stake, seems to have influenced both. There exist in contemporary records no instances of wanton outrage and insolence on the Hapsburg side. It was the object of that power to obtain political ascendancy, not to indulge its representatives in lust or wanton insult. That it was so becomes all the more distinct, since there are plentiful records of disputes in which the interests of the two powers were mixed up with those of particular persons. Some of these were trifling and local, relating to the patronage of benefices, the boundaries of parishes, the use of meadows, the amount of toll duties, and the like; others related to larger questions, as to the commerce of the lake of the Four Cantons, or the transit of goods across the Alps. But in these discussions the symptoms of violence, as is natural enough, appear rather on the side of the Swiss communities than on that of the aggrandising imperial house. The Canton of Schwytz, indeed, appears to have obtained by acts of violence and rapacity the notoriety which made its name supreme among the cantons. The men of Schwytz were evil neighbours to the great abbey of Einsiedeln, which, like the canton itself, was a free community of the Holy Roman Empire, but higher in rank, since its abbot was a prince, having a seat in the Diet.

A certain Rodolph of Radigg, director of the school of Einsiedeln, has left a metrical history of a raid upon that abbey which might bear comparison with the Norse invasion of an English or French monastery in the tenth century. The country of the invaders, he says, is as beautiful and fertile as its inhabitants are perfidious. They obey but their own will, they recognise neither laws nor masters, but each does as he pleases; Satan inspires them, and the crime is perpetrated as soon as it is suggested. He describes a night attack—the running of the

helpless monks to the belfry, the burning of the buildings and books, the plunder of the reliquaries, and the removal of a troop of prisoners, of whom the poet himself was one. By his own account, exaggerated or not, it was a scene of reckless violence, unredeemed by any touch of reverence towards the holy place or its servants, but, at the same time, unstained by cruelty. This affair occurred in the year 1314, when there was no emperor even in name. The competition for the imperial crown lay between Bavaria and Hapsburg, and thus the natural enemy of the Swiss had his hands full elsewhere. It is noticeable, at the same time, that, in excommunications and other proceedings, the attack on the abbey was treated, not as a crime of which the men of Schwytz were guilty, but as an act of war for which the three Cantons were responsible as a separate state. This is the first occasion in which the unity of political action which the Cantons had established among themselves by the Confederation of 1291 is acknowledged by their neighbours. The shape of the acknowledgment and the quarter whence it came are also important. There was a double election to the Imperial Crown. Louis of Bavaria had the majority, and is historically viewed as the legitimate emperor; but while he was crowned at Aix, Frederic of Hapsburg and Austria was also crowned at Cologne, and had a body of supporters in the states which still clustered round the imperial centre. To the Confederacy of the Forest Cantons he was a natural enemy, and the Emperor Louis a natural patron. To him they applied in their difficulties about the affair of Einsiedeln. By his own power he freed them from all process which might profess to level against them the ban of the Empire, and he engaged, by his interest at the Papal Court, to relieve the faithful Cantons from excommunication and other ecclesiastical censures. The documents in which these transactions are embodied speak of repressing the audacious arrogance of the House of Austria.

We are now at a critical point, the outbreak of the long War of Swiss Independence, and it would be pleasant if we had more distinct light than either history or record preserves of the immediate motives which brought Austria to the point of invading the Cantons. It might be supposed that the outrage just committed on the abbey of Einsiedeln was connected with the invasion, but that is not quite clear. The Emperor Louis was giving all encouragement to the loyal Swiss, but he gave them no material aid. The war was no doubt connected with the struggle for the Empire; yet it is not clear how Frederic, even had he been victorious over the

three Cantons, could have gained enough to repay him for so costly an expedition. In a survey of the position of the two competitors, it would be easy to point at other modes in which his army might have been employed with a wiser aim towards the furtherance of his object. We are simply told by one party among historical writers that his army was sent against his rebellious subjects to reduce them to obedience, and by the other that it was sent to conquer for the House of Hapsburg the free Cantons. That a magnificent army did march against them, and that it was scattered and ruined by a small body of the Swiss at Morgarten, on the 15th November, 1315, is an historical event too clearly attested in all its grandeur to stand open to dispute.

After the battle, the victorious Cantons renewed their Confederation of 1291, with some alterations appropriate to the change of conditions. The first bond or confederation comes to us in Latin, the second is in German, and therefore sounds like the real words adopted by a German community; while the other might be a rendering by an expert clerk into the diplomatic phraseology of the day. The new document is in a tone more stern and suspicious than the other. There is nothing in it to impeach the prerogatives of the Empire. It supposes a Herr or head over all, but there is an express provision that none shall be recognised as invested with that authority without the common consent. In acknowledging, too, the rights of feudal superiors over vassals, these are authorised to resist encroachments or undue claims, and to repudiate the authority of those who make them.

Such was the base around which the Cantons of the later Swiss Confederation were gradually grouped. It had proved itself a strong centre of protection and worthy of trust. A common interest and political condition placed other communities in harmony with it. It has been observed that the isolated position of the three Cantons assimilated them to burgher communities. Around them were several free imperial cities, such as Lucerne, Berne, Schaffhausen, Zurich, Basle, and Soleure. These naturally brought their respective districts into the general combination of free communities of the Empire; and when the imperial authority faded away, their own constitution, federal and local, was sufficient to give them a compact existence.

To this conclusion we have followed M. Rilliet without encountering William Tell or the triumvirate of the meadow of Rütli, and yet with no consciousness that the part of Hamlet has been left out of the play. If it really do not

belong to the piece at all—if it is not part of genuine history—let us see how this is made out, and how the story arose. With this picturesque chapter of the history of the most picturesque portion of Europe almost every one who has read anything is familiar, and it is only necessary here to tell so much of it as may serve to identify the object of M. Rilliet's critical inquiry. Switzerland had from immemorial time been inhabited by a people simple, virtuous, free, and brave. The House of Hapsburg, when it achieved imperial power, established there a tyrannical authority at which the free spirit of the inhabitants angrily chafed. The vogts or bailiffs of the Empire built castles, and surrounded themselves with insolent guards. They cruelly oppressed the people, and committed domestic outrages on the wives and daughters of the brave peasants. Not content with satisfying their avarice and lust, in the mere wantonness of tyranny, they invented plans for inflicting gratuitous humiliation on the proud mountaineers. For instance, one of these bailiffs, Herman Gesler of Brunegg, set a model of the Ducal hat of Austria on a pole in the market-place of Altorf, and decreed that every one who passed should pay it reverence. It happened that William Tell, celebrated in the district as a skilful archer, was seen to pass the hat without paying to it the required obeisance. He was brought before Gesler, who, in his wayward tyranny, took a cruel method of testing his skill as a bowman. An apple was to be set on his child's head; he was to aim at that apple, and if the arrow missed it, his life was to be forfeited. The skilful archer pierced the apple through the core. It was seen that he preserved a second arrow; and when asked concerning it, he answered that, had he injured his child, that arrow was to have been aimed at the tyrant's heart. Tell was seized and bound, that he might be conveyed by the lake of Lucerne to Gesler's Castle of Küssnacht. A storm arose, and as Tell was a skilful navigator as well as archer, he was released that he might steer the boat. When he approached the bank, before he could be seized and bound, he leaped ashore; then taking his stand at a narrow gorge through which his enemy had to pass, he shot the Vogt dead with his unerring bow.

Three other incidents made so many more patriots. A domestic outrage was avenged by the death of another Austrian bailiff. The eyes of an old man were torn out because his son chastised the Austrian slave who was seizing his farm cattle. The third was threatened with expulsion from his goodly mansion, because the representative of Austria would

not permit peasants to live like nobles. Hence on the little meadow of Grütli or Rütli, so familiar, along with its 'three sacred fountains,' to the British tourist, Werner Stauffacher, Arnold of the Melkthal, and Walter Furst met together, in the year 1307, and made that league against Austria which afterwards expanded into the great Swiss Confederacy.

Voltaire, who would not take the trouble to examine such a story, said, in his sarcastic and sagacious way, as he swept past it in his universal history:—*'Il faut convenir que l'histoire de la pomme est bien suspecte. Il semble qu'on ait cru devoir orner d'une fable le berceau de la liberté helvétique.'* People who looked more closely and critically at the narrative found reasons for doubting if it were all true. In the first place, as we shall see, the old garrulous chroniclers of European affairs, who were wont to tell all events of the form now called sensational, passed over this one in silence. The two chapels which tradition, as rendered by Swiss guides and guide-books, represented as raised by men who witnessed the events, were evidently trumpery works of a date much more recent. The scene of Gesler's slaughter so exactly answered the description of the spot in the legend, that either it had remained unchanged by the growth and decay of trees or otherwise for six centuries and a half, or it had been in recent times either selected as a suitable scene for the act, or artificially adapted to it like a theatrical property. It was thought, too, that there ran through the whole that subtle identity of spirit which leads to the detection of plagiarism even when the utmost efforts are made to be unlike in detail. An act of such wanton insult as the consecration of the hat—an act which could gratify neither cupidity nor lust, nor yet in a dignified shape the bare love of power—was not in harmony with the true history of the Teutonic nations of Europe. Something like it might, however, be found in a certain impressive picture of the court of an Oriental despot. Few things could be in themselves more unlike each other than a golden image and a hat set upon a pole, yet in its spirit and significance the act of Gesler bore an exact parallel to that of Nebuchadnezzar. Another parallel would not have been deserving of notice but for its connexion with this, that the vindicators of Swiss independence are, like the Jewish defenders of the worship of the true God, three in number.

Sources of doubt more serious than these, though still merely critical, were suggested. The story was found to have flourished in other parts of the world earlier than even the early date assigned to it in Switzerland. With more or less of

variety in detail it is told several times in the Norse Sagas.* In the more sedate 'History' of Saxo Grammaticus, which was finished about the year 1186, it is told with close resemblance of detail to the later Swiss story, though it has a far less dignified origin. A certain Toki, who had risen to high rank in the Court of Denmark and made enemies, had in his cups boasted of his skill in archery, offering as a test of it to pass an arrow through the smallest apple at a long range. This coming along with disparaging reports to the king, he devised a plan by which the tipsy braggart should give in pledge what was dearest to him in life for the fulfilment of his boast. The child, admonished not to stir when he heard the whir of the arrow, was placed with his back to the archer. Toki, of course, cleft the apple in due form. It was noticed that the archer had taken two other arrows from his quiver; and being questioned on this point, he declared that with these, if he had injured his child, he would have avenged himself on the tyrant, the formidable Harold Blaatand or Bluetoothed.†

The same story is told with great spirit in one of the English ballads of the Robin Hood order. It is well known by its title, 'Adam Bell, Kline of the Cloughe, and William of Cloudeslee.' It is, in one sense, the oldest ballad of its class, since it has been in print since the middle of the sixteenth century. It is now before us in a version published within the present year. In connexion with the Early English Text Society, a committee of editors undertook the task of publishing a genuine transcript of the contents of Bishop Percy's 'folio manuscript:' with much cost and labour they have finished this important work. The text of the ballads is accompanied by an elaborate comment by the several editors. But the greatest service they have rendered to literature consists in the minute correctness with which they have sought to render the genuine text, due mainly to the care of Mr. Furnivall. We are tempted to quote from this volume the account, that has for many centuries been popularly repeated throughout England, of that story which English tourists annually learn on the banks of Lake Lucerne. The heroes of the ballad are of

* See these instances enumerated in 'Curious Myths of the Middle Ages,' by S. Baring Gould, M.A., p. 110, *et seq.*; and more fully in the curiously learned Introduction to Dasent's 'Tales of the Norse,' a treasury of knowledge apt to escape observation, as the title of the book, like 'The Diversions of Purley,' warns the pursuers of knowledge off the ground.

† *Historia Danica*, 1644, p. 184. The story is told with prolixity, and is followed by other dangerous trials of Toki's skill.

course outlaws of the forest, who have had a conflict with the established powers, slaying many worshipful persons, and committing high treason in countless shapes. They have found their way to the king's court, where they are ingratiating themselves by matchless feats of archery. Many of these are transferred by Scott to his 'Ivanhoe,' where they are performed by Locksley in the presence of Richard of the Lion Heart; but among these the crowning feat is not told. William of Cloudelee speaks:—

“I have a sonne seven yeers old,
Hee is to me full deere;
I will tye him to a stake—
All shall see him that bee here,—

And lay an apple upon his head,
And goe six score paces him froe,
And I myself with a broad arrowe
Shall cleave the apple in towe.”

“Now haste thee,” said the Kinge;
“Bye him that dyed on a tree,
But if thou dost not as thou hast sayd,
Hanged shalt thou bee!

And thou touch his head or gowne
In sight that men may see,
By all the Saints that bee in Heaven,
I shall you hang all three!”

“That I have promised,” said William,
“Thatt I will never forsake:”
And then even before the King,
In the earth he drove a stake,

And bound thereto his eldest sonne,
And bade him stand still thereat,
And turned the child's face him fro
Because he should not start.

An apple upon his head he set,
And then his bow he bent;
Six score paces they were meaten,
And thither Cloudelee went.

Then he drew out a fair broad arrow,—
His bow was great and long,—
He set that arrow in his bow
That was both stiff and strong;

He prayed the people that were there
That they wold still stand,

“For he that shooteth for such a wager
Had need of steedye hand.”

Much people prayed for Cloudeslee,
That his life saved might bee ;
And when he made him readye to shoote,
There was many a weeping eye.

Thus Cloudeslye clave the apple in two,
As many a man might see :
“Now God forbid,” then said the King,
“That thou sholdst shoote at me !

I give thee eight pence a day,
And my bow shalt thou bear,
And over all the north countrye
I make thee Cheefe Ryder.”*

If the story of William Tell were supported by contemporary record, it might be held as true, however many parallels it had in other parts of the world. As we shall see, however, it must be treated as a tradition, and in that shape it is claimed by many communities. That there should be various claimants to the merit of some notable act may be called a multiplication of testimony, but it is of a kind that weakens instead of strengthening the conviction that the act ever was done at all. In a very curious and suggestive discourse by Mabillon, on the acceptance which the dutiful churchman ought to give to the abundant relics hoarded up by the Old Church, he recommends it as the safest plan always to believe in relics, even if they should practically assail each other's credit by representing the same article in more places than one. There are, no doubt, several heads of John the Baptist preserved in so many different reliquaries, and we have no reason to presume that he had more than one head ; yet the true duty of the devout child of the Church is to treat them all as genuine. Whoever performs his devotions under the patronage of the real head will gain all the advantages of such reality, and the devotions of the others will do them no harm. One can imagine a slight touch of sceptical irony working the lip of the learned and far-seeing Benedictine as he set forth such a precept. But, however much he may have persuaded himself of its sincerity, it requires a kind of faith which cannot be put to sound use in the writing of history. There is not that evidence of the apple exploit having ever occurred,

* Bishop Percy's folio manuscript, 'Ballads and Romances,' edited by John W. Hales, M.A. and Frederick J. Furnivall, M.A., assisted by Professor Child of Harvard University, W. Chappell, &c., vol. iii. pp. 99, 100.

which can support the general belief that one of the accounts of it must be genuine.

We have gone over the synthetic process in which M. Rilliet puts together his own narrative of events in Switzerland down to the battle of Morgarten; let us now briefly note the analytic process by which he examines those stories which he has not found it good to tell in his own narrative. The case for doubt or discredit, which must be contradicted by positive testimony, is thus summed up:—

‘The internal history of the three valleys offers, to the existence of a popular insurrection which freed them from the tyranny of King Albert of Austria, a denial which the subsequent conduct of this prince and that of his sons fully confirms. A revolt which would have resulted not only in the defying his authority, but outraging it by the expulsion and murder of his officers, would not have been for one instant tolerated by a monarch, not less jealous of his power than resolute to make it be respected. So,—when we see him, in the month of April 1308, when he went to recruit in Upper Germany for his Bohemian wars, sojourning on the banks of the Limmat and the Reuss, and approaching the theatre assigned to the rebellion, without making the slightest preparation or revealing any intention to chastise its authors; when we find him at the same time entirely occupied in celebrating with *éclat* the festival of the Carnival with a brilliant suite of nobles and prelates; when we find him presently afterwards, on the 25th of April, confirming to the abbey of Zurich the possession of domains in which were comprehended the places which were the very centre of the revolt; when we find him, six days afterwards, regardless of revelations about the plot which was to cost him his life, banqueting with the sons and the nephew whose hand was already raised against him, and thence proceed, full of eagerness, to meet the Queen who was on her way to join him—it seems impossible to admit that he was swallowing in silence an affront which was inflicted on him by insolent peasants, and which an inexplicable impunity could only render all the more mortifying to his self-love and compromising to his authority.’ (Pp. 118, 119.)

All this is confirmed by centuries having passed before the story enters the domain of history. This was not for want of histories in which it would have had a legitimate place. John Abbot of Victring, who wrote his ‘Chronicle’ more than thirty years after the battle of Morgarten, tells of the ambition of Austria and the battle of Morgarten, but says nothing about Tell and the Triumvirate, although the tenor of his narrative is sufficiently circumstantial to contain their story. A similar omission in the ‘Chronicle’ of Matthew of Nuremberg is more conspicuous, because he is a gossiping author, with a strong partiality for the picturesque and the exciting, and a catholic belief in all stories, whether of great or small events, which

partake of that character. It is justly argued, that if the popular adjuncts to the story of Swiss independence had been known in his day, in however questionable a shape, he would not have contented himself with the unadorned narrative in which he gives the known outline of the event.

Another witness, who had better opportunity of seeing and telling what he saw than either of them, is equally silent. Johannes of Winterthur was so called because he lived in the town of Winterthur, near Zurich. He was so close to the stirring events of that time, that in his boyhood he had the satisfaction of seeing Duke Leopold and his beaten army fleeing from Morgarten.* If Matthew of Nuremberg may be fairly called a gossiping chronicler, John of Winterthur would deserve some stronger expression to characterise the exceeding delight he has in telling at length any incident that has in it the element of the marvellous—whether the incident be natural or preternatural. He was in the centre of the whole affair of the outbreak of the Swiss War of Independence. If we could believe that he knew the whole story of the outraged husband's vengeance, the blinding of the father for the son's independent conduct, and the apple feat, it is hardly within the bounds of belief in human reticence that he should not have told it. Then, if we suppose that he had his reasons for passing over this critical affair without committing himself to an opinion, we find that he did commit himself. There is not only his satisfaction at the flight of Duke Leopold from Morgarten. He might have told the whole story without betraying so much sympathy for the cause of the Cantons as he spontaneously uttered. He tells the cause of the war, and tells it in such a manner, that if he told nothing else, he might earn the character of a generaliser who will not condescend to enter on details. That the people of Schwytz, a 'Gens Rusticalis,' trusting to their inaccessible position, refused to pay certain feudal dues demanded by Austria, and were prepared to resist their enforcement, is all the information he affords on the question.

It was after the Swiss had become renowned over Europe by their succession of great victories, that the picturesque incidents of the struggle came on the stage, and then separately one by one. In the year 1420, Conrad Justinger states generally that the officers of the Empire roused the

* 'Quod oculis meis conspexi, quia tunc, scholaris existens, cum aliis longe scholaribus patri meo ante portam cum gaudio non modico occurrebam?' (*Thesaurus Hist. Helvet.*, p. 26.)

indignation of the brave men of the Cantons by insults and injuries perpetrated on their wives and daughters. Hemmerlin, a canon of Zurich, gives an enlivening touch to this generality, by adding that one of the officers was put to death by the outraged inhabitants. The other incidents made their first appearance in ballads.* The story of Tell, down to the point when the second arrow is discovered, and without reaching to the murder of Gesler, is given in a ballad of the concluding quarter of the fifteenth century. In other early narratives the rising of the peasantry was placed in Schwytz. In this ballad the scene is laid in Uri; and this is not unreasonably pronounced to be the source of the new story. Uri cast the narrative in the more attractive form for the purpose of associating the event with herself. Perhaps the author of the ballad, whoever he may have been, scarcely contemplated the wonderful and enduring success which was to be the lot of his invention. The next stage extends the story to the boat on the lake, and the murder of Gesler. It is in a chronicle supposed to be contemporary with the ballad, which was preserved in Sarnen, that the outraged triumvirate first appear to swear vengeance. The author of this chronicle takes the story back to an early and totally inapplicable date; and, according to M. Rilliet, this writer is ever misty and inaccurate when he refers to events known in other histories, but distinct and clear when he tells something that he has invented. The narrative is repeated by other writers from time to time; but the person who gave it a steady legitimate place in history appears to have been Giles Tschudi, the author of the '*Schweizerische Chronik*,' written in the sixteenth century, but not published until 1734. During that interval other authors had supplied themselves with facts from his manuscript; and when the book itself was published, it came forth, as it were from antiquity, to confirm the tale which had got a general currency in history.

Tschudi was one of the happy class of historians, who, like Mezeray and Geoffrey of Monmouth, seize upon the popular mind, and command belief for their fictions as well as their facts. There was much confusion in previous narrators as to places and dates, and as to the relation of the events passing in Switzerland to contemporary history. Tschudi set right all the

These ballads have recently been collected by Dr. Rochholz, in a volume entitled the '*Liederchronik der Schweiz*'—an interesting collection of the romantic materials which have subsequently been worked up into the history of Switzerland by the credulity of later writers.

inconsistencies and imperfections of his predecessors. He was a learned and laborious man, intimately acquainted with history; that is, with everything in literature that professed to be historical. He had the rare power of giving distinctness and reality to whatever he told, and his age was one in which it was believed to be the duty of the historian to construct a picturesque and flowing narrative; not to tell the truth unless the truth happened to be reconcilable with these higher objects. This propensity is exemplified with delightful candour by Francis Guillimann. In his book '*De Rebus Helveticorum*' he gives the story of Tell in full; and in a letter to a friend he explained that he had embodied it because it was the popular tradition, but he did not believe a word of it. He had sought in vain for any allusion to it in contemporary chroniclers, and had made an equally vain search for proof of the existence of Tell, or of a family of that name having existed in the place assigned to him. On this point M. Rilliet and other recent inquirers are in the same position. No traces can be found of the family of Tell, and impartial local record is alike mysterious as to his victim. M. Rilliet doubts the very name of Tell, and affirms that the Christian name of William was unknown in the fourteenth century among the people of the Forest Cantons. It is remarkable that the name of William is also that of the bold archer of Clouesly. In the rolls of the Bailiffs of Küssnacht, said to be full and accurate, no name occurs bearing any resemblance to Gesler's. It would be too long a task to follow out the exhaustive analysis by which our author successively removes out of the category of possible existences in Switzerland—first, the apple story, next its hero, and, lastly, any family bearing the name of Tell. But we would refer to the concluding test in this analysis as peculiarly instructive. It is among the frailties of human nature to misread old records when the misreading supports a pleasant theory. This is not done by deliberate design, but from an unwillingness too severely to test pleasing conclusions. Some adept has read the writing as everybody would wish it to be read, and those who glance over the parchment after him find the same words, until some other adept by the application of honest scrutiny recasts the structure of the words. This has seldom been more effectively done than by our author, who finds thus certain Tells and Talls, triumphantly appealed to in Parochial Registers, resolve themselves on examination of the original into Trull and Nall.

It is almost in the present generation that the story of William Tell has reached its climax of popularity, and it may be

said of faith. It owes this to the peculiar class to whom from local accident it addresses itself—the class called tourists, whose special function, on leaving their native land, appears to be to lay in an inexhaustible amount of credulity. This is necessary for those who go to study history under the tuition of guides, commissioners, and diligence drivers. When Voltaire wrote his ‘*Histoire Universelle*,’ the triumvirs of Rütli were so obscure and parochial that, while copying their names inaccurately, he could dismiss them with the sneer, ‘*La difficulté de prononcer des noms si respectables nuit à leur célébrité.*’ What would the Cæsar of the literary world have thought of the sanity of that man who might have prophesied to him that a day was at hand, when a drama celebrating the names and deeds of the triumvirate in the barbaric jargon of the German tongue would be read and acted though *Zaire*, *Mérope*, and *Semiramis* were half forgotten? The tragedy of ‘*Wilhelm Tell*’—like ‘*Lear*,’ ‘*Hamlet*,’ and ‘*Macbeth*,’—stands on the strength of its own inspiration, and is independent of all support from the archæologists. But the heroes of the drama must make their exit from the page of history. These historic fables, when they are picturesque, and have some fire of patriotism in them, die hard; but they must submit to inevitable fate at last. The book which first drew attention to the identity of the Danish apple story with the Swiss, was publicly burned by the hangman at Uri. Native authors have been shy of touching the national idol. Perhaps M. Rilliet would get harsh handling from a jury of Oberland guides, but, like all cleansing work, his book will be acknowledged in the end as a blessing.

A further task remains to this candid and ingenious writer, who has given us in so unassuming a form, a genuine contribution to authentic history. Having cleared away the rubbish, let him go on and reconstruct the history of Switzerland. It contains enough of inspiring matter to repay him for the rather thankless task of the iconoclast. It would be a great gain to literature to have from so clear and critical a pen an examination of the political conditions which led to the other great victories of the Swiss at Naefels, Sempach, Granson, and Morat; and we should be grateful to him if he would trace the growth of what must be regarded as the oldest and most lasting example of Federal Government in the world.

ART. VI.—1. *Return to an Order of the Honourable the House of Commons, dated April 3, 1868, for Reports to the Postmaster-General, by Mr. Scudamore, upon the Proposal for transferring to the Post Office the Control and Management of the Electrical Telegraphs throughout the United Kingdom.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, April 3, 1868.

2. *Special Report from the Select Committee on the Electric Telegraph Bill, together with the Minutes of Evidence taken before them.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, July 16, 1868.

3. *An Act to enable Her Majesty's Postmaster-General to acquire, work, and maintain Electric Telegraphs* (31 & 32 Vict. chap. 110).

ONE of the chief grounds on which the supporters of Mr. Disraeli's Government have demanded for it the public confidence is the alleged economy of its administration of practical matters. We propose to see how far this claim is justified by the measure which it has carried through Parliament for entrusting the management of the Electric Telegraphs to the Post Office.

Let it not, however, be supposed that we object to the *principle* of this step. Indeed the assumption of the telegraphic system by Government is highly desirable; for the requirements of the community have far outstripped the present system of accommodation by joint-stock companies. Undoubtedly, however, the public are under great obligations to these bodies. To the International and Electric Telegraph Company is due the conversion into an engine of general intercommunication of what, although it had been to some extent used for railway purposes, was to the ordinary world little more than a philosophical curiosity; and the other telegraph companies, by their competition, have caused considerable diminution of charges, together with extensions into new districts, and the introduction of telegraphy into the local communication of the metropolis. That we have had, indeed, telegraphic communication at all during the period of more than twenty years which has elapsed since the International and Electric Telegraph Company began its operations, is owing to the private enterprise and public spirit of these bodies, who have invested a large capital in these undertakings,

the above-named Company alone having laid down more than 10,000 miles of wires.

But experience proves that it is as incompatible with the nature of companies to afford to the public a very widely spread and cheap telegraphic communication, as it would be out of their power to maintain a universal penny postal system. The object of a company is, of course, to earn and pay to their shareholders dividends as high as may be; they also necessarily compete with each other. We find, therefore, that what may be called the rich districts (i. e. the centres of commerce and manufactures) are doubly, or more than doubly supplied, having often two or three telegraphic offices within a few doors of each other, while many of the less busy parts of the country are wholly unprovided. Now a neighbourhood is in no wise benefited by having two offices where the work could be as well performed by one; but it is a great deprivation to a poor district to have no telegraphic communication, and also to other places, rich and poor, which may have need of corresponding with it. In telegraphic as in postal matters, every man is interested in the existence of a system of communication as widely ramified as possible; for although he may dwell in a great town, he sometimes finds it necessary to communicate with remote rural districts. The rates of charge of the companies, too, although lower than formerly, are still, for distances exceeding one hundred miles, very high, amounting sometimes to three, and even four shillings for the shortest message (exclusive of the charge for a special messenger), while many parts of the country are so far from a telegraph station, that the cost and loss of time in sending on a telegram renders that mode of communication almost impracticable.

It will be perceived, therefore, that, so far from attacking the *principle* of the measure, we are its warm advocates. What we object to, is the mode provided by the Act of last Session for carrying it into effect, as entailing upon the nation extravagant cost, which cannot fail to postpone for a long period, and perhaps indefinitely, the diminution of telegraphic charges to a rate low enough to be within reach of the bulk of the community.

For a considerable time past the commercial world have felt the necessity for a reduction of telegraphic charges, and have deemed possible a uniform rate irrespective of distance, as is the case with postage; and several years ago they supported the establishment of the United Kingdom Electric Telegraph Company in opposition to the then existing bodies, the new

concern promising a uniform charge of one shilling. The United Kingdom Company, however, found itself unable to contend against the established bodies, and was forced to come to an arrangement with them, which involved an increase of charges for distances exceeding one hundred miles. However, the rates then established were somewhat lower than those levied before the old companies were exposed to competition.

The failure of this attempt caused the Chambers of Commerce, who acted for the commercial community, to look to the assumption of the system by Government, as the only practicable mode of effecting their object; and the fact that this step had been successfully taken in some foreign States lent much force to their proposal. In France, Belgium, Switzerland, and several other continental countries, and also in some British possessions, as in New South Wales, and above all in India, the telegraphs have been for several years past in the hands of the Governments, apparently with much benefit to the community, and with little loss, and in some cases indeed with a profit, to the State. In Belgium the rate has long been uniform, which is the more remarkable, since (notwithstanding the small extent of that kingdom) postage there varies according to distance. Originally the Belgian telegraphic charge was a franc and a half, whence it was successively reduced to one franc, and to half a franc ($4\frac{3}{4}d.$), at which figure it now stands. These reductions have produced a great increase in the telegraphic correspondence of Belgium; for by a table set out in the Return, it appears that, in 1860, the whole number of inland telegrams in that country was only 80,216, whereas in the first four months of 1866 it amounted to 178,662, equivalent to 535,986 per annum, or more than six and a half fold the number in 1860. The years of most rapid growth were 1863 and 1866, which respectively followed the reduction to a franc and half a franc. Between 1860 and 1865, telegrams in the United Kingdom multiplied only two and a half fold.

It was considered also that Government had peculiar facilities for managing telegraphic communications, owing to their possession of the Post Office—by far the most widely spread and perfectly organised of the public departments, stretching its arms, indeed, not only into every town, but into every village and almost every considerable hamlet in the kingdom. This organisation might, it was urged, be utilised for telegraphic purposes without much additional expense.

In 1865, the subject being brought under consideration of Government, was referred to the Post Office, and in 1866 a

report was presented on the subject by Mr. Scudamore, one of the assistant secretaries of that department.*

This report, after alluding to various suggestions which had been sent in, and to the defects of the present system—as, high charges, delay, absence of telegraphic communication even in important towns, and short hours of business at the offices—proceeds to show the success attained in Belgium and Switzerland by the annexation of the telegraphs to the Post Offices, whereby a great boon has been conferred on the communities without loss to the State. The report then alleges that, as compared with post letters, telegrams are much more numerous in Belgium and Switzerland than in the United Kingdom, and that, in proportion to extent of territory, the mileage of telegraphs and number of offices here compare unfavourably with the telegraphic establishments in those countries. The capacity of the Post Office to undertake telegraphic communication is considered; and it is confidently affirmed that, so far from impairing the efficiency of that department in its principal duty, the addition of the telegraphic business would, by increasing the remuneration payable to the smaller postmasters, enable the services of a better instructed class of persons to be obtained. There are, it seems, 12,000 post offices in the United Kingdom (of which about 3,000 are money-order offices) and the services of all these establishments, together with those of the letter carriers employed in them, can be made available in one way or other for the transmission of telegrams; and thus, telegraphic communication may be brought much closer to the population than at present.

The report then indicates the features of the proposed scheme; viz. to open telegraph offices in each of the London district offices—to connect these directly with each other—to connect the eastern central district with the post office of each of the principal towns (many of which will be directly connected with each other and also with some of the London district offices)—to make telegraphic connexion with all money-order offices in places having a population of 2,000—to establish telegraphs at the various sorting offices in London—to allow the deposit of telegrams in all receiving houses and pillar-boxes to be forwarded, along with the letters, to the nearest telegraphic office—to permit payment of the charges

* It should be mentioned that Mr. Scudamore states that, so early as 1856, a plan for the adoption of the electric telegraphs by the Post Office was submitted to the Lords of the Treasury by Mr. Baines, an officer of the Post Office, which is inserted in the Return.

in stamps—to establish a uniform rate of 1s., including delivery by special messenger when the addressee is within the limits of the postal delivery of the terminal office, and also for delivery by post when he resides out of those limits and the sender prefers not to pay for a special messenger—to transmit money orders by telegraph—with some minor matters. The report then proceeds to show that these objects may be practically attained, and concludes with a calculation of the sum required to purchase the telegraphs and of the probable yearly receipts and expenses, estimating the purchasing cost at 2,500,000*l.*, and the telegrams at 11,200,000 in the year, producing a gross revenue of 676,000*l.*, from which is to be deducted 81,250*l.* for interest (at $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.) on the outlay of 2,500,000*l.*, leaving 594,750*l.* to meet working expenses, which, however, are estimated to amount to 456,000*l.* only.

In February, 1868, Mr. Scudamore presented to the Postmaster-General a supplementary report, answering certain objections which had been urged against the scheme, and going further into particulars. This report, like the former one, concludes with an estimate of the amount required for the purchase, and of the annual receipts and expenses. Considering the value of the Companies to be indicated by the market price of their shares, the estimate for purchase is raised to 3,000,000*l.*; and adding 100,000*l.* for works to be erected by the Post Office, it makes the total capital outlay 3,100,000*l.*, equivalent to a yearly charge of 100,000*l.* The annual receipts are estimated at 640,000*l.*, as before; but 32,000*l.* are deducted for possible excess, leaving the gross revenue at 608,000*l.*, while, to the annual charge for capital, 5,000*l.* is added for possible excesses; so that deducting 105,000*l.* from 608,000*l.*, 503,000*l.* is left to meet working expenses, which are now estimated at 405,000*l.*, plus, for possible excess, 20,250*l.*; subtracting, therefore, 425,250*l.* from 503,000*l.*, a surplus revenue of 77,750*l.* is the result.

Early in last Session a Bill was introduced into the House of Commons for the purpose of enabling Government to purchase the telegraphs and undertake the duties hitherto performed by the Companies. The Bill, as it has passed into law, substantially carries into effect the scheme of working described above, establishing a uniform rate, not exceeding one shilling for a telegram of twenty words, with an extra threepence for every additional five words (exclusive of names and address)—these charges are to cover the cost of a messenger within one mile of the terminal telegraph office, or within the limit of the postal delivery when the latter office is a head post-office—

with an additional charge of sixpence per double mile when the addressee resides beyond those limits, unless, indeed, the sender objects to incur the expense of a special messenger, in which case the telegram is to be delivered with the post letters. Government retains the power (conferred on it by the various Telegraph Companies' Acts of Parliament) of having its important messages forwarded at once, in priority to those of the public; but, to guard against the abuse of this privilege, every such message is to be stamped 'Priority,' and is to be preserved for twelve months by the Postmaster-General. The Bill, as originally introduced, made provision for the purchase of the interests of the Telegraph Companies on the terms indicated in Mr. Scudamore's Report of February, 1868; but petitions were presented against it by the various Telegraph Companies and also by such Railway Companies as made a profit by sending telegrams along their wires.

After much delay, caused by the political business before the House, the Bill was referred to a Select Committee, which, choosing the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Ward Hunt) for its chairman, began its sittings on 1st. July, and heard counsel and witnesses for and against the measure. Before the Committee had proceeded far in its inquiry, negotiations took place between the Government authorities and the opponents of the measure; and ultimately terms were agreed upon, in consequence of which all the petitioners withdrew their opposition, so that the inquiry was deprived of the sifting investigation secured by the contention of two heartily opposed parties. As Mr. Goschen well remarked, the witnesses and counsel were all on one side.

Indeed, owing to so short a portion of the Session remaining after the inquiry began, a thorough investigation was impossible; and the Committee, as observed by Mr. Childers in the debate on the third reading of the Bill, was necessarily compelled to rely almost entirely on the Government officials. Mr. Childers protested strongly against the haste with which the inquiry had been conducted, seeing that such important interests and so large a sum of public money were involved; and when the effect of the provisions of the Bill as it passed into an Act are understood, it will be admitted that he had good grounds for his protest. We allude especially to the clauses relating to purchase of the interests of telegraph and railway companies.* The real drift of these arrangements is not

* As to the four principal Telegraph, and sixteen of the Railway Companies, the terms of purchase—or rather upon which arbitrations

discovered without more examination and thought than it was perhaps possible for the hurried Committee to devote to it; but enough appears, even on the face of the evidence given before them, to justify considerable apprehension and require further deliberation.

As has been shown, the original estimate of 1866 calculated the aggregate purchase-money required at 2,400,000*l.*, which was increased in February 1868 to 3,000,000*l.*; but, in his evidence before the Committee, Mr. Scudamore stated the amount then required to be 6,000,000*l.*, and would not pledge himself that it might not exceed 7,000,000*l.* Indeed, the lowest amount of which he could speak quite certainly as being beyond the mark was 8,000,000*l.* It is true that the original estimate includes only the property and rights of the Telegraph Companies, while the later one comprises the buying up of the interests of the Railway Companies in public telegraphing, and also some cables across the narrow seas; but the cost of these additional articles ought not to be very large. When, however, the terms laid down in the Act and the confirmed agreements are examined, it is not difficult to explain the great advance of the estimate. Government seems to have dealt with the petitioners against their Bill pretty much as an anxious traveller in danger of losing his steam-packet deals with a boatman—paying whatever is asked. In their eagerness not to quit office without leaving a permanent memento, they passed a Reform Bill which went far beyond Mr. Gladstone's measure, denounced by them as revolutionary; and rather than leave the credit and patronage arising from the adoption of the telegraphs to their successors, they have given way to every demand however preposterous and extortionate. As far as one can judge from the terms conceded, the Companies' proposals must have been accepted without examination. Obviously many of the provisions have been inserted merely with the notion that they could do the proposers no harm, since they could but be struck out, while by some extraordinary oversight on the part of Government, they might possibly be conceded; and whichever Company was least restrained by modesty appears to have obtained the most extravagant bargain—which, indeed, is sufficiently proved by

are to be based—are inserted in the Act; but with regard to the remaining Railway and Telegraph Companies, agreements made between them and Government are simply referred to and confirmed. The agreements are printed at length in Appendix No. 6 to the Report.

the very great diversity of the terms contained in the different agreements.

On examining these conditions granted to the Telegraph Companies, we find that each of them is to receive twenty years' purchase of its nett profits, to be estimated on the year or half-year ending 10th June last—an unfortunate period for the buyer, inasmuch as the Companies' accounts were not then published to that date, so that an opening was left for so arranging the figures as to swell apparent profits. But even supposing that the annual profits will be fairly taken, twenty years' purchase of them would be an excessive price. It must be remembered that the Companies have no legal monopoly, that a telegraph is by no means difficult to establish, and moreover that their arrangements with the Railway Companies, along whose lines most of their wires are carried, are for limited, and in some cases short, periods, on the termination of which, in several instances, the telegraphs will become the property of the Railway Companies, who, indeed, are to be specially compensated by Government for the loss of this reversion.

The interest of a Telegraph Company partakes of the nature of a *trade*, rather than that of an estate, the value of the concern being as much in good will as in tangible property; for, although the older Companies have been paying 10 per cent. dividend, their shares did not, until the purchase by Government was proposed, stand at more than 45 per cent. premium. But this is by no means all. In addition to twenty years' purchase of its profits, the United Kingdom Company is to receive, first, the price paid by the Company for the purchase of Hughes' type-printing telegraph; secondly, a sum equal to the aggregate value of the share capital of the Company estimated at the highest quotation shown in the official list of the London Stock Exchange on any day between the 1st and 25th of June, 1868; and thirdly, compensation for the loss of the prospective profits of the ordinary shares, and any sum that may be determined on in consideration of the efforts to establish a uniform shilling rate for the conveyance of telegraphic messages.

Now, we have heard of a cabman charging an inexperienced foreigner for the mileage which he had traversed and also for the time occupied in the transit; but, in comparison with this Company, the cab exaction falls within the bounds of moderation. First, they sell their concern for twenty years' purchase of the actual profits, then they are paid the cost of a portion of the plant employed in obtaining those profits; further they are

paid the full market price of their shares even when swollen by the intended purchase by Government; and lastly, they are to receive compensation for prospective profits, and a sum (which may be great or little according to the discretion of the arbitrator) in reward of services which in past time they had *endeavoured* to render to the public, for as a matter of fact, they did not succeed in establishing the uniform shilling rate. This looks very much like buying them up *four times over*. Reuter's Company, also, in addition to the twenty years' profits, is to receive twenty years' purchase of the *probable profits* to be derived by the Company from its contract with the Indo-European Electric Telegraph Company. The London and Provincial Telegraph Company is to have, in addition to twenty years' profits, 'the highest market quotation of the 'ordinary shares between 1st June and 8th July, 1868, together 'with what an arbitrator shall give in respect of the prospective profits of the Company,' and thirdly, compensation to officers and clerks—a provision which is indeed inserted in the other agreements, though it might be supposed that, with such enormous terms, the companies could take this burden on themselves; but as perhaps most of these officers will be taken into the Post-Office service, this liability may not turn out to be very serious.

These statements must appear to our readers quite incredible; we trust, therefore, that such of them as have the opportunity will refer to the documents quoted.

If an additional proof is needed of the extravagance of the terms conceded to the Telegraph Companies, it is supplied by the rise in the market price of their shares, bearing in mind, also, that it is not certain that these bargains are irrevocable; that is, that Parliament is bound in honour to maintain them, a subject which will be considered in a later part of the article. Thus we find that the shares of the Electric and International Telegraph Company, which fluctuated in 1866 and 1867 between 133 and 145, are now worth from 235 to 240, having risen between June 23rd and July 23rd from 165 to 206. The British and Irish Magnetic Company's shares are now quoted at 165–170, having stood in 1866 at from 78–90, and in 1867, 90–97. From the exorbitant terms it obtained, it may be supposed that the United Kingdom Company will have derived the greatest advantage; and, in fact, it seems that their shares (5*l.* paid), which in 1867 varied between 1½ and 1¾, are now selling at from 5½ to 6—a four-fold increase in value.

The terms of arrangement with the Railway Companies are

even more ill considered and mischievous than those with the Telegraph Companies; and here it is most obvious that any stipulation was admitted which the ingenuity of the Company's agent could conceive. The diversity is still greater. Indeed it would seem that the negotiators looked at the matter from an *artistic* point of view, considering variety as a beauty. Not only do the contracts differ very greatly in substance, but even when in effect the same, their language is varied.

First, as to the terms of compensation. Most of the Companies have bargained to receive twenty years' purchase of the nett profits made by conveying telegraphic messages for the public, though in the statute this is expressed 'nett annual receipts;' the London and South-Western and North-Eastern Railways have, however, no such stipulation, but merely a general provision for compensation, to be settled by arbitration. In some instances the annual amount of these profits is fixed, subject to verification, at specific amounts, while the North British Railway Company is to have twenty years' purchase of the present value of its 'trade receipts,' and the Caledonian Railway has bargained for twenty years' purchase 'of the amount of the *whole receipts* drawn by the Railway Company for the transmission of telegraph messages reckoned on the basis of the receipts for the week ending 12th June, 1868,' limited to 1,200*l.* per annum; while the Bristol and Exeter Railway is to have twenty years' purchase of its whole receipts of public telegraphic messages, without any limitation.

In addition to the foregoing, all the Railway Companies, except the London and South-Western and North-Eastern, are to receive twenty years' purchase of the estimated *annual increase* of their nett profits; though, in the case of the British and Exeter Railway, this is to be on the increase of the *whole receipts*. All the Companies have stipulated for compensation for the relinquishment of the right to grant way-leaves for the erection of telegraphs; and all, save the London, Chatham, and Dover Company, are to be compensated for the loss of the reversion of the telegraphs and of the right of granting way-leaves on the expiration of the Telegraph Companies' terms of agreement. The Great Western, the London, Chatham, and Dover, the Bristol and Exeter, and the Caledonian Railway Companies have stipulated that the Government shall make good the rents payable to them by the Telegraph Companies during the unexpired periods of their agreements.

It will be seen, therefore, that the pecuniary compensation to be paid to the respective Companies is based on very diversified principles, some having driven far harder bargains

than others, and having, indeed, evidently obtained whatever they chose to ask for. When we turn to the other stipulations, we find an equal diversity, and much that is highly objectionable. Thus, all the railways, save the Caledonian, are empowered to shift the poles and wires at the Postmaster-General's expense whenever their own works require it, while the Caledonian is bound to give notice to the Postmaster-General, who will shift them *at the cost of the Company*. In some instances it is specially provided that Government is to have an exclusive right of way for its poles and wires, while in other cases this is left to inference. Generally, but not always, the Company is to receive, in addition to the other emoluments, rent for the standing of the poles and wires. Several other stipulations seem very unfavourable to Government; as that it is to hand over in good repair to the Railway Company such of the poles and wires of the Telegraph Companies as have hitherto been used for railway purposes, and that these are to become the absolute property of the Railway Company, &c.

It is needless to weary the reader by enumerating all the variations in these agreements; suffice it to say that they are very numerous, both in substance and in form. But one provision is particularly mischievous. Except the South-Eastern and the North British, all the Railway Companies, and also the Grand Junction Canal and the Bridgewater Canal Trustees, are to have the right to frank by telegraph to all parts of the kingdom. In the statute, the privilege is expressed as regards the Railways to be to and from all 'foreign stations' (whatever that may mean, for the word, though placed between inverted commas in the Act, is not interpreted), while the Canals are to frank to and from 'any places in the United Kingdom,' and the confirmed agreements generally confer the right to frank to and from all parts of the United Kingdom. The abuses caused by the old system of franking are well known, and it is much to be feared that they will now be reproduced in an aggravated form; for, although the franking of letters undoubtedly tended to injure the revenue by diminishing chargeable correspondence, it did not appreciably enhance the expenses of the Department; for neither mileage of mails nor beats of letter-carriers increased with the number of letters conveyed. Not so with telegraphs, most of which are sent out by special messengers, and thus cause a certain expense. The loose manner in which the provisions are worded, too, may place the Post Office in a very awkward position; thus the Act provides that 'the Postmaster-General shall also transmit to their respective destinations all messages of

‘ the said trustees, and of the Earl of Ellesmere respectively, and their respective agents and clerks *bonâ fide* relating to the business of the said trust and undertaking, *between any places in the United Kingdom* free of charges ;’ and the same privilege is granted to the Grand Junction Canal Company. The corresponding stipulation in most of the confirmed agreements is equally stringent. It is clear, therefore, that the franking privilege is not confined to places to which the public can telegraph without paying for a special messenger, but that the Companies may force the Post Office to send their telegrams gratis to any spot, however distant from a telegraph office. It is impossible to distinguish whether or not a message is on the business of the Company ; consequently this stipulation must lead to endless disputes, if not to fraud. That such a provision could have been allowed to pass shows with what reckless haste the business has been managed.*

Indeed, the mode adopted of determining the compensation is as bad as can be conceived. Either a definite sum, to include every thing, should have been fixed on in each case, or the whole matter should have been referred to arbitration. Had the former course been taken, Parliament would have seen its way, and sums obviously in excess of what was reasonable could not have been allowed to pass ; while, on the other hand, had the whole question been left to arbitration, the *pros* and *cons* might have been fairly brought before the arbitrator and a reasonable determination might have been expected. But under the insidious details of these agreements it is impossible to form an idea of what may be awarded ; though it is certain that it will be something very large. Indeed, it is well known that the officers of the Railway and Telegraph Companies are jubilant about the terms they have obtained.

No doubt the honour and the true interests of the country require that Government should deal fairly, and even liberally, with parties whose rights it is acquiring for public purposes, and we freely admit that the sellers were entitled to receive the full value of their property and something more,—the transaction ought to have been decidedly beneficial to them ; but that double, or even more than double, the value of their concern should be paid to the parties, is a gross and profligate waste of the national funds.

* Indeed, under the words of the Statute and agreements, the whole correspondence of these bodies (both to and from them) may be conducted by franked telegram, and, considering the convenience and costlessness (to the parties) of the process, no doubt a great portion of it will be so conducted.

A prominent feature of all the agreements is that nothing is accurately defined, all being left open to arrangement; and failing that, to arbitration—not only in settling the compensation for the properties acquired, but in the yearly transactions with the railway companies along whose lines the telegraphs pass. This must infallibly lead to frequent disputes, and will place the officers of Government under a serious temptation, to which, although they may prove superior, they ought not to be subjected. Even, if the receipts from telegrams should be so great as, after paying working expenses, to cover the annual charge occasioned by the original outlay, that would be no justification of its extravagance. Recollecting that it is agreed on all hands that the system must be self-supporting, the reduction of the minimum charge for a telegram from the high rate of 1s. (two-and-a-half-fold what is paid in Belgium) must depend upon the profits to be derived; and on this head the estimate laid before Parliament seems to us to be of a very sanguine character.

Mr. Scudamore calculates that the Post Office will convey 11,200,000 telegrams per annum at a minimum rate of 1s., i.e. where the communication does not exceed twenty words in length, and no charge for a special messenger is made. In Belgium, where the rate is only 50 centimes ($4\frac{3}{4}d.$), and where a low uniform charge has been for some years in existence, the number of telegrams was in 1866 (according to a table published in the Appendix to the Report) 1,128,005 only. Now Belgium has a population of about 5,000,000, or one-sixth of that of the United Kingdom, and it stands next to this country in manufacturing and commercial energy, while, on the other hand, postage is higher than here, being twenty centimes ($2d.$) for distances exceeding nineteen miles. It is obvious that a $4\frac{3}{4}d.$ telegram rate can compete against a $2d.$ postage at much greater advantage than a shilling rate can compete against a penny postage. Yet the inhabitants of the United Kingdom are expected to send twice as many telegrams per head as in Belgium.

The calculation of annual outgoings is based upon the expenditure of the companies; and supposing that Government can work as economically as those bodies, it does not seem to be unduly low, save that only 26,000*l.* is allowed for the cost of working the new extensions to be made by the Post Office. And as the present telegraph stations do not much exceed 2,000, and there are 3,000 money-order offices—each of which is to be connected with the wires, although many of them are at great distances from existing telegraphs—this seems to be a very small allowance for the maintenance of poles,

wires, and instruments of these extensions, and the cost of the clerks and messengers employed upon them, even allowing that much of the work can be done by the existing postal staff.

The Post Office has a monopoly of the conveyance of letters, but the Act of last Session accords to it no monopoly of telegraphic business. Mr. Scudamore argues that it is well that the Department should be subjected to the possibility of competition, so that it may not become careless and unwilling to adopt improvements. And, indeed, if it were probable that a sixpenny rate could be introduced at an early period, there would be little fear that the revenue would be injured by competition so long as the public was fairly well served. But, with a shilling rate, this is by no means clear. In some of the principal cities there are already local sixpenny telegraphs—in these cases the charges will be increased by the proposed measure—and it is by no means improbable that between large towns a successful competition may be maintained. The cost of erecting a telegraph is only from 25*l.* to 30*l.* per mile, so that a hundred miles may be established for 3,000*l.*; and although Government seems to have bargained for an exclusive right of way over the railways, there is nothing to prevent the erection of telegraphs over canals, roads, or private property. Now the Act provides that the rate shall always be uniform; thus the Post Office could not drop the charge in particular districts to meet competition. It appears that Mr. Goschen was so struck with the danger of serious injury to the revenue by competition, that in the Select Committee he proposed a modification of the Report, recommending that Government should have a monopoly of telegraphic communication. Possibly, indeed, this competition may become so serious as to compel the adoption of a rate so low (unless Parliament should sanction the abandonment of the principle of uniformity) as to occasion a loss to the revenue; and thus the telegraphs may become a serious burden on the State; though, on the other hand, were the system loaded only with a reasonable outlay for purchase, there can be no doubt but that, ere long, the great benefit of a universal sixpenny rate might, without loss, have been conferred upon the public.

In order that the real financial results of the measure may be seen, it is most important that the expenditure and receipts of the telegraphic system be kept perfectly distinct in the accounts of the Department. As regards the receipts, this object may be easily attained by providing special stamps for telegrams; but much care and watchfulness will be needed to

prevent expenses properly belonging to telegraphs from being mixed up with those of the letter service. It is to be hoped also that the work of constructing and maintaining telegraphs (where this is not done by Railway Companies) will be let to contractors. If the Post Office attempts to manage these operations itself, they must prove very costly.

Among the many proofs of haste in the concoction and carriage of the measure, is that the statute confers no compulsory powers on the Post Office of laying its poles and wires along high roads and canals, or over private land. Subject of course to proper liability to compensate, the creation of such a right would be perfectly just, and very advantageous to the Department when it makes the intended extensions into the districts to be newly accommodated; the want of this power, indeed, may enable road-trustees and others to exact very high terms.

It will be observed that the charge for a telegram is the same, whether it is to be delivered by special messenger or by the letter-carrier with the post-letters. Now, considering that with a short telegram (not exceeding twenty words) the cost must be mainly in the special messenger, one to be delivered by the letter-carrier might have been admitted at a lower rate, seeing that penny letters are thus conveyed to their destination; in many cases, where the addressee resides within the limits wherein no extra charge is to be made for a special messenger, delivery by post would answer the sender's purpose. In all the large towns there are several deliveries of letters daily. A telegram, therefore, sent from one of these towns to another in the morning or forenoon would reach its addressee by postal delivery in ample time to enable a business transaction to be effected the same day and an answer to be returned by the evening post. Telegrams, also, sent early in the day to very distant places—as from London to the north of Scotland or to Ireland—would, although delivered by the ordinary letter-carrier, arrive a day earlier than if sent by post; and the same would be the case as regards telegrams despatched, after the departure of the night letters, to one of the numerous districts which have no connexion with the day mails. Clearly, therefore, such telegrams ought to be conveyed at a reduced charge, say sixpence or eightpence. Again, as one shilling is to be charged for a telegram of twenty words (exclusive of names and addresses), it does not seem just to exact so high a payment as threepence for every additional five words of the text, seeing that the delivery and other processes are the same whatever may be the length of the message.

In an earlier part of this article the question whether public faith requires that Parliament should carry into effect the purchases and compensations sanctioned by this Act, has been alluded to. Both Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Goschen, as appears by their speeches on the third reading of the Bill, are of opinion that the Legislature may still without unfairness refuse to vote the requisite funds, and thus reopen the whole subject. And it must be owing to this consideration that the Telegraph Companies' shares have not risen much more in value than has been the case. The last section of the Act provides that,

‘In case no Act shall be passed during this or the next Session of Parliament, putting at the disposal of the Postmaster General such monies as shall be requisite for carrying into effect the objects and purposes of this Act, the provisions contained in this Act, or in the agreements hereby confirmed, relating to the arrangements with Railway and Telegraph Companies, and all proceedings thereunder, shall become void; and the Postmaster General shall thereupon pay the several Companies mentioned in such clauses and agreements all reasonable costs and expenses, if any, properly incurred by them respectively in any relation to any proceedings taken under this Act.’

The present Parliament will therefore have to consider whether it will vote the funds required to carry into effect the rash engagements of its predecessor; and the present Government will have to determine how far it is morally bound to adopt the terms of agreement which were accepted by the late Ministry and sanctioned by the legislature. The question is one of great nicety and moment, and we commend it to the special attention of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Postmaster-General, and the President of the Board of Trade. We should much regret it if a failure in this instance were to operate to the prejudice of the acquisition of public works by the Government, when they can be advantageously purchased; but nothing is more calculated to defeat that policy than the payment of an enormous and extravagant price in this instance.

ART. VII.—1. *Annals of S. Paul's Cathedral*. By HENRY HART MILMAN, D.D., late Dean of S. Paul's. 8vo. London : 1868.

2. *Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey*. By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D., Dean of Westminster. Second and revised Edition. London : 1868.

THE volume which we have undertaken to review will possess for most readers a melancholy interest, as the last production of one who filled for many years a high position in the world of letters, but has been even better known to this generation, if we may so express ourselves without appearing to depreciate his merits, in the kindred world of literary society. It has evidently not received his latest attention and corrections; but the labour had advanced quite sufficiently under his hands to allow those who had the charge of it to present it to the public nearly as he had left it, without the risk of doing discredit to his name. It was indeed evidently a labour of love with him. He had become attached, as a passionate lover of history, to the great edifice under his charge which speaks history in every stone; while both his early poetical tastes, and his devotional feelings, found sustenance in the highly imaginative associations which clustered around it. Whether the notion of undertaking such a work was aroused in him by the charm and success of the volume of 'Memorials of Westminster Abbey' by his intimate friend Dean Stanley, published only two years earlier, we cannot tell. But as it is, no conjunction could have been more fortunate than that of two writers of minds so sympathetic with each other, engaged in parallel pursuits. Each, for the time, filled in his own church that particular office of Dean, which gave him the means of acquiring the most precise and intimate knowledge respecting it. Although the volume of Dean Milman is that with which we purpose on this occasion more particularly to deal, yet the close connexion of the subjects, and the curious contrasts as well as general similarity which they present, will induce us to refer our readers very frequently from St. Paul's to Westminster.

A tradition of high importance to the Church of England, though by no means so uniformly followed as it ought to be, has made it the duty of Government to confer that office, at least in the two great metropolitan churches, on men distinguished in some shape or other for literary or scientific merit.

‘It was chiefly by the London clergy,’ says Lord Macaulay, speaking of the reign of Charles II., ‘who were always spoken of as a class apart, that the fame of their profession for learning and eloquence was upheld.’ Times are changed, and although the clergy of London have not degenerated, those of the provinces have risen in estimation, until the character of a ‘class apart’ can certainly be no longer applied to the former. Still the presence, even in this vast city, of a few men distinguished by that general cultivation which connects all the learned professions, including the great one of literature, is not without its value. And still more valuable is the hope thus held out to those few of their cloth whose ambition it is to distinguish themselves in higher occupations than the ecclesiastical party wrangles of the hour. We own our acknowledgments to the late Administration for having faithfully followed this honoured custom, and placed in the vacant seat of Dean Milman one whose name ranks among the highest in his own branch of thought, and is respected even by those who have met him in the most uncompromising spirit of controversy.

But before we pursue our subject, it is impossible to allow the name of the accomplished author to pass on the present occasion without some brief acknowledgment of what is due to a memory so recent and so widely cherished. Of Dean Milman as a graceful poet, a very acute critic, and the master of a singularly varied and extensive repertory of knowledge, it is not our purpose now to speak. His is better known to the world in general as one of the foremost names in relation to that development of theological and ecclesiastical knowledge, to meet the requirements of an advanced and critical age, which marks the present day. This is a development of which enthusiastic partisans of progress may misinterpret the signs and exaggerate the probable results; but of which even its steadiest opponents are forced to admit the pressing reality. Having said this much of him, we are quite aware that we have uttered his sentence of condemnation, in the judgment perhaps of some of our own readers, certainly of great multitudes of educated and thoughtful men. They will admit his honesty of purpose, and the truthfulness of his religious sentiments, but lament that one who meant so well should have stepped so far out of the straight path, and encouraged thereby many, who needed but little incitement to wander far more widely than he had contemplated. We must leave those who thus pronounce, with all respect, to their own preconceived views; and endeavour to judge of him,

we will not say more equitably, but more in that spirit of comprehensiveness and conciliation which was assuredly most congenial to his own.

When Dr. Milman first appeared before the world as a biblical historian, his criticisms on the letter of Scripture, though familiar enough to the few who had studied contemporary foreign literature on the same subject, startled his clerical brethren in this country, not so much by their real venturousness, as by the air of novelty, and as it were, simplicity, which he contrived to throw about them. He seemed to take it for granted, in the most quiet and unostentatious manner, that a whole category of subjects were within the domain of criticism which ordinary believers had conceived to be altogether outside it. And to his other demerits, in the eyes of alarmed religious conservatives, he joined that of furnishing extremely easy and pleasant reading. Had his style been (like that of so many of his German contemporaries) heavy and depressing, he would have passed merely as a learned painstaking man of somewhat eccentric ideas. The danger about him lay in the fatal facility which so popular a manual of the liberal system of interpretation gave to the youthful student, and to the perfunctory reader, of becoming acquainted with the outlines of a dangerous subject. And it must be added, that the minds of religious critics were just at that time in a particularly susceptible state. At Oxford, Milman's own university, a large proportion of the leading spirits of the place had been suddenly drawn into high Anglicanism or Romanism. Those who opposed this movement did so, for the most part, on the narrowest ground of old-fashioned orthodoxy. And each of the two contending parties found, or fancied, an advantage in vexing the other with the imputation of latitudinarianism. The partisans of Low Church views were eagerly dwelling on the curious manner in which some of their leading opponents had adduced against Protestantism a line of argument which led in another direction towards scepticism. The opposite party retorted by showing, to their own satisfaction at least, that the anti-sacerdotal theory ought to lead to scepticism, whether it did in fact or not, by knocking away the pillars of authority. Each, of course, vindicated strenuously its own steadfastness on all those points of belief which were common to both; each repelled with scorn the suspicions of the other; and both were glad to evince their zeal by making common cause against adherents, in those days few enough, of what is now called the Broad Church persuasion. The history of the proceedings against Dr. Hampden has nearly passed into oblivion, with

other mighty ecclesiastical events which shook the earth for an hour and then were forgotten; but it afforded a striking elucidation of our meaning. The sort of discouragement under which Dr. Milman passed great part of his life on the part of his orthodox brethren—it were great exaggeration to term it persecution, or to intimate that he received personally other treatment than that of kindness and consideration, except from a few ignoble assailants—afforded another. It is strange, and somewhat instructive, to reflect now on those times, and to contrast the tone of the passages in Dr. Milman's 'History of the Jews' which were then thought most obnoxious with the style of criticism on the same class of subjects which has since become so general, and is now almost received (in spite of seeming refusal to receive it) as elementary.

As to Dr. Milman himself, he met the quiet disparagement cast on him by some, and the assaults which he had to undergo from others, with reasonable equanimity. This was, in part, the fruit of 'innate untaught philosophy;' partly of orderly and laborious habits of mind, which made him devote himself almost exclusively to subject after subject as he took them up in chronological order, insomuch that he had really almost abandoned discussion on the Pentateuch and Septuagint when he became engaged first on Early and then on Latin Christianity. He was anything but pertinacious, or combative, in the assertion of his old doctrines, when he had leisure to revert to them; he sometimes occupied himself in reexamining and recasting them; but he generally ended by coming back, in substance, to the same point again. 'Ich kann nicht anders,' he might have said with Luther. He was not what some call a 'robust' thinker. He shrank, rather, from carrying his views on any subject (not that of scriptural criticism only) to their logical extremes. He sought for, and found satisfaction in, compromise, where more eager spirits cannot be content without aiming at that too complete victory which 'o'erleaps itself, and falls on the other side.' His moderation, of later years, was set down by the depreciatory part of the world as the result of an old man's weakness, or the timidity of a man of the world who has not let go his hope of professional advancement. If there be any who still cherish such an unworthy suspicion, they should remember that the remarkable passages, which we are about to cite, are taken from the preface to his last edition of the 'History of the Jews,' which appeared in 1863, when he had passed the period of seventy, and when his hopes of farther advancement, if he had ever entertained any, were long at an end. And his position was by this time far too established, the respect entertained for

him too widely prevalent, to have left him anything to lose by treating hostility with quiet contempt, or anything to gain by assuming the tone of an '*apologia pro vitâ suâ*.' We receive the first of these passages as indicating certain canons of historical criticism, adverse to the constructive schools of Ewald, and Bunsen, and Strauss in his earlier days, which had become matured in the author's mind; the others as displaying, beyond a doubt, the mould into which his critical doubts and waverings on more important subjects had settled; the final arbitration which he had wrought out for himself—most of us, except the most resolute doubters, bind their own consciences sooner or later by some similar award—between the spirit of investigation and that of submission.

'In this conjectural history, founded on conjectural grounds, he (Bunsen, whose "God in History" furnishes the occasion of remark) is as positive and peremptory (they often differ) as Ewald himself. I confess that I have not much sympathy for this, not making bricks without straw, but making them entirely of straw, and offering them as solid materials. If I have nothing but poetry, I am content with poetry. I do not believe in the faculty of transforming poetry into history. . . . I retain firmly what I believe to be history, but where history is found only in what I may call a less historic form, though it may no doubt contain much latent history, when I cannot discriminate how much, I leave it in its latent form; I attempt not to make it solid and substantial history. . . .

'The views adopted by the author in early days he still conscientiously maintains. These views, more free, it was then thought, and bolder than common, he dares to say not irreverent, have been his safeguard during a long and not irreflective life against the difficulties arising out of the philosophical and historical researches of our times; and from such views many, very many, of the best and wisest men whom it has been his blessing to know with greater or less intimacy, have felt relief from pressing doubts, and found that peace which is attainable only through perfect freedom of mind. Others may have the happiness (a happiness he envies not) to close their eyes against, to evade, or to elude these difficulties. Such is not the temper of his mind. With these views, he has been able to follow out all the marvellous discoveries of science, and all the hardly less marvellous, if less certain, conclusions of historical, ethnological, linguistic criticism, in the serene confidence that they are utterly irrelevant to the truth of the Old Testament, as far as its distinct and perpetual authority and its indubitable meaning. . . .

'The palmary miracle of all, the Resurrection, stands entirely by itself. Every attempt to resolve it into a natural event, a delusion, a hallucination in the minds of the disciples, the eye-witnesses and death-defying witnesses to its truth (I have read many such essays) or to treat it as an allegory, or a figure of speech, is to me a signal failure. It must be accepted as the keystone, for such it is, and

seal, to the great Christian doctrine of future life, as a historical fact, or rejected as a baseless fiction.'

It was, as we have said, a singular destiny which threw on two intimate friends, Dean Stanley and Dean Milman, a similar task—that of compiling the memorials of the two great churches which were placed under their respective superintendence. A fanciful seeker after analogies might have traced some special fitness in the fate which assigned to each his peculiar part; to the one, the annals of the great national cathedral, with its magnificent memories of royalty and state, with its consecrated ashes of our poets and statesmen, with its coronations, and court ceremonies, and convocations of the clergy; to the other, those of the great popular church, the centre of the world's metropolis, which for many centuries was as it were the heart of London life; and which testifies, far more than the courtly Abbey, to the real, intimate history of religious change, to the series of events which brought about that great development in the heart and mind of England which we denominate the Reformation. This was to Dean Milman a kind of corollary to those labours on the history of Western Christianity, which had occupied so much of his later years. Let us give precedence to royalty over democracy, and listen, first, to the living writer's eloquent summary of the claims of his Abbey:—

'The close incorporation of the Palace and the Abbey from its earliest days is a likeness of the whole English constitution—a combination of things sacred and things common—a union of the regal, legal, lay element of the nation with its religious, clerical, ecclesiastical tendencies, such as can be found hardly elsewhere in Christendom. The Abbey is secular because it is sacred, and sacred because it is secular. The vast political pageants of which it has been the theatre, the dust of the most worldly laid side by side with the dust of the most saintly, the wrangles of divines or statesmen which have disturbed its sacred peace, the clash of arms which have pursued fugitive warriors and princes into the shades of its sanctuary, even the traces of Westminster boys who have played in its cloisters and inscribed their names on its walls, belong to the story of the Abbey no less than its venerable beauty, its solemn services, and its lofty aspirations. Go for your smooth polished buildings, your purely ecclesiastical places of worship elsewhere; go to the creations of yesterday, the modern basilica, the restored church, the nonconformist tabernacle. But it is this union of secular with ecclesiastical grandeur in Westminster Abbey that constitutes its special delight. It is this union which has made the Abbey the seat of the imperial throne, the sepulchre of kings and king-like men, the home of the English nation, where for the moment all Englishmen may forget their differences, and feel as one family

gathered round the same Christian hearth.' (*Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, p. 36.)

The reverence in which the Church of St. Paul was held in early days was scarcely less intense; but it was peculiarly local, and not national; republican, not royalist; felt by the Londoner, rather than the Englishman. It was the concentrated expression of that old municipal spirit which expanded gradually into the animating soul of the English Constitution.

We must, however, pass over the annals of St. Paul's from the days of its Norman founders to the end of the middle ages, in this our rapid summary. During all this period—

‘Notwithstanding the crowding churches which arose in every part of the metropolis, notwithstanding the dense forest of towers and spires reflected on the Thames, the homage, the pride, the religion of the citizens was centred on the Cathedral. All acknowledged its supremacy, all held themselves tributary to it, all were eager to offer their oblations, all reposed under the tutelary sanctity of the great Temple of St. Paul's. It was the Church of the City. It overlooked, and was looked up to by wondering and worshipping London. The citizens of London asserted that St. Paul's originally was, might be again, and ought to be, the Metropolitan Church of England. The fame of St. Thomas, who, though born in London, was martyred in Canterbury, might maintain the primacy for that church in perpetuity: much however might be alleged in favour of London.’ (*Milman*, p. 167.)

But when we speak of the homage paid by citizens of a mediæval town to their cathedral, we must picture to ourselves a very different kind of respect from that which ecclesiastical sanctity, in these days, really excites in some minds, and is supposed to excite in all. The feeling of almost painful reverence, which makes many shrink from any conversion to profane uses of a building, or an object, consecrated to religious purposes, may perhaps have characterised early ages of superstitious devotion, as it certainly characterises the age of high-pitched refinement at which we have now arrived. But as certainly it was not characteristic of the long period of mediæval life which intervened between these two. Not only the simple parish church, but the great cathedral in larger cities, were public buildings used for many miscellaneous purposes, and endeared to the popular feeling through that very circumstance. Some were places of security in time of war, like Durham, ‘half church of God, half castle ’gainst the Scot.’ Some were in frequent use for the purposes of popular assemblies; some (in disregard of Scripture tradition) for purposes of traffic; nor was their employment for these various uses

deemed by most people to interfere with their essentially sacred character. And, in like manner, the sacred bordered very closely on the profane, or intermingled with it, in a variety of usages of everyday life; in shows, 'mysteries,' early plays, early art in general. It is quite a mistake, although a very common one, to suppose that the tumultuous proceedings of the Reformation introduced irreverence into our churches. On the contrary, after a first period of increased license, the result of that movement was a general return to more of decency and order in external church matters than had previously been observed; and this both in the reformed and unreformed communities. Those who have not studied the subject may understand what we mean by examining the grotesque adornments of many a minster besides Westminster Abbey. What the Reformation did, for the time, was this: it found a prevailing recklessness in Church usages, much pomp and grandeur intermingled with much coarseness and grossness; and it threw into this chaos the fierceness of iconoclastic enthusiasm, together with the baser elements of sacrilegious greed and mere wanton destructiveness.

If we wish to picture to ourselves St. Paul's during the century preceding the Reformation, we must imagine a huge gloomy edifice, shaped in obedience to no single conception; an aggregate of disjointed parts, not deficient in grandeur, but very inferior in architectural beauty to most of the higher specimens of cathedral or monastic architecture. We must suppose its interior rich with barbaric ornament, but this chiefly 'concentrated round the high altar,' and the famous shrine of St. Erkenwald; or in separate chapels. We must suppose it thronged, from morning to night, with occasional worshippers, no doubt, but with a more numerous and motley crowd intent on gossip, or traffic, or making use of the convenience which it afforded by way of shelter or of thoroughfare. Secular, as well as religious, ceremonies were in constant course of performance within its walls, with all their attendant irregularities; nor was the mixture held a sin. 'To the Cathedral of St. Paul, as the religious capitol of the city, the chief magistrates, the sheriffs, the mayor and aldermen with their liveries, the guilds or companies, went on certain high festivals in solemn procession.' The most noisy and popular of these solemnities was on Whitsunday, when the great City companies paraded in procession along with the rectors of the London parishes, 'through the close of Watling Street round to the great west door,' and thence to the high altar; while 'two nobles were given by the Archdeacon of London to the club-

‘men (City police) to keep off the pressure of the mob from the rectors.’ On Lord Mayor’s Day, the newly inaugurated functionary paid his state visit to the Cathedral as soon as dinner was over. On one of these days ‘it was agreed, for the dignity of the City, that the mayor and aldermen should be arrayed in cloaks of green lined with green taffeta, under a penalty. One unfortunate or refractory alderman, John Sely, of Walbrook, appeared in a cloak without a lining. Whereupon the penalty was relentlessly inflicted, that the mayor and other aldermen should dine with the said John in his own house, and that at the proper cost of the said John, on the Thursday following.’

The following curious description, quoted by Dr. Milman from Bishop Pilkington, though given in a sermon at Paul’s Cross in the reign of Elizabeth, relates to the abuses which the Bishop professes himself to have witnessed in the old days of undisturbed Popish worship:—

‘From the top of the steeple down within the ground no place has been free. From the top of the spire at coronations and other solemn triumphs, some for vain glory used to throw themselves down by a rope, and so killed themselves vainly to please other men’s eyes. . . . Their massing and many altars, with the rest of their Popish service, I pass over because I answered them before. The south alley for Popery and usury, the north for simony, and the horse-fair in the midst for all kinds of bargains, meetings, brawlings, murders, conspiracies, and the font for ordinary payments of money, as well known to all men as the beggar knows his dish.’ (P. 280.)

Some among the many secular ceremonials of which St. Paul’s was about this time the theatre, appear to our notions strangely unsuited to the place, not only on ecclesiastical but political grounds. On July 15, 1519, the election of the Emperor Charles V. by the Germanic body as King of the Romans, was proclaimed in St. Paul’s Cathedral; *Te Deum* was chanted, and Cardinal Wolsey gave the benediction. A more fitting, but more ominous, occasion was that of the publication, two years afterwards, of the Pope’s sentence against Martin Luther. Bishop Fisher preached the sermon, and ‘there were many burned in the said churchyard of the books during the sermon.’ A few years afterwards, the English Testaments, newly printed, followed the fate of the books aforesaid, being burned over against the north door of the cathedral, Fisher again preaching the sermon.

It was the beginning of the end. Dr. Milman’s pages may be consulted for a vigorous and picturesque summary of an

often-told story, that of the fierce religious war of tongue, pen, and hand, which was waged in and around St. Paul's for twenty terrible years, from the death of Henry to the accession of Elizabeth; the 'iconoclastic' proceedings of King Edward's Commissioners, the retaliation under Queen Mary through the stake and the dungeon.* When the long turmoil was over, and something like authority reestablished under Elizabeth, the great scene of battle—St. Paul's—must have reminded men of the deck of a ship after a sternly contested action, covered with the fragments and splinters of the workmanship, and scattered arms and relics of the slain.

A stranger scene was probably never presented by any Christian Church. In 1561 the great steeple was consumed by lightning, and never repaired. Some efforts were made to restore other decayed parts of the church, but with spasmodic activity only. Meanwhile an act of the Common Council (passed in the first year of Philip and Mary, but relating no doubt to the state of things under their predecessor) complains that many of the inhabitants of the City of London and others were accustomed, unseemly and irreverently, 'to make their common carriage of great vessels of ale or beer, great baskets full of bread, fish, flesh, and fruit, fardels of stuff, and other gross wares, thorow the cathedral church of St. Paul's, and some in leading horses, mules, and other beasts, irreverently, to the great dishonour and displeasure of Almighty God.' The only available police seems to have consisted in the choristers;

* In one passage, where Dean Milman is describing the absurd and yet tragic 'disputations' of that dreary time, where the champion of one side was predestined to the faggot, we cannot but suppose that he glances in the way of quiet satire at such ecclesiastical discussions, in turbulent and ill-informed assemblies, as he may himself have witnessed in these latter times:—

'The disputants on one side had about as fair a chance as a bull in the ring, or a bear at the stake. They seem almost to have been held as wild beasts. Where, if such questions were to be properly or reverently discussed in oral debate, there ought to have been the most perfect knowledge and strict observance of the powers and limits of human language (of which all were so profoundly ignorant, so utterly regardless, no two persons probably attaching precisely the same meaning to the most important terms), there the worst of ignorance, learned ignorance, was to decide, aided by the shouts of a rabble of monks, of monk-taught men, and boys monk-educated (if it may be called education?). Old Latimer was the wisest, who declined all contest, pleading his age and failure of memory. He was as fit "to command the garrison of Calais, as to dispute on the "Real Presence."'

and these (according to Malcolm) were chiefly engaged in pestering unlucky provincials for 'spur-money,' a fine levied on everyone who entered the cathedral in boots and spurs. In short, the cathedral had become a thoroughfare for beasts as well as men. Next, we have a proclamation from Elizabeth prohibiting, not only 'making frays,' shooting handguns or 'daggs,' and similar offences, but also 'walking up and down, 'in making any bargain or other profane course' during the time of divine service. All in vain. Some of the disused chapels were turned into shops. The celebrated custom of using 'Paul's Walk,' that is, the nave of the church, for all purposes of business or idleness, grew in the reign of the same Queen into a kind of national institution, furnishing no end of materials for the dramatists and satirists of the time.

'Perhaps the best, most amusing, least offensive description of Paul's Walk is that in the "Microcosmography" of Bishop Earle; and even in the Bishop's work I have thought it right to leave out some lines :—

' " Paul's Walk is the land's epitome, as you may call it; the lesser isle of Great Britain. It is more than this. The whole world's map, which you may here discern in its perfectest motion, justling and turning. It is a heap of stones and men, with a vast confusion of languages; and were the steeple not sanctified, nothing liker Babel. The noise in it is like that of bees, a strange hum, mixed of walking tongues and feet; it is a kind of still roar or loud whisper. It is the great exchange of all discourse, and no business whatsoever but is here striving and afoot. It is the synod of all parties politick, jointed and laid together, in most serious position, and they are not half so busy at the Parliament. . . . It is the market of young lecturers, whom you may cheapen here at all rates and sizes. It is the general mint of all famous lies, which are here like the legends of Popery, first coined and stamped in the church. All inventions are emptied here, and not few pockets. The best sign of a temple in it is, that it is the thieves' sanctuary, which rob more safely in a crowd than a wilderness, whilst every searcher is a bush to hide them. It is the other expense of the day, after plays, taverns . . . ; and men have still some oaths left to swear here. . . . The visitants are all men without exceptions, but the principal inhabitants and possessors are stale knights and captains out of service; men of long rapiers and breeches, which after all turn merchants here, and traffick for news. Some make it a preface to their dinner, and travel for a stomach; but thriftier men now make it their ordinary, and board here very cheap. Of all such places it is least haunted with hobgoblins: for if a ghost would walk there, he could not." ' (Pp. 287, 288.) *

* One of the most eccentric instances of desecration, as we should now term it—it would not have shocked, as we have seen, the ideas

While the interior of the church was thus treated, the citizens were allowed to encroach with their buildings against the sides of the sacred edifice, 'no man gainsaying them.' Many used the vaults next to them for private cellarage. One ingenious baker was 'presented' for digging into a buttress to construct an oven, wherein he heated his pies.

In the reign of James I. the dilapidated state of the cathedral, as well as the disorderly abuses of which it had become the scene, began to attract serious attention. In that of his successor, and under the zealous activity of Laud when Bishop of London, and skill of Inigo Jones, the work of restoration was taken seriously in hand. But it was only completed in a very perfunctory way when the new religious revolution broke out.

To continue our gallery of historical contrasts: there cannot be a stronger one than that between the fortunes of the two great metropolitan churches during that period of civil war and Puritan supremacy at which we have now arrived. Let us turn again, for a short space, from the volume before us to the still more picturesque pages of Dean Stanley. Westminster Abbey—doubly obnoxious, one might have supposed, as the central shrine at once of kingcraft and priestcraft, the annex of a royal palace, the seat of the monkish superstition of centuries—was, nevertheless, not only spared during the years of ecclesiastical anarchy, but retained to a great extent the popular veneration. Let us look at the passages in which Dean Stanley records two singular phases in the history of the great edifice of which he has made himself the chronicler. The first fit of earthquake—that which accompanied the Reformation—was by far the most violent; yet it passed away without material injury to the historical edifice.

'Nothing shows more clearly the force of the shock that followed, than the upheaving even of the solid rock of the Abbey as it came on. Nothing shows more clearly the hold which the Abbey had laid on the affections of the English people, than that it stood the shock as firmly as it did.

'Not all the prestige of royalty could save the treasures of the

of older times—occurred in 1601, when a middle-sized bay English gelding, the property of Bankes, a servant to the Earl of Essex, and a vintner in Cheapside, ascended to the top of St. Paul's, to the delight, says Dekker, 'of a number of asses, who brayed below.' (Cunningham's 'Handbook of London.') This was the famous learned horse which was afterwards taken by its master to Rome, where (according to a legend greedily swallowed by the Londoners) both master and horse were burnt by the Inquisition as conjurers.

Confessor's Chapel. Then, doubtless, disappeared not only the questionable relics of the elder faith, but also the coronet of Llewellyn, and the banners and statues round the shrine.

'Then even the bones of the Royal Saint were moved out of their place, and buried apart, till Mary brought them back to the shrine which so long had guarded them. Then broke in the robbers who carried off the brazen plates and silver head from the monument of Henry V. Then all thought of enlarging or adorning the Abbey was extinguished in the mind of Henry, who turned away, perhaps, with aversion, from the spot connected in his mind with the hated marriage at Windsor, beside his best-loved wife, Jane Seymour. Then, as the tide of change in the reign of his son rose higher and higher, the monastic buildings became, in great part, the property of private individuals: the Chapter-house was turned into a record office; and the Protector Somerset meditated the demolition of the Church itself, to build his palace on the Strand.

'The Abbey, however, still stands: it was saved, probably, in Henry's time by the Royal Tombs—especially by that of his father—just as Peterborough Cathedral was spared for the grave of his wife, Catherine of Arragon; and St. David's (according to the local tradition) for the tomb of his grandfather, Edward Tudor; it was saved, it is said, under the more pitiless Edward, either by the rising of the inhabitants of Westminster in its behalf, or by the sacrifice of seventeen manors to satisfy the needs of the Protector. The shrine, too, although despoiled of its treasures within and without, alone of all the tombs in England which had held the remains of a canonised saint, was allowed to remain.'

How far more revolutionary the Reformation had been than the Civil War became, says Dean Stanley, 'may be judged 'from the fact, that the Abbey, which so nearly perished in 'the first instance, was never threatened in the second.' Probably one great cause of this exemption was its vicinity to the Houses of Parliament. Those bodies retained their full prestige in popular estimation, until the strong arm of the Protector, while crushing their absolute authority, substituted his own in its place. In so august a vicinity, we may presume that the destructive passions of the iconoclastic party were kept under restraint. But, besides this conjectural cause, there was another, which Dean Stanley has not failed to trace out, and to describe its operation in much detail; and this was, the happy idea, which achieved rapid popularity, of rendering the old Abbey the depository of the illustrious dead of the new era as it had been of the ancient, and letting the bodies of those innovators who had

'Ruined the great work of Time,
And cast the kingdoms old
Into another mould,'

repose in the equality of the grave beside the sovereigns who had built up what these demolished :—

‘Then comes the period, which, more than any other, indicates the strong hold which the Abbey had laid on the mind of the whole nation, when not even the excess of Puritan zeal, or the sternness of Republican principles, could extinguish in the statesmen of the Commonwealth the longing to be buried in the Royal Monastery.

‘Pym, the chief of the Parliamentary leaders, was the first. He died at Derby House, close by in Canon Row, an official residence of members of Parliament. Whilst at Oxford there was a “great feast, and great preparations made for bonfires that night, for “that they heard that Master Pym was dead,” the House of Commons; by a respect hitherto without precedent, ordered that his body should be “interred in Westminster Abbey, without any charge for “breaking open the ground there, and a monument be prepared for “him at the charge of the Commonwealth.” The funeral of “King “Pym,” as he was called, was celebrated, worthily of such a name, with wonderful pomp and magnificence, in that place where the bones of our English kings and princes are committed to their rest. Pym’s grave became the point of attraction for the next few years. Close beside him was laid Sir William Strode, with him one of the “Five Members” and “from his fury” known as “the Parliament “driver.” Within the chapel lies Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the Parliamentary general. The critical moment of his death, and his position as a possible mediator between the contending parties, gave a peculiar importance to his funeral. It was made by the Independents “a golden bridge for a departing enemy.” The dead heroes of the Abbey were called to greet his approach :—

“How the ghosts throng to see their great new guest,
Talbot, Vere, Norris, Williams, and the rest.”

The sermon was preached by the Presbyterian minister, Dr. Vines, who compared him to Abner. Its title was taken from “the hearse,” which was unusually splendid, and was placed “where the communion table stood.” But in the night, by some “rude vindictive fellows”—suspected to be Cavaliers who got into the church—the head of the effigy was broken, the buff coat which he had worn at Edgehill was slit, the scarlet breeches were cut, the white boots slashed, and the sword taken away. The same rough hands, in passing, defaced the monument of Camden. In consequence the hearse was removed, and as the peculiar feeling of the moment passed, there was no fulfilment of the intention of moving the body to a grander situation in Henry VII.’s Chapel, where (said the preacher) there “should be such a squadron-monument, “as will have no brother in England till the time do come (and I “wish it may be long first) that the renowned and most excellent “champion that now governs the sword of England, shall lay his “bones by him.”’ (*Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, p. 220.)

Then followed, after a few years, the realisation of the preacher’s prophecy :—

'Nothing,' says Dean Stanley, 'shows more completely how entirely the Protector regarded himself as the founder of a royal dynasty, than his determination that he and his whole family should lie among the kings of England. Three members of his family were interred there before his death: his sister Jane, who married General Disbrowe, his venerable mother, Elizabeth Howard, through whom his descent was traced to the brother of the founder of the Stuarts, and Elizabeth Claypole, his favourite daughter.'

The procession of the Protector's funeral from Somerset House was of royal magnificence, and the coffin was laid in a vault prepared at the east end of Henry VII.'s Chapel, which many years afterwards was still called 'Oliver's,' or 'Cromwell's, vault.' The expenses were voted by Parliament under Richard Cromwell. The sum of them amounted to 60,000*l.*, 'more by one half than ever was used for royal funerals.' Some may remember the spiteful description of the solemnity by Cowley, himself destined, after a very few years, to fill a quiet niche in the same Pantheon. Cowley, in his 'Discourse by way of Vision, concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell,' is constantly perplexed between his high poetical appreciation of the hero, and his disgust with the politician:—

'It was the funeral day of the man late who made himself to be called Protector. . . . I found there had been much more cost bestowed than either the dead man, or even death itself could deserve. There was a mighty train of black assistants; the hearse was magnificent, the idol crowned: and (not to mention all other ceremonies which are practised at royal interments, and therefore could be by no means omitted here) the vast multitude of spectators made up, as it uses to do, no small part of the spectacle itself. But, yet, I know not how, the whole was so managed, that, methought, it somewhat represented the life of him for whom it was made; much noise, much tumult, much expense, much magnificence, much vain glory: briefly a great show, and yet after all this but an ill sight.'

'It was the joyfullest funeral that ever I saw,' says Evelyn, whom exultation over the death of the arch enemy provoked for once out of the gentlemanlike Toryism of his 'Diary,' 'for there were none that cried but dogs, which the soldiers hooted away with as barbarous noise, drinking and taking tobacco in the streets as they went.'

Among the other distinguished men of the era of the rebellion and Commonwealth who were laid to moulder beside the great Oliver, were Ireton his son-in-law, whose body was brought hither from Limerick; Blake the Admiral, in whose case it was Cromwell himself who established the principle of

‘encouraging his officers’ (in Lord Clarendon’s words) ‘to venture their lives that they might be pompously buried . . . among the monuments of kings;’ and, finally, Bradshaw, who died in the Deanery, which had been assigned to him as Lord President of the High Court of Justice. The ‘mean revenge,’ taken by the Restoration in disinterring ‘the bodies of all such as had been unwarrantably buried in Henry VII.’s Chapel or the Abbey, since the year 1641,’ need not be recapitulated here. The preservation of the Abbey, through their temporary occupation of it, had been successfully accomplished before their dust was disturbed.

‘During this interregnum’ (to cite again Dean Stanley) ‘the Abbey itself still, as we have seen, not only retained its honour as the burial-place of the great, but received an additional impulse in that direction, which since that time it has never lost. Many a royalist, perhaps, felt at the time what Waller expressed afterwards :—

“When others fell, this, standing, did presage
The Crown should triumph over popular rage :
Hard by that House where all our ills were shaped,
The auspicious temple stood, and yet escaped.”

Different, indeed, was the fate of the great popular pile, St. Paul’s, during the same eventful period. The Puritan Lord Brooke had prayed ‘that he might live to see not one stone upon another of that proud popish and heathenish edifice.’ Laud had done his best to counteract such ill-omened vaticinations, by his munificence and zeal in restoring it. But it was a zeal not according to knowledge. Inigo Jones was called in to patch up the remnant of the venerable fabric according to the newest taste. Neither Inigo, man of genius as he was, nor Laud, with all his addiction to the old faith as he conceived it, had the slightest tincture of our new-fashioned veneration for antiquity in art or architecture. Inigo buckled to his task rejoicing. He was—

‘An Italian in all but birth ; he had studied in Italy ; in Italy imbibed his principles, his tastes, his feelings. In Italy he had found the models which he condescended to imitate, which he aspired to equal or surpass. Whether he deigned to notice on his way to Italy the noble French cathedrals—Amiens, Rheims, Bourges, or those on the Rhine, Cologne and Strasbourg—appears not. His studies had been chiefly at Rome, where there was but one, and that a very inferior, Gothic church, in Florence, in Vicenza. In Italy the name Gothic, of the same import as barbarous, was now looked upon, spoken of, written of, with utter contempt.’ (P. 337.)

‘In the restoration of St. Paul’s’ (so thought Horace Walpole), ‘Inigo made two capital faults. He first renewed the sides with

very bad Gothic, and then added a Roman portico, magnificent and beautiful indeed, but which had no affinity with the ancient parts that remained, and made the Gothic appear ten times heavier.'

The portico, at the west end opposite Ludgate Hill, judged of by the prints which remain, must certainly have been an extremely beautiful building; but it was not only deficient in harmony with the Gothic residue, but very inferior to it in scale and unsuited in proportion. There was a touch of that love of the small and elegant which betrays itself in most of Inigo's conceptions, except the Whitehall Banqueting House.

'This portico was designed, not merely as an ornament and completion of the Cathedral. It was intended for an ambulatory, or Paul's Walk, on the exterior, not in the interior, of the sacred building, to relieve the Cathedral itself of the profane and inveterate abuses which it seemed hopeless to suppress entirely. It was a sort of compromise with the "money-changers," with the "den of thieves," who were thus at least ejected from the church itself, though it might be impracticable to expel them entirely from its precincts.

'On the whole, the Cathedral, restored under the auspices of Laud, might seem to bear a singular similitude to the religion which Laud would establish in the Church of England, retaining as much as would stand of the old mediæval building, but putting a new face upon it. It was altogether an inharmonious and confused union of conflicting elements, a compromise between the old and the new, with services timidly approaching Catholicism (though Laud's more obnoxious innovations do not seem to have been introduced into St. Paul's), but rejecting its vital and obsolete doctrines, and with an episcopal popedom at Lambeth, not at Rome.' (P. 339.)

Such as it was, the restored edifice was greeted with loud acclamation, not only by the court flatterers and courtly poets, as well as the votaries of triumphant High Church, but also by the men of taste, to whom what we now consider its defects were entirely imperceptible, in the then stage of art education. Dean Milman—with a slip in critical judgment which, in one of such high poetical sense as he, does a little surprise us—has inserted a long and indifferent copy of verses on the subject from Waller, whom he actually styles the 'best of poets. Surely we may rather suspect some slip on the part of the editor here. But there was a sterner and more powerful mass of public opinion behind, to which the cost of rebuilding a popish edifice was even as the waste of treasure by the apostate kings of Israel in re-establishing idolatrous worship. Who can doubt that the return, more affected than real, which took place at the Restoration to obsolete reverence for objects of sense—for consecrated places and things—prompted the magnificent

verses of one whom it were blasphemy to name in the same page with Waller—one to the sublimity of whose religious strains no production of the High Church Muse here or elsewhere, beautiful as such productions have often been, has ever made the slightest approach? Surely there arose, before the inner vision of the blind poet, the images of those great London sanctuaries of which he had witnessed the past glory, and now learnt the renewal—if not also of those gorgeous Italian temples which he had viewed in earlier days—when he made the Michael of his ‘Paradise Lost’ prognosticate to Adam the desolation of the site of Paradise by the Flood, lest (as the Rabbis imagined) mankind should turn to idolatrous worship of it.

‘Then shall this mount
Of Paradise by might of waves be moved
Out of his place, pushed by the hornèd flood,
With all his verdure spoiled, and trees adrift,
Down the great river to the opening gulf,
And there take root an island salt and bare,
The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews’ clang :
To teach thee that God attributes to place
No sanctity, if none be thither brought
By men who there frequent or therein dwell.’

‘With Puritanism in the ascendant, St. Paul’s became a vast useless pile, the lair of old superstition and idolatry. Why cumbereth it the ground? The prodigal expenditure of Charles and Laud; the brilliant creation of Inigo Jones; the munificence of Sir Paul Pindar, might seem the dressing-up of the victim for sacrifice, or rather for contemptuous exposure to slow decay and ruin. The Cathedral was not destroyed, for it would have been a work of cost and labour to destroy it. Lord Brooke, who fell at the siege of Lichfield (a manifest judgment as the loyal churchmen, as Laud himself, declared), even if he had lived, would not have seen his prayers fulfilled. The stones still remained upon the stones. One of the first acts, however, of the Parliament was to seize and appropriate to other uses the sum remaining out of the subscription for the repairs of the church in the chamber of the city of London. This sum amounted to above 17,000*l*. The scaffolding erected around the tower was assigned to Col. Jephson’s regiment for 1,746*l*. 15*s*. 8*d*., due as arrears of pay. On striking the scaffolding, part of the south transept, with its roof, came down.

‘But Bishops, Deans, and Canons are more easily swept away than Cathedrals. Even as early as July or August 1641, the year of Strafford’s execution, there was a debate in Parliament on the abolition of Cathedral Chapters, and for the appropriation of their revenues to better purposes.’ (P. 347.)

Church plate, vestments, ecclesiastical furniture and moveable property of all sorts, of course followed the lot of the

realty. The sole reservation was of 400*l.* a year for payment to the lecturer, or anti-Dean as Dr. Milman terms him, Cornelius Burgess; a preacher of some power, since he and Master Marshall are said to have held forth for seven hours between them to the House of Commons in 1640; but a very narrow-minded fanatic, whose worst fault, however, in the eyes of some of his critics, is that he 'wrote a book to prove that it 'was no sin to purchase Bishops' lands.' The only part of the edifice left secure was the east end, set apart for the congregation of this Burgess. From Inigo's noble portico the statues of the two Kings, James and Charles, were tumbled ignominiously down, and dashed to pieces. The portico was let out 'for 'mean shops, to sempstresses and huxters, with chambers 'above, and staircases leading to them. The body of the 'Church, the sacred building, Dugdale, who saw it, declares 'with sorrow and bitterness of heart, became a cavalry barrack, 'a cavalry stable. The pavement was trampled by horses, the 'tombs left to the idle amusements of rude soldiers.' There is a 'strange story,' the Dean adds, 'that Cromwell had determined 'to sell the useless building to the Jews. If not pure fiction, 'this may have originated in one of those grim pleasantries in 'which Oliver took delight. The Jews, though from 'wise 'motives openly admitted into the realm and favoured by Crom- 'well, were thus far too precariously established, too prudent 'to engage in such a transaction.' (P. 353.) Probably Dean Milman is justified in his scepticism. The story, however, is no subsequent invention. Cowley, for one, believed that the Protector had resolved 'to sell St. Paul's to the Jews for a 'synagogue, if their purses and devotions could have reached 'to the purpose.'

With the desecration and temporary ruin of the great Church fell also its singular and celebrated appendage, Paul's Cross. This building stood in the churchyard, near the north-eastern angle of the Cathedral. An elm tree, the largest of those which within our memory had places in the area, was believed to occupy its site.

'Paul's Cross is historically part, and an important part, of the Cathedral. As preaching grew more popular, and began more and more to influence the public mind, the Cross (it will be described hereafter) became the pulpit, not only of the Cathedral, but almost of the Church in England. A collection of Paul's Cross sermons would be almost a history of the Anglican Church. But even before this it was the place for the publication of edicts not only ecclesiastical, but civil also, and of assemblage for the citizens of London on their own affairs. It was often the scene of the popular folk-motes.'

In mediæval as in ancient cities of Republican life—and London was in substance always a minor republic within the free Commonwealth of England, where the exercise of royal authority, though received with every form of even servile submission, was, until the invention of standing armies, only an occasional interference with the course of domestic affairs, and not a regular control—there was always some spot out of doors which either law or usage established as the special site for the proclamation of laws or necessary announcements, and for addressing the people, either in harangues, or (in times of religious zeal), in sermons. The Bema of Athens, the Rostra of Rome, found their representatives in the Arringhi of the Lombard cities, in Paul's Cross and that of Edinburgh,

‘Whence royal edict rang,
And voice of Scotland's law was sent
In glorious trumpet clang.’

Nothing gives a stronger idea of the utter change of popular manners and customs which two or three centuries, differing from all which had preceded them, have produced, than the descriptions which we possess of the population of old cities crowding the streets, and assembling round the consecrated spots, to pick up the intelligence, or listen to the exhortations, which we now procure in our own homes or circles from the pages of the daily newspaper. But Antony stirring up the citizens of Rome in the Forum, and Hugh Latimer startling those of London from Paul's Cross, possessed a power less formidable in its operation than he who wields in earnest the modern strength of journalism.

‘Paul's Cross stood, as has been said, at the north-east corner of the Cathedral. It was originally perhaps, like other crosses, set up at the entrance of the churchyard, to remind the passers-by to pray for the dead interred in the cemetery. At an early period a pulpit was erected of wood on a stone base, with a canopy of lead. The old cross and pulpit were supplanted by a more splendid stone cross with a pulpit, erected by John Kemp, and consecrated by the Bishop of London. It became one of the buildings of which, from its grace and beauty, the city of London was most proud.

‘Paul's Cross was the pulpit not only of the Cathedral; it might almost be said, as preaching became more popular, and began more and more to rule the public mind, to have become that of the Church of England. . .

‘It was not only the great scene for the display of eloquence by distinguished preachers; it was that of public acts, some relating to ecclesiastical affairs, some of mingled cast, some simply political. Here Papal bulls were promulgated; here excommunications were thundered out; here sinners of high position did penance; here

heretics knelt and read their recantations, or, if obstinate, were marched off to Smithfield. Here miserable men and women suspected of witchcraft confessed their wicked dealings; here great impostures were exposed, and strange frauds brought to the light of day. Here too occasionally royal edicts were published; here addresses were made on matters of state to the thronging multitudes supposed to represent the metropolis; here kings were proclaimed, probably traitors denounced.' (P. 164.) *

'The famous adjunct to the Cathedral was not left to slow decay. It might have been supposed that Paul's Cross, from which so many sermons had been preached in the course of years, some, as has appeared, as fiercely condemnatory of Popish superstition as the most devout Puritan could have wished; that the famous pulpit, which we might have expected Presbyterian and Independent Divines, the most powerful and popular, would have aspired to fill, and from thence hoped to sway to their own purposes, and to guide to assured salvation the devout citizens of London, would have been preserved as a tower of strength to the good cause. But it was a Cross, and a Cross was obstinately, irreclaimably, Popish. Down it went; not a vestige of the work of Bishop Kemp was allowed to remain. Its place knew it no more; tradition alone pointed to where it stood; it never rose again. At the Restoration the Paul's Cross Sermons, with their endowments, were removed into the Cathedral itself; and still belong to the Sunday morning preachers, now chiefly the honorary Prebendaries of the Church. (P. 333.)

We are not certain of the accuracy of this last statement. In Cunningham's 'Handbook for London,' it is said that Charles I. probably attended his last Paul's Cross sermon in 1630; and an order of the Council is cited, about the date of 1685, to the effect that the 'sermon commonly called the Paul's Cross sermon be preached at St. Mary-le-Bow.'

Then came the Fire of London, which calcined Inigo Jones's beautiful portico, and reduced to heaps of ruins the dilapidated old edifice to which it was attached. We do not know how far our readers of the conservative Gothic school will agree in Dean Milman's unsympathising meditation on the subject:—

'Was, then, the Fire of London, if so remorseless, so fatal a destroyer? Are we to mourn with unmitigated sorrow over the demolition of old St. Paul's? Of England's more glorious cathedrals, it seems to me, I confess, none could be so well spared. Excepting its vast size, it had nothing to distinguish it. It must have been a gloomy ponderous pile. The nave and choir were of different ages (that was common), but ill-formed, ill-adjusted together, with disproportioned aisles, and transepts, and a low, square, somewhat clumsy tower, out of which once rose a spire, tall indeed, but merely built of woodwork and lead. London would, at best, have been forced to bow its head before the cathedrals of many of our provincial cities. Old St. Paul's had nothing of the prodigal

magnificence, the harmonious variety of Lincoln, the stately majesty of York, the solemn grandeur of Canterbury, the perfect sky-aspiring unity of Salisbury. It had not even one of the great conceptions which are the pride and boast of some of our other churches; neither the massy strength of Durham "looking eternity" with its marvellous Galilee, nor the tower of Gloucester, nor the lantern of Ely, nor the rich picturesqueness of Beverley, nor the deep receding, highly decorated arches of the west front of Peterborough. And of ancient St. Paul's, the bastard Gothic of Inigo Jones had cased the venerable if decayed walls throughout with a flat incongruous facing. 'The unrivalled beauty of Inigo Jones' portico was the deformity of the church.' (P. 388.)

It is singular, by the way, that the representations ordinarily met with of 'Old St. Paul's' give it no pointed windows at all, except in the tower. The rest are round-headed or square. But whether this was really the case, or whether the likeness is defective (and most of the common architectural drawing of those times is very fanciful) we are unable to say.

Not only was old St. Paul's, comparatively speaking, a very inferior specimen of the noble architecture of the centuries which saw its commencement and completion (1085 to 1240), but great part of the enormous edifice was exceedingly ill-built. It is consolatory to those who are sensible of the shortcomings of their own times to reflect that, in the Ages of Faith, the London builders sometimes scamped their work as abominably as the most dishonest among them could do in these days of trades' unions, shaky bricks, and 'pockets.' So we are compelled to infer from the curious report on the structure made by Sir Christopher Wren, after the great fire of 1666, when he was consulted on the question of rebuilding or repairing it:--

"First, it is evident by the ruin of the roof, that the work was both ill-designed and ill-built from the beginning; ill-designed, because the architect gave not buttment enough to counterpoise and resist the weight of the roof from spreading the walls; for this the eye alone will discover to any man, that those pillars, as vast as they are, even eleven feet diameter, are bent outwards at least six inches from their first position; which being done on both sides, it necessarily follows, that the whole roof must fall open, in large and wide cracks along by the walls and windows; and, lastly, drop down between the yielding pillars. The bending of the pillars was facilitated by their ill-building; for they are not only cased without, and but with small stones, not greater than a man's burden; but within is nothing but a core of small rubbish stone and mere mortar, which easily crushes and yields to the weight; and this outward coat of freestone is so much torn with age and the neglect of the roof, that there are few stones to be found that are not

mouldered and flawed away with the saltpetre that is in them ; an incurable disease, which perpetually throws off whatever coat of plaister is laid on it, and therefore not to be palliated.

“ The middle part is most defective both in beauty and firmness, both within and without, for the tower leans manifestly by the settling of one of the ancient pillars that supported it. Four new arches were, therefore, of later years incorporated within the old ones, which both straitened and hindered the room, and the clear thorough view of the nave, in that part where it had been more graceful to have been wider than the rest. Besides this, the intercolumniations are very unequal. Without, the three buttresses (the fourth is wanting) are so irregular that the tower, from the top to the bottom, with the next adjacent parts, are a heap of deformities, that no judicious architect will think it corrigible.”

The rebuilding by Sir Christopher Wren forms the subject of a separate chapter ; but a portion of history so well known to Londoners from a hundred popular narratives scarcely needs further recapitulation. The only circumstance not commonly known which Dean Milman adds to it is that Claude Perrault, the architect of the ‘ colonnade ’ of the Louvre, was invited by Charles II. to furnish a design, but declined the honour. Wren’s success has been so decisive, and his work is so definitively classed by all the world among the marvels of modern architecture, that we have no right to regret the upshot. But Perrault was a man of genius, and it would have been interesting to compare at least a design of his composing with that which ultimately prevailed. Singularly graceful and majestic in outward design ; cold, heavy, unimpressive in its interior ; destined for many years to serve only the purpose of assembling multitudes on state occasions, and to furnish a scanty flock between whiles with opportunities for the least imaginative, not to say the sleepest, of all possible celebrations of religious worship ; St. Paul’s arose, in dignified calmness after the wild tumult of preceding ages, the very Temple of Respectability. Certainly, if the function of an established Church be, as a dignified prelate once asserted by an unlucky lapsus, ‘ to repress enthusiasm,’ the interior of our Cathedral would seem calculated above all other consecrated spots for the solemn performance of that operation.

And, if we may diverge for a moment from the history of the edifice to that of its *personnel*, and in particular the succession of its Deans whom Dr. Milman here commemorates, it must be confessed that dignitaries better calculated for the deadening of religious troubles by the process of *anæsthesia* could not readily have been found. Of course, during the century of fiery trial after the Reformation, St. Paul’s had

possessed its share of Deans who entered more or less seriously into the controversies of the times. And, in later years, its annals count a respectable sprinkling of ecclesiastics of note who held the deanery for a short time only, as a stepping stone to higher employment. But of those who made it an abiding place, and whose name is habitually connected with it, but few can be said to have survived at all, except in the minds of antiquaries and biographers. One or two, such as Lowth and Newton, have reached a respectable place (no higher) in the rolls of ecclesiastical or classical learning. One only (Colet, of much earlier date than those of whom we are now thinking) has a title to gratitude as one who has really earned well of his species. One only is faintly remembered in a literary sense—that Bohemian of a Dean, ‘John Donne, un-
‘done,’ as he called himself, whose love verses have obtained for him a precarious immortality which Dr. Milman in vain endeavours to ascribe to his forgotten sermons.

‘But poetry, if it lives, lives as appealing to the unchangeable, inextinguishable sympathies of the human heart. Eloquence, except in very rare cases, is only of its own day. It addresses the mind, the feelings, the passions, the interests of its own immediate audience. It grows out of the circumstances of the times; with the change in those circumstances it mostly loses its power and influence. Even pulpit eloquence, though it dwells on subjects of enduring importance, though its great truths are eternal, unvariable as Christianity itself, is hardly an exception. The Christianity of one age, of one social state, not only of one form of religious creed, but of one phase of religious interest and emotion, is not entirely and absolutely the Christianity of another, certainly not of all ages. There are few generally accepted models of Christian eloquence, except, perhaps, the French, and those with some reservation by all but very enlightened Protestants. Demosthenes and Cicero are more universally read, even in the Christian world, than Basil, Chrysostom, or Augustine.’ (P. 327.)

It is plain, however, that our author had a slight tenderness for the memory of him whom he slyly terms ‘the only Dean of St. Paul’s, till a very late successor, who was guilty of ‘poetry.’ This being the case, it is hard that he should have half thrown out a kind of aspersion on his name, originating, we cannot but fancy, in a mere misconception. Speaking of that romantic riddle of a poem, which begins, ‘By our first
• ‘strange and fatal interview,’ he explains it by saying, ‘Donne’s
‘mistress—his wife *I cannot for an instant doubt*—had offered
‘to accompany him abroad in the disguise of a page.’ *Qui excuse accuse*. There was no reason for even insinuating the suspicion, against the general verdict of biographers, that the

heroine was any other than young Mistress Moor, whom Donne had just made his own by secret marriage against the will of her father. Dr. Milman's difficulty seems to lie in 'synchronising' the occasion of the poem with that of Donne's visit to Paris in attendance on Sir Robert Drury, which visit took place several years after the marriage. But there is no reason whatever for connecting the verses in question with that event. All that the verses prove is that the poet had a long 'journey'—not to Paris, but 'o'er the white Alps'—in contemplation; not that he at that time accomplished it. Donne had been in Italy in an earlier part of his agitated life; had been in Spain under Lord Essex; and 'had a vision,' says Dean Milman himself, 'not out of pure pilgrim-like devotion, ' of wandering to the Holy Land.'

To return once more to the edifice of the Cathedral from its tenants. It is fair to say that for the principal defect of St. Paul's considered externally, its narrowed site and inconvenient approaches, the rebuilders are not strictly answerable; although it is difficult wholly to excuse them from the common improvidence of designers, in relying on a future which never arrives for the enlargement of the clear space around their structures. Wren slightly altered the site of the Church,

' "And laid the middle line of the new work more declining to the
" north-east than it was before, which was not due east and west;
" neither did the old front of the Cathedral lie directly from Ludgate
" as it does not at present, which was not practicable, without pur-
" chasing and taking down a great number of houses, and the aid of
" Parliament." This, though much wished for, he was not able to
effect. The Commissioners for rebuilding the City had in the first
place marked and staked out the streets, and the Parliament had
confirmed their report, before anything had been fully determined
about the design for the new fabric. "The proprietors of the
" ground with much eagerness and haste had begun to build ac-
" cordingly; an incredible progress had been made in a very short
" time; many large and fair houses erected; and every foot of
" ground in that trading and populous part of the town was highly
" estimated." Thus was lost, it is to be feared for ever, the oppor-
tunity of placing the Cathedral of London on an esplanade worthy
of its consummate design; an esplanade which we might almost
say, nature, by leaving a spacious level on the summit of the hill,
had designated for a noble and commanding edifice.'

Although aware that we are entering on very disputable ground, we must say that in our opinion at least the very ponderous character of its interior would have been greatly lightened if Wren's original design of a Greek cross had been adopted. The dead length of the nave is its most oppressive feature.

All the world knows that St. Peter's at Rome is blamed for possessing the same appendage. Let us imagine St. Sophia at Constantinople encumbered with it. Dean Milman, however, was of a different opinion, and his was a judgment not to be lightly esteemed. 'The Byzantine cross,' he says, 'did not please the clergy in the Commission as not sufficiently of a cathedral form. The author of the "*Parentalia*" calls the new plan "the Gothic rectified to a better manner of architecture;" that is, the plan was that of the old cathedrals, the architecture in the later classical style. In this respect alone, I am not heartily ashamed of my clerical forefathers. With all my admiration of the first design, I cannot regret the prolongation of the nave, or its expansion into the Latin cross. Yet with Wren are Michael Angelo, and Fontana.' The Dean thought that Mr. Fergusson ('if I understand him aright') agreed with him as to the Latin cross. But surely the distinguished literary architect's expressions tend the other way.

'For the purposes of a Protestant church (he says in his "*Modern Architecture*"), it cannot be doubted that this arrangement (Wren's original) is superior to that of the present church. . . . It is generally reported that the change was insisted upon by the Duke of York, who wanted a building more suited to the Catholic ritual than this church would have been. But more, perhaps, is due to that strange conservative feeling of the nation which made them spoil Inigo Jones's church in Covent Garden, in order that the altar might be at the east end; and which makes us now erect Gothic churches, not because they are either more convenient or beautiful than others that might be designed, but because our forefathers built in that manner.'

And, after all, it may be truly said, that Dean Milman furnished, by his own happy achievement, the most striking answer to his own theory, and the best justification of that of Wren and Michael Angelo. It was he who instituted that which was, in a mere æsthetic sense, perhaps the most perfect of all ordinary solemnities in England—the celebration of musical evening service under the Dome of St. Paul's. Then, and then for the first time, unless on great and exceptional occasions, could the public judge of the admirable adaptation of the edifice to a style of congregational devotion of which none in the long list of eighteenth century Deans could perhaps have formed a conception. 'Of all architects,' says Dr. Milman, 'Wren alone, either from intuition or from philosophic discernment, has penetrated the abstruse mysteries of acoustics, has struck out the laws of the propagation of sound. I have

'been assured, on the highest musical authority, that there is 'no building in Europe equal to St. Paul's.' But anyone who has attended that service will (we venture to think, unless influenced by preconceived ideas) recognise how completely the grandeur and devotional effect of the scene would have been concentrated, without any loss of effect, had Wren's idea of a dome with choir and short transepts projecting from it been carried into execution, and the unmeaning, chilling length of nave been omitted. We may depend upon it—however unwelcome the truth may be to our superstitious fondness for ancient precedents in building—that Mr. Fergusson is right; that the Latin cross is really adapted to the Latin religion; a religion in which worship is divided between the Deity and the saints; between the high altar itself, and the numberless little altars for separate devotions and mysteries, which find their appropriate positions in chapels along the aisles of the nave. For Protestant rites, even as for those of early days, before Catholicism had narrowed into Romanism, the rotunda, or the Greek cross which superadds convenience and beauty to the simplicity of the rotunda, was the nobler form, adapted to the more single-hearted adoration.

The addition of the long nave has, however, one advantage—that of adapting itself extremely well to one subsidiary purpose which is served by our London cathedrals: it offers space, and convenience of arrangement, for the monuments of those to whom the popular honour of a memorial within their walls is conceded. Dean Stanley's work on Westminster Abbey contains the most complete and interesting monograph on this usage, and the finest analysis of the sentiments with which it is connected, of all that it has ever occurred to us to meet with. For the Church of which he has recorded the history stands in this respect alone in the world. Santa Croce, in Florence, may enshrine memories of equal greatness; but its scale is suited to that of a small though renowned republic, not of a mighty empire. France never possessed anything better than her abortive Pantheon; Germany than her pedantic Valhalla. We have seen how the custom of depositing illustrious men among those deceased personages, royal, or clerical, or connected with the Abbey merely by local ties, who had possessed it to themselves down to the Reformation and some time later (Chaucer, popularly ranked as its first poetical tenant, really lies in the Abbey in virtue of a tenement which he occupied in life within the Close) originated, anomalously enough, in the time of the Great Rebellion. We know how it has thriven, and expanded, and taken hold of the

public imagination, from that day to this, until the difficulty of continuing it at all, without disrespectful thinning of the existing marble forest, begins to present itself seriously to the thoughts of the dispensers of such honour. Already Dean Stanley is driven to suggest that it is not, perhaps, too much to hope that the Legislature, which has excepted Westminster and St. Paul's from the general law against intramural interments, will 'carry out its intention by erecting within the precincts of the Abbey a cloister, which shall bear on its portals the names of those who have been forgotten within our walls in former times, and entomb beneath its floor the ashes of the illustrious men that shall follow after it.' In the meantime, he has pointed out, in very impressive language, how the very irregularities and anomalies of our noble cemetery—showing, as distinctly as our laws and Constitution show it, the manner in which usages, and thoughts also, have struggled into independent existence among us, instead of being imposed on us by some equalising hand of extrinsic authority—add to its impressiveness.

'We have seen how, by a gradual but certain instinct, the main groups have formed themselves round particular centres of death; how the kings ranged themselves round the Confessor; how the princes and courtiers clung to the skirts of the kings; how out of the graves of the courtiers were developed the graves of the heroes; how Chatham became the centre of the statesmen, Chaucer of the poets, Purcell of the musicians, Casaubon of the scholars, Newton of the men of science; how, even in the exceptional details, natural affinities may be traced; how Addison was buried apart from his tuneful brethren, in the royal shades of Henry VII.'s Chapel, because he clung to the vault of his own loved Montague; how Ussher lay beside his earliest instructor, Sir James Fullerton, and Garrick beside his friend Johnson, and Spelman opposite his revered Camden, and South close to his master Busby, and Stephenson to his fellow-craftsman Telford, and Grattan to his hero Fox, and Macaulay beneath the statue of his favourite Addison.

'These special attractions towards particular graves and monuments may interfere with the general uniformity of the Abbey, but they make us feel that it is not a mere dead museum, that its cold stones are warmed with the lifeblood of human affections and personal partiality. . . .

'It is well that this should be so. Westminster Abbey is, as Dr. Johnson well said, the natural resting-place of those great men who have no bond elsewhere. Its metropolitan position has, in this respect, powerfully contributed to its fame. But even London is, or ought to be, insignificant compared with England; even Westminster Abbey must at times yield to the more venerable, more enduring claims of home and of race. Those quiet graves far away

are the Poets' Corners of a yet vaster temple; or may we take it yet another way, and say that Stratford-on-Avon and Dryburgh, Stoke Pogis and Grasmere, are chapels-of-ease united by invisible cloisters with Westminster Abbey itself? Again, observe how magnificently the strange conjunction of tombs in what has been truly called this temple of silence and reconciliation exemplifies the wide toleration of death, may we not add, the comprehensiveness of the true religion of the Church of England? Not only does Elizabeth lie in the same vault with Mary her persecutor, and in the same chapel with Mary her victim; not only does Pitt lie side by side with Fox, and Macpherson with Johnson, and Outram with Clyde; but those other deeper differences, which are often thought to part more widely asunder than any political or literary or military jealousy, here have sunk into abeyance.

'The exclusiveness of Englishmen has given way before the claims of the French Casaubon, the Swiss Spanheim, the Corsican Paoli. The exclusiveness of Churchmen has allowed the entrance of the Nonconformist Watts, of the Roman Catholic Dryden. Courayer, the French Latitudinarian, Ephraim Chambers, the sceptic of the humbler, and Sheffield, the sceptic of the higher ranks, were buried with all respect and honour by the "College of Priests" at Westminster, who thus acknowledged that the bruised reed was not to be broken, nor the smoking flax quenched. Even the yet harder problem of high intellectual gifts, united with moral infirmity or depravity, has on the whole here met with the only solution which on earth can be given. If Byron was turned away from our doors, many a one as questionable as Byron has been admitted. . . . The godlike gift of genius was recognised; the baser earthly part was left to the merciful judgment of its Creator.' (*Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, pp. 329-334.)

The history of St. Paul's, as a repository for monuments, is far more monotonous. In the old popular times it had been full of them; but crowded only with the casual dead, for whom a resting-place there was obtained through local causes or by personal favour. But after the rebuilding in the seventeenth century, a strange timidity or prudery grew up among the authorities of the cathedral against allowing the erection of monuments there. So rigidly was the system of exclusion acted on, that when Newton (one of the few Deans of recent times who have something like a title to posthumous honour) died in the Deanery, his expressed wish 'to have a pompous monument in 'the church' was disregarded; and Newton's monument ('I contemplate it,' says Dr. Milman, 'without jealousy') 'adorns 'or incumbers the church of St. Mary-le-Bow.' The triumph over this inveterate prejudice was finally achieved when men had begun to perceive, in the first place, that Westminster Abbey was overcrowded; and, secondly, what is more ques-

tionable, to imagine that 'modern statues are in themselves ill 'suited to its aspiring Gothic architecture.' John Howard, the philanthropist, was the first to whom a statue was erected in modern St. Paul's; Dr. Johnson the second, though he lies buried in the Abbey. Next came our military and naval heroes; and, when once these were admitted, twenty years of the great war with France soon furnished an abundant crop of them. Nelson and Wellington lie there, with a gallant array of companions in death. Of civilians there are as yet but few. Lord Melbourne alone, we believe, represents the class of political worthies; Hallam, that of literary. . 'And what 'name among modern men of letters,' asks Dean Milman, 'is 'more illustrious than the name, dear to me from long reverential friendship, of Hallam?'

Since those lines were written, and when they were perhaps already in the press, the friends of the deceased author himself have witnessed the solemn ceremonial with which his remains also were deposited beneath the vault of his own cathedral; not, indeed, in his right to a public record as a man of letters, though few could have established a more irreproachable title, but as an honoured servant of that Church for which this volume testifies his own veneration. His monument, we can only hope, may find a place somewhere in the vicinity of that erected to the kindred spirit whom he commemorates in the last passage which we have extracted from his work. For Hallam and Milman were united, not only by the strictest ties of friendship, but by a singular congeniality of spirit, subsisting together with great intellectual as well as external dissimilarities. Each was, in his sense, a party man, and the representative of certain ideas; but each combined with that partisanship a large catholicity of feeling, a power of entering into the minds of others and appreciating their reasons, a generous, almost contemptuous disregard of differences of opinion as barriers between true-hearted men. And both were, emphatically, just, and lovers of justice. Those who departed after that last celebration could not but feel their hearts moved, even amidst the more solemn thoughts to which it naturally gave rise, with a sense of the blank which would make itself felt after his loss; felt in many a circle of that great city whose cultivated society he had so long adorned, through the want of that presence at once genial and respected, that wit which never wounded, that attractive interest in the pursuits of others, that judgment in which the fire of early enthusiasm seemed tempered, not extinguished, by the experiences of a long life of labour and thoughtfulness.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Annals of Rural Bengal*. By W. W. HUNTER, B.A., M.R.A.S. of the Bengal Civil Service. London: 1868.

2. *Indian Polity. A View of the System of Administration in India*. By Major GEORGE CHESNEY. London: 1868.

THERE is no class of books, we venture to say, which has been more wanting in regard to India than those which are especially devoted to local subjects, and have for their professed aim the illustration of the annals of provinces which, during the mutations of power, have fallen under the dominion of the British nation, or with which it has become intimately connected by political events. At the same time there is no doubt that many valuable reports exist in the archives of Government, both in England and in India, which have been submitted by officers in charge of departments and provinces; and though occasional selections are made from such reports, and are printed by Government avowedly with the intention that they should become available to the public, no pains have, to the best of our belief, ever been taken, by advertisement or otherwise, to intimate that such works are in existence, or where, or from whom they can be obtained. Such works as Tod's *Annals of Rajasthan*, Malcolm's *Central India*, Wilks's *History of Mysore*, and Williams's of *Guzerat*, for instance, fulfil in many respects the condition which might be prescribed for the class of books we allude to; and yet, if Tod be excepted, not entirely, for the others are wanting in records of the people. While political and dynastic changes are followed with the utmost minutiae of detail in all their various circumstances, their effect upon the people of India is not noticed. We do not find, nor can we assume, whether they advanced or retrograded in civilisation, intelligence, and material prosperity; and this part of the subject was either unknown, or set aside for the more prominent and more interesting detail of political events.

It is believed by many, as habitually asserted, that the people of India, from various circumstances and their own idiosyncrasies, are unchangeable; that they have existed in nearly the same condition for the last three thousand years or more, and that the Mahomedan conquest and dominion affected them in a scarcely appreciable degree. And this to some extent is true. They are still Hindus fettered by caste restrictions, by a prurient and hateful idolatrous system of religious belief,

and by an absence of that enlarged education which might have developed their naturally intellectual character; but it would be useless to persist in declaring that they do not change, though herein we want those standards of comparison which, in our own more favoured country, are so amply provided. The present generation in India has seen, and ever sees before it, elements of change and progression which are doing silent but effective work; and which, while ameliorating the ruder portions of indigenous civilisation, are converting them into sympathetic action with our own endeavours. In point of fact, there is as much change, relatively, in the condition of those classes which have been brought into immediate contact with our own standard of civilised advancement within the last hundred years as there has been among ourselves; and it is the absence of those materials for comparison, now growing all but traditional, which we must regret, but cannot supply.

It is possible that some such train of thought as this induced the author of the *Annals of Rural Bengal* to devote his time and talents to a work which, for the province it concerns, goes far to supply the deficiency we deplore in other parts of India; and when we estimate the labour of such a task—not the mere writing, but the compilation of material in connexion with the daily-absorbing duties of official life—we cannot but admire the perseverance by which it has been accomplished. Only those who have themselves endured the labour can realise the exhaustive application which falls every day to the lot of every civil servant in India. It would seem impossible to indulge a literary taste without a neglect of official duty, and yet Mr. Hunter has apparently hit a happy medium. His judgment has been matured by experience, while his capability of literary exertion has not been repressed by the details of his public engagements. He has therefore produced a work at present incomplete, but which promises to fulfil all the conditions we have already enumerated, and which he has accomplished in a singularly modest but able and scholarlike manner.

At first sight, it would appear a task of interminable labour to collect and condense the annals of any Indian rural district into a reasonable space. What is, a chaos of confusion, with little or no relation of the parts one to another, has to be resolved into a continuous detail of illustration before it can become applicable to the work in hand; and the difference between the nature of the materials, and the reasons why many of those which exist are not available in the rural districts of India, is explained by Mr. Hunter very clearly as follows:—

‘Every county, almost every parish, in England has its annals; but in India, vast provinces greater in extent than the British Islands have no individual history whatever. Districts that have furnished the sites of famous battles, or lain upon the routes of imperial progresses, appear indeed, for a moment, in the general records of the country; but before the eye has become familiar with their uncouth names, the narrative passes on and they are forgotten. Nor are the inhabitants themselves very much better acquainted with the history of the country in which they live. Each field has indeed its annals. The crops which it has borne during the past century, the occasions on which it has changed hands, the old standing disputes about its watercourses and landmarks, all these are treasured up with sufficient precision. But the bygone joys and sorrows of the district in general, its memorable vicissitudes, its remarkable men, the decline of old forms of industry and the rise of new—in a word, all the weightier matters of rural history—are forgotten. Life wants the outdoor elements which it possesses in so remarkable a degree in England. Men of the upper classes come less frequently into contact with each other; caste and religious differences dwarf the growth of goodfellowship and limit the interchange of hospitalities; and everything like society, in the European sense of the word, is prevented by the seclusion of the female sex. The strong county feeling which knits together the magnates of an English shire, has not had a chance of being developed among the landed gentry of India. Each house scrupulously preserves its own archives, but carefully conceals them from its neighbours. Indeed, it never strikes the listless narrator, that what to him are dull contemporaneous events, will in time possess the interest of history; nor are there any antiquarians to gather such meagre records as vanity or selfishness may have framed. English history owes much of its value, and still more of its pathos, to the stores of private documents which the strong individuality of bygone Englishmen has left behind; but, in India, one rural generation dreams out its existence after another, and all are forgotten.’ (Pp. 3, 4.)

All this is very true. Society and social intercourse in India have a character of their own; but they are diffuse, not collective. County families even of different faiths may invite each other on occasions of domestic or religious ceremony; but as a mere affair of civility or ostentatious hospitality. Where there is the slightest difference of caste among Hindus, nay in many cases where the caste is identical, parties cannot eat together. Women cannot eat or mix with men at all. Hindus cannot consort with Mahomedans. Mahomedan women and Hindu women rarely visit at all; and though members of high families and their crowds of retainers may be splendidly feasted on such occasions, it is not socially as in England, but ceremoniously and apart; consequently all the pleasant influences of neighbourly gatherings among ourselves are entirely absent.

Nor are the English records of an Indian rural district more inviting in character. Those who are interested in them have long passed away. The formal reports upon local questions, the records of official squabbles, the platitudes of complacent writers, or the dull unbroken monotony of ordinary official correspondence, present a field as uninviting for research, as the native records. Mr. Hunter found those of his district, like those, we have little doubt, of many another, neglected and unknown.

‘Four years ago,’ he says, ‘in taking charge of the District Treasury, I was struck with the appearance of an ancient press which, from the nature of its padlocks, seemed not to have been opened for many years, and with whose contents none of the native officials were acquainted. On being broken open, it was found to contain the early records of the district from within a year of the time that it passed directly under British rule. The volumes presented every appearance of age and decay; their yellow stained margins were deeply eaten into by insects; their outer pages crumbled to pieces under the most tender handling; and some of the palpable remains were chips of paper mingled with the granular dust which white ants leave behind. Careful research has convinced me, that these neglected heaps contain much that is worthy of being preserved. For what have we of rural India at the commencement and during the early stages of our rule? Eloquent and elaborate narratives have indeed been written of British ascendancy in the East; but such narratives are records of the English Government, or biographies of the English Governors of India, not histories of the Indian people. The silent millions who bear our yoke have found no annalist.’ (Pp. 5, 6.)

We have extracted the above for the great truth it contains, which we desire to impress upon all who take an interest in India or in its people. Jacquemont said of the Indian administration ‘that it was a government of paper;’ and while this implied a sneer at the over minutiae of its current business and correspondence, there is no question that by these means a vast amount of information has been collected, and is now in existence, probably in the condition which Mr. Hunter describes, in every province of the country. And it is quite true that ‘the people’ have found no annalist, though we have ample proof in Mr. Hunter’s volume that the old worm-eaten records can furnish most interesting stores of information and instruction.

Mr. Hunter still further illustrates the question he has so deservedly at heart, in a manner which will be corroborated by every one who has had adequate local experience. In reference to the survey department, for instance, which, it might

be thought, from its very nature, character, and opportunities, possessed the highest advantages,' and might have done for every district and province what, at least, Mr. Hunter has done for his, he finds that the report on Bengal is contained in one thin folio. The district of Calcutta, rich in vicissitude and record, is dismissed in 'little more than a page,' most of which is devoted to the already well-known history of the Black Hole. Moorshedabad in half a page; and Maldah, the Hindu metropolis of Bengal, with its long lines of kings, its gigantic walls and arches, its once stately palaces, and the vast untenanted city, has not been noticed at all.

'This, too,' he says, 'with the richest and most authentic materials for rural history at our command. . . . In the chief Government office of every district in Bengal are presses filled with papers similar to those I have described. They consist of reports, minutes, judicial proceedings, and relate with official accuracy the daily history of the country from the time the English took the administration into their own hands. Many of them are written in the curt forcible language which men use in times of excitement and peril; and in spite of the blunders of copyists and the ravages of decay, they have about them that air of real life which proceeds not from literary ability, but from the fact that their authors' minds were full of the subjects upon which they wrote These volumes, so silent on subjects about which we are well informed, speak at length and with the utmost precision on matters of which the Western world is profoundly ignorant. They depict in vivid colours the state of rural India when the sceptre departed from the Mussulman race. They disclose the complicated evils that rendered our accession, for some time, an aggravation rather than a mitigation of the sufferings of the people. They unfold one after another the misapprehensions and disastrous vacillations amid which our first solid progress was made. They impartially retain the evidence of low motives and official incompetence, side by side with rare devotion and administrative skill. But, taken as a whole, they reveal the secret of England's greatness in the East. They exhibit a small band of our countrymen, going forth to govern an unexplored and a half-subdued territory. Before the grave heroism and masterful characters of these men the native mind succumbed. Our troops originated for us a rude Mahratta-like supremacy; but the rural records attest that the permanent sources of the English ascendancy in Bengal have been, not their brilliant military successes, but deliberate civil courage and indomitable will.' (Pp. 7, 8.)

Here again is ample evidence that materials exist of the most complete character for the purpose we so strongly advocate.

'When the East India Company accepted the internal administration of Bengal, they engaged to rule in accordance with native usages, and the first step towards the fulfilment of its promise was

to ascertain what these usages really were. To this end instructions were repeatedly issued during a period of thirty years, directing all officers to institute local inquiries; and soon after the formal command was removed, the habit of collecting and reporting information continued till 1820.' (P. 9.)

The consequence of this, as might be believed, is an immense mass of documentary evidence, than which nothing could be more complete or perfect for a history or 'annals' of the times gone by. Herein are discussed tenures of land, and relations of landlord to tenant; cultivators, their rent, social habits, and even their clothing and occupations; currency and exchange, native police, artisans, and manufactures; cesses, tolls, dues, and all manner of recognised and unrecognised taxation. 'In a word,' says Mr. Hunter, 'the whole fabric of the rural life of Bengal—its joys, sorrows, and manifold oppressions—is dissected and laid bare.' What, then, can be desired more than these, for those enduring records of the past which are the only means of affording comparison with the present, and supplying the best direction for the future? Nor can we help thinking that if so true and practical a test had been applied to many modern proceedings, we should have heard less of failures.

We must, however, proceed to inform our readers of what part of Bengal these annals more particularly concern, and we cannot do better than quote the following descriptive passage, with which the book opens. Mr. Hunter places us at once on the field of his labour, and we have read few more graphic descriptions of the country:—

'On the frontier of Lower Bengal, fifty miles west from the field of Plassy, are to be traced the landmarks of two ancient kingdoms. They lie along the intermediate country between the lofty plateau of Central India and the valley of the Ganges. The primeval force which had upheaved the interior tableland here spent itself upon fragmentary ridges and long wavy downs. On the west rise the mountains covered to the summit with masses of vegetation. Gorgeous creepers first wreath with flowers, then strangle their parent stems, and finally bind together the living and the dead in one impenetrable thicket. Here and there an isolated hill with a flat top stands out like a fortress on the plains. From ravines arched over with foliage turbid cataracts leap down upon the valley there to unite into rivers which, at one season of the year, pour along in volumes of water half a mile broad and twenty feet deep, and at another, dwindle to silver threads amid wide expanses of sand. Over the uplands the jungle still holds its primitive reign, affording cover for wild beasts and cool glades for herds of cattle. In general the plains undulate gently eastward, dotted with fruit-bearing groves, enamelled with bright green rice-fields, and studded with

prosperous villages. The soil, although less fertile than the swamps of Eastern Bengal, returns, in low-lying grounds, two crops a year; and the bracing atmosphere makes ample amends to the cultivator for the additional labour demanded by his fields. The forest yields a spontaneous wealth of timber, gums, and brilliant lac dye; the valleys produce the finest indigo; cotton, jute, sugar-cane, oil-seeds, and cereals grow abundantly; from the mulberry shrubs are still derived the silks that adorned the beauties of the imperial seraglios. Silver ore has been dug out of the mountains; copper is found on their slopes; small particles of gold have been washed from the river beds, and the country has long been famous for its iron and coal.' (Pp. 1, 2.)

This tract, beautiful by nature, and possessing on the whole an exquisite climate, was the scene of one of the ancient struggles of Indian history. The Aryan invaders, coming from the west, and overrunning the plains of Bengal, could make little impression upon the bolder races who inhabited the hilly parts, and possessed their approaches in the valuable and fertile region already described; and thus, as Mr. Hunter informs us, on its inhabitants devolved, during three thousand years, the duty of holding the passes between the hills and the valley of the Ganges. They are a proud and manly race, affording a strange contrast with the Hindus of the plains, and they call their country, with a pride which still endures as of old, 'Vir-Bhumi,' or the Hero-land. We shall have to refer hereafter, more particularly, to this remarkable people, and the part they have played in the history of the country.

The commencement of direct British authority over the Province of Bengal occurred in 1765. It was in this year that Lord Clive returned to India, after an absence of five years, which he had spent in England. During that absence a war had broken out between Meer Cássim, the Soubahdar of Bengal, and the English, which, after some vicissitudes, ended in his complete defeat and flight to the camp of the Vizier of Oude, who had taken the field, partly on his own account, and partly to espouse the Soubahdar's cause. It is not, however, within the province of this article to enter into the general history of that period.

During the period of these wars, the liveliest alarm existed in England; and in their emergency, the Court of Directors turned to Lord Clive, who, having accepted the obligation, repaired at once to India, and arrived a few months after the victory of Buxar. If he had not been sent, it is difficult to imagine what course the crisis would have taken, for

there was no one on the spot capable of turning it to the best advantage for the English. Clive, however, acted at once with his usual strong judgment. He disposed of the Nawab of Moorshedabad at once, by conferring on him an allowance of fifty-three lacs of rupees a-year; and the Nawab Vizier was more generously dealt with than he deserved, his dominions being restored to him, with the exception of two districts. The Emperor received a grant of twenty-six lacs of rupees from Bengal, with the two districts taken from the Vizier of Oude, and in return conferred upon the English commander (on behalf of the Company) the Dewany, or fiscal administration of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa, which had, indeed, been offered at other periods before, when the local government was in no condition to accept the grant. This cession involved the government of twenty-five millions of people and the collection of four millions sterling of revenue. Beyond the assumption that the Emperor in his helpless condition preferred the certainty of receiving twenty-six lacs of rupees (260,000*l.*) a-year from the Company, to the chances of obtaining four millions sterling from Bengal, there appears no other reason why the cession should have been made. The Emperor, however, seated on a table in Clive's tent, which had been covered with embroidered cloths, executed the firman, or royal grant, for Bengal, in less time, according to the quaint record of a native writer, 'than would have been taken up in the sale of a jackass.' This memorable event occurred on August 12, 1765.

Being now the property of the Company, Bengal must be governed. What means had Clive at his disposal for establishing any direct European control over so large a province? He had but few civil officers of any kind, and could not trust those he had. They were venal and rapacious to the last degree; demoralised, as it were, by their previous employments. They had been commercial agents, endued to a certain extent only with political powers; and there was not one who had ever possessed opportunity for gaining practical experience in the fiscal administration of the country. Nevertheless, the revenue must be collected. As for the department of police and justice—the Foujdaree, as they were called—they were still invested in the Nawab of Moorshedabad as Soubahdar. The revenue was realised by the native officers, who had collected it heretofore, partly on contract, and partly on rendering a due account of collections and deducting therefrom the expenses. But native officers working under a purely native government were one thing, and under an English officer

quite another. There was no check over the proceedings of the talookdars, nor any clear understanding as to who paid revenue, or on what principle of assessment it was demanded. All this had to be taken for granted; and whether the people were oppressed and plundered, or the demand of the Government was just, could not be understood. There can be no doubt, however, that the rapacity of the native collectors had full play, and that the double government was, while it lasted, a curse to the people.

According to Mr. Hunter, it was Mr. Holwell, who had escaped the Black Hole, that first spoke out boldly on the subject. 'We have nibbled at these provinces for eight years,' he declared, 'and notwithstanding our immense acquisition of territory and revenue, what benefit has resulted from our successes to the Company? Shall we go on nibbling and nibbling at the bait until the trap falls and crushes us? . . . Let us boldly declare to be Soubahs ourselves.' Any direct move in this direction was not, however, undertaken till 1769, and it was then of a very partial character. To 'supervisors' were made over immense tracts, in which they were to act 'as some check' to the gross mismanagement and extortion practised by those who levied, and to the fraudulent evasion of those who paid, the assessment. It was to these men that Government committed the duty of inquiry as the basis of effecting something better. They were expected to be 'antiquarians, historians, and rural staticians,' and the instructions of the President and Select Committee (August 16, 1769), which are framed with intelligence, show how entire was the ignorance which prevailed, not only in regard to the rural annals, but as to customs and privileges, family descent and authority, land tenures and cesses, cultivation and products, and every other point on which any government of these provinces depended. We do not hold the Government of the day to blame for this ignorance. It was inseparable from its previous position as merchants and traders only. We only notice it to show what disastrous effect it must have had upon the masses of the people, who, unprotected by their new masters, and oppressed without the often sharp checks imposed by native governments on their subordinates, had no place of refuge or appeal. These four years, from 1765 to 1769, must have been cruel ones to the people; a bad beginning on our own part, which was yet to lead to further error and misfortune.

In the year 1769 the new territory was afflicted by a famine the details of which have been little known hitherto, and which

have been only casually mentioned or slurred over by Mill, the historian of the period; while Mr. Marshman, the most recent author on Indian history, dismisses it in three lines. It is by Mr. Hunter's description alone, that the fearful extent of this calamity can be estimated, and its effect upon the future condition of the country.

'It forms,' he says, 'the key to the history of Bengal during the succeeding forty years. It places in a new light those broad tracks of desolation which the English conquerors found everywhere throughout the Lower Valley; it unfolds the sufferings entailed on an ancient rural society by being placed in a position in which its immemorial forms and usages could no longer apply; and then it explains how, out of the disorganised and fragmentary elements, a new order of things was evolved.' (P. 10.)

The crops had partially failed in 1768; prices were high, and under the pressure of the collectors, the government revenue was 'never so closely collected before,' which we understand to mean, that the people were ground down to the lowest condition of poverty, and had, as the sequel proved, disposed of all their surplus stocks of grain to meet the imperative demand. The early rains of 1769 promised a full crop; but they suddenly ceased, and the green crops dried up before coming to ear, and became as fields of straw. No report of the existing distress was made to the Court of Directors. Mr. Verelst, the President in Council, resigned, and Mr. Cartier, his successor, reported, that though the distress was very great, the Council had not yet found any failure in the revenue or stated payments. Matters went on from bad to worse, for the spring harvest in some localities afforded only temporary relief. And yet, with the ruin of the country staring them in the face, the Council 'acting upon the advice of its Mussulman 'minister of finance, added 10 per cent. to the land tax for 'the ensuing year,' which was duly reported to the Home Government, and doubtless raised its expectations to a very high pitch.

From these pleasant dreams of a plenteously filled exchequer the Council of Calcutta were rudely awakened. The people hitherto, like all Indian rural populations; had suffered and endured with a patience which knows no equal in such terrible visitations; but before the end of May a shocking cry arose throughout the land that they were beginning to perish. It was difficult to get at the truth, for as yet the newly appointed supervisors had made no progress; and, as we can perfectly understand, were mistrusted by, or unknown to, the people. The whole executive administration—fiscal ministers, farmers

of districts, contractors, collectors, and middle men of all classes, by whom the yearly demand was apportioned and realised, were to a man natives of the country. From these classes no information was obtained; and though serious misgivings existed, the collections of revenue for the current year were pressed forward as rapidly as possible. It is no part of the fiscal policy of any native Government—and we must bear in mind that the Executive of Bengal was as yet purely native—to relax demands for revenue in seasons of famine. Those who have means to pay are richer than in times of plenty; those who have none perish; and it not unfrequently happens that extra cesses are laid upon the rich, to compensate, in some degree, the losses sustained by the poor. So we see that the Council as yet slumbered, or if it was occasionally roused by reports of misery which could not be withheld, it fell again into inaction. Meanwhile, says Mr. Hunter:—

‘All through the stifling summer of 1770, the people went on dying. The husbandmen sold their cattle; they sold their implements of agriculture; they devoured their seed grain; they sold their sons and daughters; till at length no buyer of children could be found; they ate the leaves of trees and the grass in the field, and, in June 1770, the Resident at the Durbar, affirmed that the living were feeding upon the dead. Day and night a torrent of famished and disease-stricken wretches poured into the great cities, At an early period of the year pestilence had broken out. . . . The streets were blocked up with promiscuous heaps of the dying and dead. Interment could not do its work quick enough; even the dogs and jackals, the public scavengers of the East, became unable to accomplish their revolting work, and the multitude of mangled and festering corpses at length threatened the existence of the citizens.’ (P. 27.)

We forbear to quote more of Mr. Hunter's powerful description of this period, and refer our readers to the work itself which, in this chapter of famine, is no less eloquent than pathetic. The people died, and died. There was no check, no alleviation whatever. Even could they have attempted it, from whence could the few Europeans then in Calcutta have obtained food for twenty-five millions of people? It was a strange and awful coincidence, that the year in which Bengal was conquered by the Mahomedans from the Hindus, was marked by a similar and perhaps even more dreadful calamity. Gour, the capital of the province, then the most magnificent city in India, was depopulated and abandoned. ‘It had existed two thousand years, and was filled with noble buildings. In one year it was humbled to the dust, and is now the abode of only tigers and monkeys.’

The misery which existed through 1770 could not last; in 1771-2, the harvests were superabundant, but in ten months, that is, up to the end of May, six in sixteen of the population had perished, and the mortality increased until it was computed that upwards of ten millions of human beings had been swept away. It is due to the Council of that period to state, that they did what they could. They issued proclamations against hoarding grain, and were at considerable pains to have their tenor enforced; they laid an embargo upon the exportation of food, and some contributions, necessarily very small, were made towards alleviating the distress. It is just also to the native gentlemen of the province to state, that they contributed at least as much as the 'Company' if not more. But, after all, the whole was, in reality, a mere drop in the ocean. The Company's contribution was about 9,000*l.* in six months, among thirty millions of people, and even for this trifle the Council were severely blamed by the Secret Committee. What were the natives of Bengal, perishing by millions, to them? as little indeed as to their servants on the spot, where in one instance, quoted by Mr. Hunter, ten shillings' worth of rice a day was meted out in a population of four hundred thousand souls! If the hideous misery which existed on the spot, when every town and village was full of festering corpses, was ignored by those who saw it, what can be expected from those who, at a distance of eight thousand miles, and an interval of nearly a year of time, expressed no sympathy? In this respect the change in the feeling of the people of England needs no illustration. We all remember with what horror the details of the famine in Orissa, two years ago, were received in England, and how strictly the local government was called to account; and there is little doubt that on the recurrence of scarcity elsewhere, that lesson of want of timely provision against the extreme result of famine will be carefully remembered. It is only indeed by these means that it can be averted. Once it begins, we quite agree with Mr. Hunter that remedial means are next to useless, except indeed the afflicted province have an accessible seaboard or a great navigable river. In the interior, where there are no railways, the dearth of forage prevents the employment of carriage beyond the frontier, and when there is no more left to eat, the people must die; they are, as Mr. Hunter expresses it, 'in the case of a ship without provisions in the midst of the ocean.'

Hideous as is the contemplation of these details, the rural distress of Bengal which followed the famine, was hardly less endurable or mischievous. There was not population enough left

to till the fields. Village communities had been broken up, and their relics collected together in other localities as best they could. Whole tracts fell out of cultivation, and their villages were utterly deserted. It cannot, we think, be assumed or maintained that the new (British) Government of Bengal was in any way responsible for the effects of the famine of 1770; or that by any means at its disposal, that event could have been palliated or averted. The commencement was not understood, and its frightfully rapid progress was not ascertained, until the whole province was involved in one common ruin. The previous native Government had exacted from the people all their available means, and, with the usual short-sighted policy of such administrations, had left nothing for them to fall back upon. Where the cultivators were for the most part dependent upon the land managers for advances to purchase seed, the cessation of these advances would in itself have produced distress. When to this was superadded the impossibility of sowing at all, and the exhaustion of all previous stores of grain, the final catastrophe was inevitable. Bengal proper was a province singularly exempt from visitations of famine, or even from fluctuations in agricultural returns; and we can understand not only that the famine of 1770 was utterly unlooked for, but that the partial scarcity by which it was heralded was not considered of particular moment—the more especially as no alarm was given by the native collectors and managers. The event, indeed, to men unacquainted with the country and the people, must have been, for the time, utterly confounding and incomprehensible. The Commissioners sent out by the Council in 1772 to report, found ‘the finest parts of the province desolated by famine, the lands abandoned, and the revenue falling to decay.’ It was now clear to Mr. Warren Hastings, who had become President of the Council, that more efficient means of government must be adopted; and his report, which Mr. Hunter has produced in full in his Appendix, should be read in its entirety, in order to understand completely the nature of the crisis and the means proposed for relief. Mr. Hastings sets forth, in his clear nervous style, the difficulties which had beset the first native, and the subsequent double, Government; he lays bare the sources of failure, and, though a humiliating retrospect, there was no remedy but an unsparing exposition of it. His suggestions were adopted by the Home Government, and as soon as men could be found to fill the posts, a new era in Bengal began.

It was not an easy or pleasant one. Let those who can calmly estimate the duties of the new English officers care-

fully peruse Mr. Hunter's unexaggerated picture of their position. Although one-third of the land was out of cultivation, and only two-thirds of the peasantry left (hardly, indeed, that, for Mr. Hunter states from official sources, that 35 per cent. of the general and 50 per cent. of the agricultural population had perished), the demands of the Court of Directors did not slacken. Money must be had. The province was rack-rented; and many of the princely families brought to absolute ruin. The ancient relations between landlord and tenant were broken; feudal dependence no longer existed as it had before. Even the boundaries of estates and lands were becoming unrecognisable, and the landholders were fighting pitched battles for them. Added to this, bands of plunderers and banditti infested the country, who owned no leader, who collected in armies 50,000 strong, committed a horrible series of outrages and disappeared. In a word, all the most mischievous elements of disorder were in the ascendant, and required vigorous and persevering measures for their suppression. Even as late as 1789, Lord Cornwallis, then Governor-General, after an investigation of three years' duration, pronounced 'one-third of the Company's territories in Bengal to be a jungle 'inhabited only by wild beasts.' Beerbhoom and Bishenpoor, the especial subjects of Mr. Hunter's present volume, had decreased from 6,000 rural communities to less than 4,400, and of the houses not more than one-fourth were tenanted. The wild beasts multiplied exceedingly, and 'as the rural communities relinquished their hamlets and drew closer towards the 'centre of the district, the wild beasts pressed hungrily upon 'their rear. . . . A belt of jungle filled with wild beasts 'formed round each village, and the official records frequently speak of the mail bag being carried off by them.' There were not only tigers, but wild elephants, which were resistless, 'lifting off roofs, pushing down walls, trampling a 'village underfoot as if it were a city of sand that a child had 'built upon the shore.' It must not be supposed that these sad details are at all exaggerated; they are founded upon the Rural Annals which Mr. Hunter has so industriously compiled, and which form the foundation of all his interesting illustrations of the state of Bengal after the famine; a condition which continued for nearly thirty years, and which involved a perpetual struggle against social disorganisation on the one hand, as far as the revenue was concerned, and the efforts to eradicate the banditti on the other.

We regret that we cannot follow Mr. Hunter's excellent description of the efforts of Mr. Keating, who had been ap-

pointed collector of Beerbhoom in 1788, and who ruled over this extensive province for five years of its worst period—to establish order. The details, given at length, which are well worth perusal, show him to have been a man self-reliant in the highest degree, active and energetic. Partly by regular troops, and partly by the well-affected people of the country, he made head against the local banditti, and ultimately overcame them. Such a condition of affairs could hardly now arise in any part of India; but from the narrative of events, and from the spirited conduct of one man, we can estimate what can be effected under a state of grievous calamity, where the official head possesses tact and influence enough to infuse his own spirit into the people and carry them with him. The Rural Annals of India would, if known as Mr. Hunter has made them known of one district, show hundreds of instances of what plain English gentlemen—thrown among communities of which they may be supposed to have possessed but little previous knowledge, and in which till emergency arose they were little known—have effected by sheer strength of character and personal resolution; and it is only by such details that it is possible to estimate how the moral conquest of India has been achieved, and how maintained. In the series of years which have elapsed between those troubled times and the present, all waste lands have been reclaimed, and an orderly population has taken the place of a lawless one. Beerbhoom enjoys a singular immunity from crime. As to wild beasts, ‘it is impossible,’ Mr. Hunter informs us, ‘to find an undomesticated elephant, impossible to hear of a tiger, throughout the length and breadth of the district. The last tiger hunt took place in 1864; a band of Hillmen, in number five hundred, beat many square miles of jungle, but not a bear or a leopard, much less a tiger, could they turn out. . . . and their capture is as much an event as the shooting of an eagle in the Scottish Highlands’ (p. 65).

In the chapter entitled ‘The Ethnical Elements of the Low-land Population of Bengal,’ Mr. Hunter explains very lucidly the several strata, as it were, of races who from time to time have possessed the province, and in succession given their impress to the people. Far back in the dim ages of time an aboriginal population existed—or rather what may conventionally be termed an aboriginal race, for nothing can be discovered beyond it—which inhabited forest tracts, and subsisted, most probably, on wild products and game of all kinds. These tribes are still existent in forms little modified perhaps from their original condition, and totally distinct from the race which originally dispossessed them of the lowlands, and drove

them into inaccessible mountains and forests, where they were undisturbed. Thus we find the slopes of the mountains by which the great basin of the Lower Ganges is begirt, peopled with hill tribes of various denominations—Santals, Kolees, Kocchs, Bodos, Dhimals, Paharis, Korewahs, Moondalis, and Bhogtas—who speak different and original languages which have no affinity, or but little, with the dialects of the plains. In regard to one of these tribes, the Santals, Mr. Hunter devotes a considerable part of his work, of which we shall presently avail ourselves. In the plains, on the contrary, we find many dialects used by a people comparatively fair, who, from the earliest period to which they can be traced, have been conquerors of the country. These are the Aryan invaders of India, who, diluted, as it were, among some aboriginal classes whom they converted, are now generally known as Hindus. Nothing is ascertained of the date or the number of the original Aryan invasions. All that is known is from the effect this great race has had upon the early civilisation of the world, and the reclamation of many of its aboriginal races from savagery. Whether on the borders of China, in Persia, in Greece, in Italy, in Spain, or in Western Europe, and even in Britain, the course of the Aryans may be distinctly traced, not only by their language, but by their sepulchral remains, their cairns and cromlechs, which, alike in structure and in internal relics, agree in India and in Europe with the closest similitude. The first holy land was a small territory near Dehli, but the martial character of the race in process of time led them to the south-east, down the valley of the Ganges, driving, as they progressed and established themselves, the aboriginal races into the Vindiya and other ranges to the south of the valley, and into the Himalayas or their southern spurs to the north. Mr. Hunter is of opinion that this progression was very slow, and that even up to the era of Buddhism very little progress had been made by the Aryans against the aboriginal kings and chieftains:—

‘They make their first appearance as Buddhists not as Hindus; their kings were aboriginal not Aryan. No one can study minutely the local monuments and traditions of the lower valley without coming to the conviction, that the Hindu creed as laid down in Manu and the Brahmanas is a comparatively modern importation from the north, and that Buddhism was the first form of an elaborated religious belief which the Bengali people received.’ (P. 99.)

In Behar, south-east of Magadha, the Brahminical influence was stronger, but until the fourteenth century the sacred tooth of Buddha was kept at Gaya, then ‘the Jerusalem of the

‘Buddhists, as it is now of the Hindus.’ In consequence of this absence of Hindu, or rather Aryan domination, the people in general of the lower valley of the Ganges are found to be different in many respects to the more pure Aryan race of the north-west provinces. The Brahmins have, for instance, less rank or purity of caste than those of the north-west, who will not marry or even eat with them. Those who did settle became connected with aboriginal women of the country, and their descendants are esteemed spurious. In the same manner people of the other two castes, Kshatrya and Vaisya, mingled with the country folk, and the mixture of races was completed by the Mahomedan invasions, and by Mahomedan stragglers who settled in the lower valley from time to time. But, notwithstanding the early connexion between the Aryans and the aborigines in some part, the horror with which the latter inspired their conquerors never subsided. Their languages, rude as those of the aborigines are in comparison with the intellectual Sanscrit, never amalgamated in any complete degree; and though the dialects of Bengal show traces of Sanscrit words, and in some instances possess the words themselves, yet, among the patois of the rural and still more aboriginal races, they are seldom, if ever, used or understood. In one marked and debasing respect, however, the belief of the aboriginal races affected the purer Vedic faith of the conquerors. The belief of the aborigines was a dread and propitiation of demons, who could injure, it was believed, but who did not protect. The ancient Vedic religion was a belief in a beneficent God, and in his creation and provision of benefits for the human race. It might be thought, therefore, that this higher development of faith would have rejected with horror any compromise with the lower: but it was not so. Demon-worship became associated with pure Hinduism: and it is ‘the anxiety to propitiate the malignant rather than serve the beneficent deities which now forms so marked and so degrading a feature of Hindu superstition.’ Sacrifices to evil spirits still exist, particularly in times of famine or severe epidemics, and our Government has been at much pains to prevent them. ‘But,’ Mr. Hunter informs us, ‘in seasons of scarcity, the priests of Lower Bengal still offer up children to the insatiable demon who terrified the forest tribes three thousand years ago.’ Such events have occurred even as late as 1866, and Mr. Hunter gives particulars of them at page 128.

Another and more pleasing remnant of aboriginal faith is the worship of the ‘Gram Deotas,’ the village and household gods, who are supposed to preside in a beneficent manner over the

affairs of the village or the family. Of these objects of worship very little is known even by the people themselves. They are represented by sacred stones, trees, rocks, caves in ravines, or are even lumps of clay. 'In Beerbhoom,' Mr. Hunter states, 'particularly the western border-land, this worship is very popular, and once a year the whole population of the capital repairs to a shrine in the jungle, and there make offerings to a ghost who dwells in a Bela tree.' At these rites animals are sacrificed, and blood flows freely, and the animals slain are dressed and eaten by the offerers. Such observances are not peculiar to Bengal. In Central India, in the Deccan, and throughout the south, the worship of the Gram Deotas is universal among the lower classes ; but Brahmins never, or very rarely, take part in the ceremonies, and they serve to show how strong an aboriginal element everywhere prevails, in distinction with, and opposition to, the Brahminical faith. It is impossible, however, with the limited space at our disposal, to follow Mr. Hunter in his scholarlike and ingenious description of the positions of the Aryans and aborigines in Bengal, which are detailed in his third chapter, and we must pass to the deduction which he draws from them.

With an arrogated superiority on the one hand in every grade of life and social position by the Aryans and their descendants—which, in point of fact, had the effect of reducing the aborigines to a condition of never-ending slavery—it was impossible that the latter could rise, as they might have risen had they been admitted to social fellowship; and, as a consequence of this non-amalgamation, the absence of any national character has marked the Bengal people from the earliest times. Any race or tribe who have possessed or gained local power have ruled over them; Hindu princes and kings, and Mahomedan kings and satraps, have succeeded in turn; but no national pride or response is traceable, nor indeed could it exist where the distinctions of the people are so violent and so unaccommodating. This, in a degree, may be said of wherever Brahminical influence has been most predominant, all over India. It was the basis of the success of the Mahomedan power, as it has been of our own. We have met with no united nationalities, and consequently no patriotism, and we have taken our places in the long roll of Indian conquerors, being received by the people with the same apathy or indifference which was displayed to our predecessors.

Perhaps this is changing in some respects. Mr. Hunter tells us how the lowest tribes are being elevated by our system of education gradually and surely; how instructors in schools,

native civilians, and professional men, are rising out of the classes despised by the Brahmins, into positions which never could have been attained under a Hindu régime. If the Mahomedan rule weakened the power of the higher classes of Hindus over the lower by allowing no persecution, the British Government, with a higher aim, is bringing up the lower to the higher, and may not be withstood.

‘For seven centuries,’ Mr. Hunter observes, ‘has Providence humbled the disdainful spirit of Hinduism beneath the heel of barbarian invaders, grinding together all classes of people as upon the nether millstone, and slowly bringing in the time foretold in the Sanscrit Book of the Future (the Bhavishya Purana) when the Indian people shall be of one caste, and form one nation.’ (P. 140.)

We cannot assume when this may be; but it is not the less certain that all the British nation is doing in India are truly means to that end.

In the fourth chapter, Mr. Hunter brings before us a very clear and interesting picture of the most important of the aboriginal tribes of Bengal, the Santals, with whom he has evidently been in close official, and unmistakeably friendly, contact. They inhabit a tract of country which forms the western frontier of Bengal proper, with its right resting nearly on the sea, and its left meeting the Hills of Bhagulpoor, a tract 400 miles long by 100 miles broad—40,000 square miles—with a population of about two millions of souls. These people are not Hindus. They profess their aboriginal faith, and preserve the same customs, the same peculiarities, the same social condition, that they did before the Aryan invasion 3,000 years ago, perhaps more. Westward they are now the sole population; to the north some Hindus have become mixed with, as they have settled among them; and to the east, as their hills descend into and are merged in the plains, the Hindu element increases. There is no idea or tradition existing among them from whence they came. Their language was not a written one, and they have no records. Traditions and legends exist; but they throw no light, so to speak, upon ancient times. This tribe was one of those driven into the jungles by the Aryans; but the long lines of Aryan kings never conquered them, and passed away. The Mahomedans seem never to have noticed them, or set up colonies or religious establishments among them as they did elsewhere; and thus in their original condition, they are at last brought into connexion with ourselves—the savagery, as it were, of the earliest ages of Hinduism with the civilising influences of the nineteenth century.

Yet the people are not savage. They are a bold independent race, proud of their great antiquity, proud of the maintenance of their position during ages of dynastic revolution, jealous of their privileges, detesting the Hindus but respecting their only conquerors, the English, and after centuries of lawlessness, now settling down into peaceful and industrious communities. Of the Creation they have an indistinct legend, connected also with one of the Deluge, which, to say the least, is very curious. The reader will find these legends at pp. 147–149, and in the Appendix, as collected by the Rev. — Phillips, from the Santals of Orissa. The Santal has no very distinctive physiognomy: his features have neither Malay nor Chinese distinctive marks; he has a round face and head, cheek-bones by no means prominent, and lips by no means thick; he is about the same height as the ordinary Hindu, shorter than the Aryan Brahmin, heavier and more sturdily built than the Hindu, ‘a man created to labour rather than to think.’ We cannot follow Mr. Hunter into his description of the language of this curious tribe, which is still unaffected by Aryan inflections, though it has adopted Aryan or Sanscrit words: but it will be found full of learned disquisition, and will be welcome to such of our readers who make ancient and uncorrupted languages their peculiar study. Mr. Hunter, however, assumes that the language did not belong to the Eastern nomadic tribes, but rather to North-eastern as the ‘primitive home of the Indian aborigines;’ while their legends point to migrations westward until they took refuge from the conquering Aryans in the highlands which they have since inhabited.

Here, too, we find unmistakeably, the cradle, as it were, of demon worship. The Santal has no conception of a beneficent God. His religion is one of terror and deprecation. ‘The only reply made to a missionary, at the end of an eloquent description of the omnipotence of God, was, “And what if that strong one should eat me?”’ Of evil spirits and demons, however, he has a multitude, whose influences he is at great pains to avert. These can punish the wicked, destroy the cattle, blight the crops, and are only to be propitiated by sacrifice and blood. In this respect we see a cognate belief with the Khonds of Orissa, the Gonds and Bheels of the Vindiya ranges, and most other aboriginal tribes; and it is evidently the same faith which existed throughout India before the Aryan invasion. In regard to the Santals’ household religion, we must refer the reader to pp. 182–188, which our limited space alone prevents us from extracting; but while the Khonds indulge in human sacrifice as the highest tribute of

demon worship, the Santal is happily free from the horrible rite, though it is by no means impossible that it was practised in ages gone by. 'How can we sacrifice men?' was the reply of one: 'In these days men are dear; who could pay their price?'

Santals have no caste; but they have divisions of tribes among the Northern, where, somewhat after Aryan fashion, they are divided into kings, priests, soldiers, and farmers. These, however, have had no effect in making separation among the people. The whole nation is divided into seven tribes, the descendants of the seven sons of the original founder of the race. From the descendants of the fifth son the priests of the nation are taken; but it does not seem that beyond tradition and legends they have any special education or training. Their ceremonies of admission into the tribe—if a girl, in three days; if a boy, in five—and of marriage, are curious and interesting, and Mr. Hunter describes them at length at pp. 202–208. They have as early marriages as Hindus, and the ages of the parties are respectively sixteen or seventeen and fifteen. After marriage they must provide for themselves, and usually do so very perfectly. In his whole experience of the tribe, Mr. Hunter never saw a single beggar. The men remain faithful to one wife, but second marriages are not unknown where there has been no offspring to the first. Divorce is rare; and a woman once fallen never recovers her social position. The Santals burn their dead, and the particulars of the final rite are thus described:—

'One ceremony, a very beautiful one, remains—the reunion of the dead with the "Fathers." The next of kin, taking a bag of rice and the three fragments of the skull (saved from the burning), starts off alone to the sacred river. Arrived at the river, he places the three fragments of skull on his own head, and entering the stream dips completely under the water, at the same time inclining forwards so that the three fragments fall into the current and are carried down, thus uniting the dead with the "Fathers."' (P. 210.)

It would appear that the Santals lead primitive, simple, and happy lives. In their forests they have elements of wealth in timber, gums, beeswax, drugs, charcoal, and skins, which are all readily disposed of in the marts and fairs of the low country. They cultivate what they need, and little more, and they are bold and successful hunters. They still use the bow and arrow, which in their hands are formidable weapons. There are few firearms among them, and the only use which the old rusty matchlock is put to is the occasional destruction of a tiger or a leopard. When English sportsmen go among them,

they receive a glad welcome. The Santal has an idea of sport far higher than a Hindu or a Mahomedan. The people assemble voluntarily in hundreds, and beat the jungles for large game, enjoying the hunt with the greatest animation. Simple and sociable, the Santal is hospitable to strangers, and domestic feasts seem to have no ending. He is courteous without cringing, and straightforward in his business matters. To women he is respectful and kind, and the women are frank and modest. A curious institution among them is, that the children of the village have their head man and his deputy, as the adults have, by whom the government, so to speak, of each village is carried on. These, with a watchman or two, suffice for local needs, and crime and criminal offences are almost unknown. As is not uncommon with stout mountaineers, they used to be accomplished freebooters. Up to 1790 they made an annual raid into the low country, hunting and plundering as they pleased; but from this they were strangely reclaimed by being hired, in the first instance, to destroy the wild beasts, a course which led to their becoming day labourers to a very great extent. In 1790 the Government had pledged itself not to increase the tax upon reclaimed lands, and the Santals, tempted by unprecedented wages or easy rents, reclaimed hundreds of rural communes, and gave a new land tenure to Beerbhoom.

In 1830 the Santal population had become restless. The fact was, that it was too large for the capabilities of their territory; and after some trials to the northward, they were resettled in what had been heretofore a neutral ground between the Hindu possessions in the plains and the true Santal country above, which had been marked off by a ring of masonry pillars. In 1847, 'fifteen hundred Santal villages and townships, containing a population of about 100,000 souls, had sprung up without the ring.' According to recent statistics they now considerably exceed 200,000. In other respects, too, they have become most useful to many enterprises; they have spread eastwards, and entered freely as labourers in indigo and other agricultural and manufacturing establishments. 'Patient of labour, at home with nature, able to live on a penny a day, contented with roots when better food is not to be had, a hearty but not habitually excessive toper; given to pig-hunting on holidays; despised by the Hindus, and heartily repaying their contempt—the Hillmen of the West furnish the sinews by which English enterprise is carried on in Eastern Bengal.' Here they receive good wages, live in

a rich fruitful country, returning for the hot season to their native hills with well-furnished purses; and, accompanied by poor relations, they resume their work at the proper season.

But the perfect peace of this interesting people was fated to have a rough disturbance. Their settled habits and increasing wealth attracted numbers of Hindu jobbers and petty dealers, who, with ready money in their hands, and finery for the Santal men and women, drove an easy and thriving trade with them. After the most approved Hindu fashion, they cheated these simple mountaineers in every possible manner. The Santal was cheated in weights, in measures, and in quality. He began to take advances from these Hindus, and was eaten up by excessive usury; and being unable to pay it, became, with his family, the serfs of the money-lender. If the Santal grew restive, a decree was easily obtainable by default in the district court, and his property sold up remorselessly. The Santals grew uneasy, and had their condition been understood, in all probability subsequent occurrences would not have taken place. To all outward appearance the utmost prosperity prevailed, and the reclamation of a wild tribe was pointed to with triumph in the beautiful and highly cultivated tract on which they had settled.

While this Hindu extortion proceeded, and increased up to 1854, railway construction began in that year, and, as might be expected, attracted all Santal labourers who could go to it; and here occurred the test of the Hindu system of extortion. When those free from debt or usurious demands went in thousands to the railway works and returned with heavy purses, they gave feasts, and bought land with their money, and enjoyed themselves after their simple fashion. In this the Santals who were bound to Hindu taskmasters had no part; and sullen murmurs rose among them. The question was a national one. Why should there be any such serfdom? The people could see that such an institution did not belong to the English, and therefore the detested Hindus only were the authors of it. After a short period of seething discontent, two brothers stood forth to the nation, who declared they had a divine mission. They made their dreams public, and scraps of paper were sent flying from village to village. The people petitioned the local English officer to do them justice; but he, only seeing the effect of their material prosperity in an increased cultivation and revenue, could find no cause for discontent, and did nothing. The deputation of Santals went to the chief commissioner, with the same result. He, too, could not understand their trouble; and while it is clear that up to this time, neither the condition

of the Santals, or their wants, or grievances, had been understood, it is also manifest how little the train of official routine could be broken or altered.

Failing to get redress, the Santals determined on a great move to Calcutta; and on the 30th of June, 1855, the vast expedition set out. 'The bodyguard of the leaders,' Mr. Hunter declares, 'was 30,000 men. As long as the food which they had brought from their villages lasted, the march was orderly; but unofficered bodies of armed men, roaming about, soon became dangerous.' In a word, they began to plunder, and great was the consternation among the peaceful Hindu villages on their line of march. A native police inspector was slain by one of the leaders under peculiar circumstances, and blood once shed, the character of 'this strange exodus was changed. The leaders professed to have had a revelation enjoining the slaughter of all Hindu usurers, but protection to all other classes; and assured the ignorant multitude that the great English lord in the South would sanction these proceedings and share the plunder.' (P. 240.) For a while these outrages were almost unchecked, and Government hardly credited the danger. The sudden movement of a whole tribe from motives which could not be understood, and when official and statistical returns showed it to be very prosperous, was incomprehensible; but the riot grew fast and furious, and at length General Lloyd was despatched to the scene of disturbance with full powers. There was no glory to be gained in the miserable border warfare which ensued, and in which this brave people, armed with bows and arrows and their hatchets, were shot down—they would not surrender—almost without resistance. On one occasion forty-five Santals took refuge in a house, and fired a volley of arrows upon a party of regulars. Their village was burning around them. As they would not surrender, a hole was dug in the wall, and volleys of musketry were answered by showers of arrows. At length the arrows ceased, and looking in, one old man was seen alive on a pile of dead and dying. A Sepoy advanced to take him, but the old man, refusing to surrender, rushed upon the Sepoy and hewed him down with his battle-axe. Such was the vain bravery and desperation of these people; a miserable record, the perusal of which excites many painful feelings of sympathy with the Santals, and regrets over the bickerings and disputes among the local authorities.

Eventually martial law was proclaimed, accompanied by a proclamation of forgiveness to all who surrendered, and the energy of the measure, and pertinacity with which it

was put in force, checked the insurgents at once. By the end of the cold season of 1855-56, the rebels had tendered their submission. The Government now saw the nature of the crisis which had produced this miserable war. Such tribes as the Santals could not be governed upon the same principles as ordinary Hindus. Nor were strictly 'regulation' officers the men to whom such a population could be confided. Under the wise local measures of a special commissioner, a man with large sympathies and knowledge of native character, the present Sir G. Yule, all discontent passed away; and justice, which had been impossible of access under the regulation system, was now obtainable. Since that period the Santals have prospered, and have been perfectly tractable. Large numbers of them have been employed by the tea planters in Assam. Others emigrated to the Mauritius and the West Indies, returning with, to a Santal, handsome fortunes of 200*l.* to 300*l.* But wherever they go, their dear native hills are never forgotten, and are the goal of eventual happiness to which every Santal who has emigrated for a period, looks with patient hope.

We have heard of the Santal insurrection before, and well remember the panic it created in Calcutta. According to the public writings of the period, no treatment could be too severe for them, and one memorable article in the '*Calcutta Review*' recommended no less a measure than the deportation of the whole tribe out of the country to—we forget where! In all its phases, however, the Santal rebellion affords a lesson in the management of the aboriginal tribes of India which will never be forgotten; and proves that, if serious errors could be committed while ignorance existed, they could be redeemed by a more enlightened policy. This, however, can hardly excuse the original errors; and only makes it the more impressive that, among so mixed a population as that of India, our Government and its servants cannot afford to be indifferent or neglectful in regard to any local excitement among masses which may have a tendency to disturb the public tranquillity. It may be certain that there is always some excellent reason at the bottom of it which may not at once be evident, but will be discovered as soon as the confidence of the people is gained, and not before.

Mr. Hunter's fifth chapter is devoted to details of administration, and their consequences upon the people. They are records of deplorable failures in most instances, which may not be wondered at considering how the administration of Bengal was begun, and how continued. Clive's makeshift double

government was, as we have already shown, changed by Warren Hastings to direct supervision by English officers. But the records of the period, and Mr. Hunter himself, tell us, that these men were venal and rapacious; that no social disgrace attached itself to bribery or extortion; and that officers whose official salaries were hardly thousands of rupees per year, could unblushingly boast of 'making' hundreds of thousands. Added to this was the extreme ignorance of the Government and its officials. Nothing was known of landed tenures, of the positions and jurisdictions of hereditary landholders (Zemindars) and Talookdars or collectors, or even of the rents of land. All these had to be ascertained.

Again, the civil courts, the magisterial and police departments of the Government, had not at first even a nominal control; they were yet in the hands of the 'Foujdaree' of the Nawab of Morshedabad. And upon this straggling chaos, as it were, of administration, came down, with all its tremendous effect, the horrible famine of 1769-70. The details of all this confusion have been often told before. It was a topic upon which the press in England, members of the House of Commons, and historians like Mill could dilate with exceeding indignation; but, on a fair retrospect of circumstances, it will be evident mistakes could not have been avoided. It may be said we should not have taken Bengal till we had means to govern it. The best answer to this is that the people had at least their native government, which had sufficed them for centuries before; that they would not have been prepared for any sudden change, and that that change was gradually made as far as proper instruments could be found. Clive never thought of how Bengal was to be managed when he obtained it from the Emperor of Delhi; his business was to secure it for the English nation, and to trust to the future for its government. It is to Warren Hastings, however, that the British nation owes the first intelligence of its local difficulties, and his vigorous measures are put in so clear a light by Mr. Hunter, that our readers would do well to refer to his account of them. These measures were, however, but preliminary.

Lord Cornwallis arrived in 1786, and in 1789 he divided Bengal into districts, and placed over each 'an experienced English officer in whom he concentrated the whole functions of government, fiscal, civil, criminal, and police.' To this day we have the same class of officers in India—Deputy Commissioners of non-regulation provinces—who, with larger jurisdictions than in Bengal, have precisely similar powers. These were the creations of Lord Dalhousie; and wherever they have

been established, whether in the Punjab, in Sinde, in Hyderabad, in the Central provinces, in Nagpore, or in Mysore, have been attended with complete success. There is no division of authority in any district, and consequently there can be no local bickering or rivalry of office. They are very arduous duties, as may be conceived; but they suit the character of the people, and all the minutiae of the requirements of an extremely centralised government are performed by them. In sketching the local administration of Mr. Keating, the collector of Beerbhoom under the new system, we find exactly how it suited the people, where it pinched them, and how much it depended upon the temper and wisdom of the collector whether it succeeded or not. But it did succeed then, as it has succeeded since with other native communities, which have been transferred by, or conquered from, native governments. Whatever faults there may be in detail at first, one grand foundation is at once established—a public confidence which has never failed, and whether in the times of Clive or Hastings or our own, has never existed in any native government. Rich men feel that no greedy eyes are ever upon them; poor men feel that the rich cannot oppress them, and thus the general conviction of security forms the foundation of our progress.

We need not revert to Mr. Hunter's details of the faults in the first measures for the administration of Bengal, and the means which afforded relief, though we are thankful to him for having set them forth so clearly, and shown their effects upon the rural population of which he is the annalist; and his work would have been incomplete without them. One and all, they are valuable points for future history. The native system of excise, the temple taxes, the coinage—which had become frightfully debased—were all reformed; and the history of the latter, and the admirable arrangements of Lord Cornwallis in regard to it, form very interesting portions of this chapter. We have also the police, the departments of civil and criminal justice, the magistracy, and all other departments of a State Government brought in review, so that we can trace the progression of alterations and reform up to the present period. Of all, perhaps, the judicial system of Bengal and of India generally has met with the greatest amount of stricture, if not indeed of open-mouthed abuse, which it too frequently deserved; and it is really refreshing to read the following passage, a commentary on what precedes it, in Mr. Hunter's pages:—

‘But, in truth, this litigation is only a healthy and most encouraging result of three quarters of a century of conscientious

Government. . . . For the first time in their history, the people of India are learning to enforce their rights, and not to do so by the bands of club men which are matters of memory with many rural officers, but by the regular process of the Courts. That the litigation is beneficial is proven by the fact that, out of 108,559 original suits, 77,979 were, in 1864, decided in favour of the plaintiff, besides the vast number which were not presented to judgment in consequence of the defendant privately yielding the claims to save further expenses. The habitual enforcement of civil rights is the best possible training for the temperate use of political privileges; and the trust which the natives of India have learned to repose in our judicial system contrasts strongly with the period — scarcely seventy-five years ago — during which only one in sixty thousand inhabitants annually ventured to ask the aid of the Courts, and only one in a hundred thousand annually obtained it.' (P. 343.)

We have now multiplied courts, and they exist in several degrees, to suit the character of litigants and the value of suits. Many of them are presided over by native judges who, as a body, are able men, greatly respected and very useful. We have also employed the princes of the land and powerful landholders as local magistrates. We have introduced a system of Municipal Councils to preside over local affairs, and in every respect the result is very promising. Thus, and so far, the long mooted question of employing natives more largely in the civil government of the country has been answered practically, in a manner most beneficial to the people and to ourselves, nor is there a doubt of its extension in the future. If the intermediate time has been a series of weary experiments, and often of disastrous and perplexing failures, as tested by our own standards, we can at least look back with complacency to the period of native government when there were no real civil tribunals or criminal courts in the province, and when the right, in all respects, was simply that of the strongest arm or longest purse.

In relation to his details of administrative measures, it must not, however, be understood that Mr. Hunter's remarks apply to India at large; they are of necessity confined to Bengal. It need hardly perhaps be pointed out in this place, that the administration of India is necessarily of a very varied character, designed for the government of classes who differ as widely from each other in language and social customs as Italians and French, Germans and Spaniards. These widely diversified peoples have been once separate nationalities. All of them have retained more or less of distinctive character, more perhaps than the loosely connected and diversified people of Bengal; they have all had to be brought under the operation

of one practical working system of administration ; and in whatever degree local peculiarities had to be provided for, the general result must accord with that system. We believe that of all subjects connected with India the details of its administration are the least understood in England ; and, in order to comprehend them in a more complete degree than it has been hitherto possible to do, we very cordially recommend to our readers another work which has recently appeared, the title of which is quoted at the head of this paper.

Major Chesney's details of the administration of India in its present condition will be found to embrace all subjects connected therewith ; and as bringing into an easy compass for reference and consideration every department of state polity, are truly valuable. We will venture to say that no previous writer on India has attempted what Major Chesney has accomplished ; nor for the special purpose of comprehending what the Government of India in all its varied and manifold details really is at the present time, was there any means previously available. Those who desired to study them, or to obtain even a superficial acquaintance with them, could only obtain information piecemeal, and even then in a very incomplete form, from histories or works on special subjects. Anything like a complete manual, so to speak, did not exist. A mere quotation of the general heads of Major Chesney's work will suffice perhaps to prove how extensive and complete are the subjects which he has reviewed. We find—' The rise and development of British Rule in India ; ' the constitution of the Indian Government in the Presidencies ; the relations of the Supreme and Provincial Governments ; the Provincial Governments and the General Government of India. In reference to civil administration he explains—the details of District Organisation, including the departments of Revenue, Justice, and Police of ' Regulation ' Provinces, and the same in regard to ' Non-Regulation ' Districts ; the Civil Services and Military Civilians, with the Uncovenanted Service and Native Officials ; and finally Finance and Currency.

All these heads and their very intricate subdivisions are clearly and ably explained by the author. He accompanies them by suggestions of alteration and improvement, with which the reader may, or may not, agree ; but of the main facts and details, as they have grown up from the commencement of our rule, and as they exist at present, there can be no doubt, and compiled as they are for the first time as a whole, they have a peculiar value which can hardly be overrated. To all, therefore, who are desirous of understanding the means by which

the actual government of our great Eastern Empire is being carried on by, apparently, a mere sprinkling of English gentlemen and their native assistants, Major Chesney's useful volume will be most acceptable and indeed indispensable. Its proper title, however, would have been not 'Indian Policy,' but 'British Administration of India.'

But we must bring this article to a close. If we have dwelt at too great a length upon the past, it is only with the view to recall what has been most likely forgotten, and what has never before been explained so tersely and yet so comprehensively as by Mr. Hunter. 'Shore's Notes on Indian Affairs' are valuable in many respects as showing progress that had been made up to a period of thirty to forty years ago, and the bad effects of portions of the administration which have since then been reformed. It is useless to expect perfection, and yet, as Mr. Hunter observes, 'to anyone who questions the benefits of British rule, especially if he be a native of India, I can only say, "Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice."' Of one thing at least there can be no doubt now, that for many years past a body of Englishmen have been working with steadfast zeal, and in many respects eminent talent, for the reform of those abuses and deficiencies which are explained in the volume before us, and that they have applied all their energies, and are still applying them, under the constant supervision of the English nation, to whom they are responsible. If to the superb eloquence of Edmund Burke we owe, in great measure, the awakening of the English people to a sense of the responsibilities their countrymen had assumed in Bengal, we can at least declare that his once memorable words, 'Young men govern there without society and without sympathy with the native. An endless, hopeless prospect of new flights of birds of prey and passage is for ever passing before the eyes of the people. The cries of India are given to seas and winds to be blown about in every breaking up of the monsoon, over a remote and unhearing ocean,'—are not now applicable.

In conclusion we must state that we can very heartily recommend Mr. Hunter's work to everyone interested either in the past or present of the most valuable province of India. It is well written and well considered, and we have no doubt that the next volume will supply those particulars in regard to the perpetual settlement of Lord Cornwallis, and other matters of administrative detail, in which the present is necessarily deficient.

- ART. IX.—1. *Military History of U. S. Grant.* By Colonel BADEAU. New York: 1868.
2. *Grant as a Soldier and Statesman.* By E. HOWLAND. London: 1868.
3. *Grant's Campaigns.* By Colonel BOWMAN. New York: 1866.
4. *Report to the Secretary for War on the Battle of Belmont.* By Lieutenant-General GRANT. Washington: 1865.
5. *Swinton's Army of the Potomac.* New York: 1865.
6. *With Sheridan in Lee's Last Campaign.* By One of his Staff. New York: 1867.

IT is now hardly nine years since, that a needy man was lounging in the streets of St. Louis, with scarce a friend or a hope in the world. He had left an honourable service under a cloud; and after trying his hand at the national pursuit of farming, which had brought him much toil and little gain, had turned in vain to other pursuits. As a dealer in wool, as agent for collecting debts, as auctioneer, as house-agent, he had failed to compete successfully with the sharper or better-trained minds around him; and now what he had regarded as his last chance, his application for a petty local appointment, had been rejected curtly, with the intimation that fit testimonials were lacking in his case. To this ex-captain, bankrupt in fortune, name, and hope, some demon may be imagined whispering, ‘Why struggle any more against your fate? The world has no place for you and such as you. Your chances have slipped from you. Your day of hope is past. Your friends are growing tired of your existence. Your acquaintances slink away, lest they should hear of your need. Give up the useless effort to recover yourself, and cast yourself away.’ On the other hand, his better angel intervening, may have urged him to good courage, reminding him that he had been known on the distant plains of Mexico for distinguished gallantry and conduct; that the name then gained was not yet wholly lost; and that in the seemingly peaceful money-seeking country in which his fortune lay, there were hid the elements of a deadly strife, soon possibly to break out, when the soldierly qualities within him would shine forth, and place him as high above more common-place men in fame and fortune as now he seemed hopelessly beneath them.

Whether thoughts corresponding to these crossed his mind,

and the better in the end predominated, who can truly tell? Certain it is that the ex-captain Hiram Ulysses Grant,* leaving St. Louis and its temptations behind him, turned towards Galena in Illinois, where his father lived, and was received into his employment. Thus it came about that the future General-in-Chief and President passed the next two years of his life in the humble capacity of assistant to a leather-dealer, taking his turn of rougher and harder occupations in the winter. So passed his time peacefully, but with no recovery of his lost position, until the great events of April 1861 brought Southern policy to a decisive issue at Fort Sumter, and electrified the North with Lincoln's sudden call—the first hint the outer world gained of the dimensions of the contest—for 75,000 volunteers.

In common with all educated men in the United States, Grant had watched the approach of the rupture with intense interest. A Western man by birth, and now a citizen of the great free State which boasted the President among her sons, instinct and patriotism made him eager to strike for the Union: nor self-interest less, since here appeared the long-desired opening by which to raise himself at once to the level from which he had fallen. Like many another ex-officer of the army who held by the North, he wrote at once to Washington to beg for a commission. The War Office was not, however, to be his door to fame. The aged soldier who commanded for the first few months of the war, was stern against the offence of which Grant had been accused. With Hooker, and some other less known officers who had left the service for similar causes, he found his application totally neglected. He had not, however, happily, trusted to it alone. Before making it, he had begun to form and drill a company at the town of Galena, and in eight days after the proclamation had his little charge in sufficient order to present it to Governor Yates at Springfield, the State capital. Military men of any real training were exceedingly scarce in the West, whilst military and patriotic enthusiasm abounded. The Governor, less particular than General Scott, after some conversation with Grant, gladly took him into his own office to assist in organising the volunteers of the State. His professional knowledge (for he had served as a quartermaster), his energy, his strict attention to details, here made

* Such is the President's christian name. He was entered however as a cadet (by some unexplained mistake) as Ulysses Sidney, and has retained the initials thus received ever since, calling himself Ulysses Simpson. Simpson was his mother's maiden name.

him a most serviceable assistant; and when five weeks later, the 21st Illinois Regiment begged the Governor to give them a colonel (since no one in the battalion professed the least military skill), Mr. Yates pointed to the humbly dressed individual who sat writing in a corner of his room, and said to the deputation, 'Gentlemen, I cannot do better than give you 'Captain Grant.' The appointment was soon made out. Not instantly, however; for Grant, before accepting it, twice visited Cincinnati, where M'Clellan was then collecting the troops which soon after raised him to distinction in Western Virginia. Grant had known M'Clellan well in former days, and hoped to find a place upon his staff; but missing the General on each occasion, returned finally to Illinois to receive charge of his regiment. This was, of course, like all such commands, only mustered for three months; and hence, no doubt, Grant's anxiety to find some more permanent, though nominally lower appointment. It is a curious study for the military biographer, to conjecture what would have been the fortunes of Grant had he become attached to those of M'Clellan. It is not to be doubted that his opportunities of separate personal distinction would have been greatly missed, at least for a time, and that his disappointment in not meeting his old comrade was, in truth, a remarkable piece of good fortune.

Taking command of the 21st Illinois Volunteers early in June, 1861, Grant was ordered forthwith across the border to Missouri, each district of which was at that time rent by contests for the possession of the State, waged by the slaveholding interest on the one hand and the Free-soilers, aided by a powerful contingent of German immigrants, on the other. The first regular officer he served under was General Pope, who ordered him to the town of Mexico. Here meeting some other volunteer regiments, the colonels begged him, as the only trained officer present, to act as brigadier until some general arrived; but a week later the 'Gazette' contained his commission, with those of thirty-three other officers, as brigadier-general of volunteers. Mr. Washburne, a well-known member of the House of Representatives, and a resident of Galena, though he never noticed his humble neighbour during the peaceful days before Fort Sumter fell, had marked the strenuous exertions which Grant had made to give military cohesion to the volunteers of first the town and then the State. Supported by the other representatives of Illinois, he had pressed the new colonel's name on Lincoln as one likely to do well in a higher command; and Grant thus came to form one of the first large creation of generals which the growing dimen-

sions of the war made needful. The promotion was altogether unexpected, and reached the acting-brigadier at Mexico at first solely through the papers, without his even knowing who had thus befriended him.

Major-General Fremont at this time commanded the so-called Western Department, lately formed of Illinois and the States west of the Mississippi. His head-quarters were naturally at St. Louis (saved to the Union by the happy vigour of the deceased General Lyon), where he had already assumed those extravagant airs of dictatorship which soon after caused his removal. He had serious fears for the southern portion of Missouri, which, though now freed from the imminent danger of secession, was still penetrated by partisans from Arkansas, and threatened by the large forces known to be assembling for the Confederates in Tennessee. The key to its defence was naturally the town of Cairo, the junction point of the Ohio with the Mississippi; and hither General Grant (selected by Fremont for his name for care and order rather than for supposed higher qualities) was sent at the opening of September with two brigades, to command 'the district of South-East Missouri,' which included large portions of the adjacent States. Fremont's intention at this time appears to have been chiefly to remain on the defensive; but his lieutenant was otherwise minded, and at once looked round for the opportunity of action.

This was afforded ready to his hand by the acts of the Confederates in the vicinity. They had hitherto been separated on the east side of the Mississippi from the Federal forces near Cairo by a strip of Kentucky, which State had declared its neutrality in the contest. Disregarding this, Polk, the well-known Southern bishop-general, had just entered the State to seize and fortify Columbus, an important point on the great river. An officer of his staff had reached Paducah, a small town standing at the point where the river Tennessee, ending with a northward course, drains the State of that name, and the western end of Kentucky, into the Ohio. It was probable that the Confederates would, once lodged there, close the Ohio as effectually as they had already closed the Mississippi, whilst their batteries would also guard the approach up the Tennessee into the heart of the central members of the new Confederation. Grant resolved at once to prevent this. The pretended neutrality of Kentucky he had now no reason to respect, and could therefore strike boldly for the threatened point. Arriving on the 2nd September at Cairo, he heard on the 5th of Polk's advance, and telegraphing forthwith to Fremont

that he should proceed on his design, 'if not forbidden,' he started up the Ohio, and was before Paducah soon after daylight next morning. The Confederate recruits who were being raised fled hastily from the place, which Grant occupied with a strong garrison; and he had got back to Cairo before he received Fremont's permission to move 'if he felt strong enough.' He incurred his chief's rebuke soon after for having entered directly into correspondence with the Legislature of Kentucky: but the latter, hitherto led away from the Northern cause by their Governor, now passed resolutions on the Union side, and State neutrality was heard of no more. Small as are the details of these events, the energy which they display in Grant; the readiness with which he used the raw land and water forces newly entrusted to him; the decision with which he moved into ground hitherto neutral, forestalling a too tardy permission; finally, the clear strategical view which led him to Paducah, a place to be presently of the highest importance: all testify to his possession at that time of the very qualities of generalship for which all the world has later given him credit. The moderation, tact, and good sense of the politician appeared as plainly in the address he issued on entering the town; and as this was the first important public document of his life, it is well to read it in the original words:—

'Paducah, Kentucky, Sept. 6th, 1861.

'To the Citizens of Paducah,—I am come among you, not as an enemy, but as your fellow-citizen; not to maltreat you nor annoy you, but to respect and enforce the rights of all loyal citizens. An enemy, in rebellion against our common government, has taken possession of, and planted his guns on the soil of Kentucky, and fired upon you. Columbus and Hickman are in his hands. He is moving upon your city. I am here to defend you against this enemy, to assist the authority and sovereignty of your government. I have nothing to do with opinions, and shall deal only with armed rebellion and its aiders and abettors. You can pursue your usual avocations without fear. The strong arm of the government is here to protect its friends and punish its enemies. Whenever it is manifest that you are able to defend yourselves and maintain the authority of the government, and protect the rights of loyal citizens, I shall withdraw the forces under my command.

'U. S. GRANT,
'Brigadier-General, Commanding.'

Having thus secured the Ohio to its mouth, with Paducah as the key to future operations up the Tennessee, Grant next turned his attention down the Mississippi, where Polk was converting Columbus into an important post commanding the

stream. 'If it was discretionary with me,' he wrote Fremont on Sept. the 10th, 'with a little addition to my present force, I would 'take Columbus.' But his chief, who looked on the garrison at Cairo as entirely subsidiary to his own action in the interior of Missouri, made no reply. Not until November was Grant permitted to do more than organise his volunteer battalions and strengthen his position: but on the 3rd of that month came orders to detach a force westward to co-operate with Fremont's movements on the frontier of Arkansas. This was sent under Colonel Oglesby; and on the 5th Fremont telegraphed to Cairo that Grant should 'make a démonstration' towards Columbus to prevent Polk from sending detachments over the Mississippi to aid the Arkansas Confederates. Next day, therefore, he moved down the stream with the transports previously provided for his command, taking all his available troops, 3,000 men, of whom a large part had only been armed *five days before*. So rough was the material in the action which followed.

At 2 A.M. on the 7th November, Grant learned from friends on the Kentucky side that Polk had crossed a large detachment the day before to Belmont, a low point lying opposite to and under the guns of Columbus, with the design of cutting off Oglesby from Cairo. He at once resolved to turn the 'demonstration' ordered into a real attack, and by the sudden capture of the Confederate camp to check the proposed operation. His purpose was at first fairly carried out. Landing his men on the western bank just out of sight of Columbus, he left one battalion in reserve to cover his boats, and with the rest moved on the camp, three miles off, spreading out his men in skirmishing order as he approached. The Confederates were soon met, and there was much noise and little advance for a long time, as might be expected with such untrained soldiers: but the gallantry of Grant and General M'Clermand, a brigadier of volunteers commanding under him (both of whom had their horses shot in the attack), carried their raw troops on until the camp was taken, and the enemy, 2,500 men under General Pillow, pushed to the river bank. Here pursuit and success ended; for, to use the words of one northern account, 'the men behaved like so many schoolboys, while their colonels took to making stump speeches for the 'Union.' Nor was it until Grant's own staff had set the camp in flames, and brought on it the fire of the guns at Columbus, that any order was restored. There was no possibility of holding what was gained, since the site of the camp was completely commanded by the enemy's works. An orderly retreat

to the transports was all that the best troops could now have accomplished, and to this task under the circumstances, the Federals were not equal. Polk had not been idle in the interval, and had despatched five regiments across the stream in boats to take the assailants in flank. Three of these had already landed, and their skirmishers were spreading in the wood between the Federals and their transports. 'We are surrounded,' said one of the staff riding up to Grant, with the warmth of a man in action for the first time. 'Well,' was the calm reply, 'if that is so, we must cut our way out as we cut it in.' Some of the troops, at the first thought of their being entrapped, had been for laying down their arms at once: but taking heart at their leader's coolness, they pushed on and cleared their way without difficulty. Grant had in truth discovered the secret which he so often afterwards used with success—that when both sides are equally undisciplined and confused, success belongs to that which makes the boldest front and moves the most promptly to attack. The reembarkation was no easy matter: for he was anxious to carry off as many of his wounded as possible; his men were too confused to attend to orders; not one of his staff had the smallest experience; and the reserve battalion went off to the transports on its own account. Grant was the last man on the bank when the boats were moving off; and the Confederate skirmishers got so close to him that he would certainly have fallen, but that they were bent on trying to disable the crews, and not distinguishing his rank under his private's overcoat, suffered him to slip almost from under their hands.

The Battle of Belmont, as the combat was magniloquently termed, has formed a subject of controversy beyond its natural importance. Polk, who had driven off the assailants finally, having seen them embark in much disorder, and captured many of their wounded, claimed it loudly as a victory. Grant, who had attained his immediate object, gained the confidence of his men, and inflicted on the enemy a loss (including nearly 200 prisoners whom he brought off) greater than his own, regarded it as a valuable success for his side; and the improved tone of his troops fully justified the boast. But the North was looking already for advance at all cost into the enemy's country; and seeing only the fact of the troops retiring from the point which they had occupied, long spoke of it as a disaster which was atoned for by later successes. No doubt it was for this reason that Grant, years afterwards when he had climbed to the highest military honours, withdrew the brief report of the affair which he had originally sent in, to

substitute for it a detailed narrative showing fully what were the objects of the expedition, and how far they had been accomplished. It is worth while to note that this later report coincides fully—except as to the exact numbers lost—with a graphic account written the morning after the battle to his father by the general, a dutiful son as well as a good correspondent throughout the war. This account concludes with the following sketch of the retreat:—

‘We found the Confederates well armed and brave. On our return, stragglers, that had been left in our rear (now front), fired into us, and some recrossed the river and gave us battle for a full mile, and afterwards at the boats when we were embarking.

‘There was no hasty retreating or running away. Taking into account the object of the expedition, the victory was complete. It has given us confidence in the officers and men of this command, that will enable us to lead them in any future engagement without fear of the result. General M’Clermand (who, by the way, acted with great coolness and courage throughout and proved that he is a soldier as well as a statesman) and myself, each had our horses shot under us. Most of the field-officers met with the same loss, besides nearly one-third of them being themselves killed or wounded. As near as I can ascertain, our loss was about two hundred and fifty killed, wounded, and missing.’

The view of the Belmont affair taken by an excited press was not that of the trained soldiers now rising to control of the war. One of these, General Halleck, a man deserving more credit for his organising faculties than he has yet obtained in Europe, arrived at St. Louis to supersede Fremont not many days later. He not only retained Grant in his command, but in December largely augmented it, allotting nearly the whole of Kentucky to his district, and thus making him the chief instrument in the strategy of the coming campaign. For it was of this Kentucky—the State most central to the war—that Sherman, to the indignation of sanguine politicians, was already prophesying that ‘it would need 200,000 men to keep her to the Union.’

The year 1862 opened on a new phase of the war. It had passed entirely out of the stage of local divisions, constitutional measures, and separate action of States, and had become a grave struggle of the vastest dimensions between two great sections of a divided nation—a civil war, in fact, such as the world had never witnessed before, on the issues of which depended not merely the unity of a country, but the shaping the whole destinies of a continent. The sword of the North, slow to move but terrible in its force, was now fully drawn; though the time had not yet come for Lincoln, by his proclamation

against slavery, to fling away the scabbard, and pledge the Union of the future to enforce emancipation, so winning the world's opinion to his side.

To understand the strategy of the spring campaign which followed, it is necessary to take a general survey of the Confederate line to be attacked. This began far to the east in Kentucky, where Sydney Johnston lay with 25,000 men—by rumour magnified to 100,000,—and ran across Kentucky to the Mississippi at Columbus, and thence into Arkansas, where forces of vague but very considerable strength were collecting, to repel any advance from Missouri. The centre of the line may be regarded as the strip of Kentucky stretching from the Mississippi for sixty miles eastward across the Tennessee to the Cumberland, a large stream running near the latter river, and parallel to it at the north part of its course, into the Ohio. The weakness of this portion of their line was not unknown to the Confederates, since the Tennessee and Cumberland are open to steamers high up during the spring, and the Federals, holding the mouths of both ever since Grant's seizure of Paducah, were known to be augmenting their transport constantly at that place and at Cairo, with a view either to forcing the Mississippi, or penetrating through Kentucky into Tennessee by the minor streams. It was supposed, however, these might be easily closed by works, as the former was already; and at one of the narrowest points between the two, where they are but fifteen miles from each other, Fort Henry on the right or inner bank of the Tennessee, and Fort Donelson on the left of the Cumberland, were thrown up for that purpose. The operations that followed have been often described, and their credit, as a whole, assigned to Halleck: but it is but fair to state that both Grant, and the naval commander with him, the gallant Foote, early in the year sought permission to capture Fort Henry, so as at least to keep the Tennessee open and paralyse the Confederates on the Cumberland, as well as those on the Mississippi at Columbus, by breaking the line between them and threatening each in reverse.* On the other hand, Halleck's instructions, which were issued in detail on the 30th January, and the care with which he had accumulated his means under Grant's hand, prove sufficiently that he had resolved, before hearing from them, on the very course his lieutenant had agreed to adopt; and as he alone could control the operations on the whole western theatre, it is just that the praise of the original

Letters of Foote of 28th January, and Grant of 29th to Halleck, point out the feasibility and advantages of taking Fort Henry.

conception should be his. Grant and Foote started, accordingly, with 17,000 men and seven gunboats, on the 2nd of February, and the spring campaign of 1862 was opened—a campaign which Grant's energy was destined to carry to infinitely greater results than the designer dreamed of.

The plan of the joint commanders was to attack Fort Henry by water and land simultaneously, so as to invest the garrison and take it with the works. The combination failed, however: for Tilghman, who commanded, sent his infantry off, to avoid such a contingency, and finding his gunners unable to maintain their posts in face of the fire of the gunboats, surrendered presently to Foote at discretion. Halleck's next instructions pointed rather to a strong occupation of the point in the enemy's line thus taken than to any similar operations on the Cumberland; but his bolder lieutenant, rising with success to the height of his position, at once telegraphed his intention to march across the neck of land between the streams against Fort Donelson, and issued orders to his troops accordingly. His design was stayed for the time by the sudden rising of the Tennessee, which flooded the roads eastward, and, as Grant reported, 'perfectly 'blocked in' the army. Hearing of this, Halleck still spoke in his orders solely of defensive measures. Grant's resolution, however, had been taken, and with that determination of character which marks his whole military career, he wrote to Cairo during the delay for all possible reinforcements, and to Foote (whose gunboats were exploring the Tennessee), to move round to the Cumberland and help him. 'I feel that 'there should be no delay in this matter,' were his words on the 10th; and finding himself able to move on the 12th, he marched across at once on Fort Donelson. The distance was about twelve miles; and as the enemy remained entirely on the defensive, though at this time not inferior in numbers to their assailants,* Grant got in sight of the works in the afternoon, drove in the pickets, and prepared to invest the place as coolly as though he outnumbered the defenders threefold. The few days that followed were probably the most anxious in his life. His gun ammunition fell short. His men, having marched without tents, were benumbed by the cold showers of sleet. The ironclad gunboats were fairly beaten off in their attempt to subdue the river defences on the 14th, and Foote himself hurt. It was not until the same night that Grant's numbers

* A valuable note to p. 51 of Colonel Badeau's work, proves fairly enough that the Federal estimate of 21,000 defenders is no great exaggeration, if any.

were raised by reinforcements to a strength superior to that of the force he held enclosed ; and when the enemy issued forth next day in an attempt to force his lines, he was absent on a visit to the wounded commodore, and returned in haste to find his troops demoralised and shaken by their losses, although they saw the foe retiring. His own tenacity and military quickness of perception here changed a doubtful struggle into a brilliant success. ‘Are their haversacks filled?’ he asked, as he saw some prisoners led in carrying each a heavy load. Three days’ rations were reported to be found in each. ‘Then they meant to cut their way out, and not to fight,’ he said ; and, looking at his own disordered men, added, ‘whichever party first attacks now, will whip ;’ then riding sharply to his left, which had not been attacked in the sally, he ordered an immediate assault upon the works. General C. Smith commanded this wing, an excellent officer of regulars, though now somewhat advanced in years. When last they were thrown together, he had been the College Commandant of Westpoint, and his present chief one of the cadets who held him in awe. ‘I am now a subordinate, and know a soldier’s duty,’ he had said a few days before to Grant, during the natural hesitation with which the latter issued him some orders ; ‘I hope you will feel no awkwardness about our new relations ;’ and as he had already shown his thorough subordination in the preceding movements, so now he led on his men with all the ardour of a youthful soldier. For once, an event seldom repeated during the war, the intrenchments were fairly assaulted and carried with the bayonet. False attacks, directed by Grant with his right and centre at other parts of the work, distracted the attention of the Confederates, and prevented their concentrating to drive Smith out ; and at dark his division still held the key of Fort Donelson. The rest of the story is too well known for us to do more than refer to its strange details ; the disgraceful personal fears which caused Floyd and Pillow successively to abandon the troops under their command ; the fine escape of Colonel Forrest (afterwards a Confederate general of mark) with the cavalry ; the vain attempt of Buckner, the third commander of the garrison, to procure terms ; the decisive demand of Grant (who saw into the condition of affairs) for unconditional surrender, with the famous threat, ‘I propose to move immediately upon your works ;’ and the triumph that followed—all these are fully set forth in the official narratives of either side. Whilst disgrace justly overtook the two fugitive leaders of the South, a cry of exultation went through the North at this unhopèd-for success. The 14,000 prisoners borne off to Cairo formed a solid presage of

future successes in the West which was sufficient to balance the discredit of Bull's Run, and to leave the advantage already on the stronger side. Grant was at once recommended by Stanton for a major-generalcy of volunteers, and his name passed from the Secretary to the President, and the President to the Senate the same day. Halleck alone appears to have dissented from this arrangement. Old prejudices probably, more than mere jealousy of his lieutenant's vast success, caused him to recommend Smith to be promoted over Grant's head, as the true author of the victory. But this recommendation, which came late, received no attention at Washington, where it was plainly seen that it was Grant who had achieved success by taking large responsibility upon himself. Stanton declared that his historic message to General Buckner should be the true motto for the conduct of the war, and gave the victor an unfailing support from that time until it came to an end. As to the good old man himself whom Halleck would have elevated over his commander, speaking of his assault on Buckner (an old Westpoint acquaintance) on the day of the surrender, Smith said, 'It was well done, considering our force; but no congratulations are due to me; I simply obeyed orders.'

The gratitude and reward which Grant at once met with were fairly his due for the tactical success of his exploits. He had marched boldly up to a fortified camp held by numbers equal to his own; enclosed them in their works until he received reinforcements; defeated them on open ground when, too late, they moved out to battle; finally, assaulted and carried the most commanding point of their intrenchments, and forced them to lay down their arms on the spot. All this was done with a loss of 2,500 Federals killed and wounded—a number not quite equal to one-tenth of those engaged! It is hardly surprising that the effect of this victory told much upon the character of Grant. We shall see it avowedly influencing his tactics in the battles that soon followed, and that to the advantage of his army and his fame: but, on the other hand, it is no less plain to the discerning student of the war that it taught the chief Federal general to overrate the effect of dogged resolution and brute strength, and caused him to suffer some fearful lessons in consequence, when he carried out his favourite idea beyond the bounds of prudence against a veteran and determined enemy.

Great as was the immediate effect of the victory on the confidence of his soldiers and of the North, the results were in truth much larger than the most sanguine of those unobservant of

its strategic bearing could possibly have expected. The Confederate line of defence thus pierced at its centre, the ends were cut off, fell back, and the whole gave way to a general advance of the Federals. Bowling Green on the east, and Columbus on the west, were hurriedly abandoned. Kentucky and the greater part of Tennessee passed at a blow into the hands of the North. Halleck's designs rose with these successes far beyond the original views of that general; and though he had written on the morning of the surrender to Grant 'not to be too rash,' and two days later to 'limit the operations of the gunboats' on the rivers thus opened, he had in two days more attained a clearer perception of the state of affairs, and telegraphed to M'Clellan to ask the command of the whole armies of the West, for 'hesitation and delay,' he added, 'are losing us the golden opportunity.' It would have been well had the credit gained by his lieutenant served to rouse no ^{his} feeling than emulation of his energy.

One of these armies of the West was that of General Buell in Kentucky, which had been opposed to that under Albert Johnston, and was now following the Confederates on their retreat from Bowling Green. The line lay through Nashville, the capital of Tennessee: but as this city lies upon the Cumberland, it was as directly open to Grant to enter it as to Buell. Grant, however, knew that any further decisive operations must be dependent on the line of strategy chosen by Halleck. He therefore sent only his advanced guard fifty miles towards Nashville, and wrote to suggest a movement onwards to the city. This, however, the leading division from Kentucky had reached and occupied unopposed before Halleck's answer came; and Grant having heard of the event, went on to meet Buell and arrange as to the disposition of the troops, the two armies being wholly independent of each other. It is painful to record what followed, for it would seem that Grant's chief had either conceived a genuine distrust of his lieutenant, or had some meaner motive for seeking a quarrel with him. On the 28th of February Grant had returned to his army, and received instructions to make more regular returns of the forces under his orders. Next day, the 1st of March, Halleck wrote him to move back from the Cumberland to the Tennessee, with a view of using the line of that river for operations towards Corinth, a great railroad junction in the State of Mississippi. On the 3rd, with no previous intimation to Grant, Halleck telegraphed to Washington two complaints against him, in a severe despatch:—
' . . . He left his command without my authority, and went to Nashville. . . . I can get no returns, no reports, no in-

‘formation of any kind from him. Satisfied with his victory, he sits down and enjoys it. . . . C. Smith is almost the only officer equal to the emergency.’ Next day, after receiving a reply which has not been recorded, he directed Grant to place Smith in command of the troops about to go forward, and to remain himself at Fort Henry, adding, ‘Why do you not obey my orders to report strength and position?’ On Grant’s replying next day, ‘I have reported almost daily the condition of my command, and reported every position occupied,’ he received a stern reply, beginning, ‘General M’Clellan directs that you report to me *daily*,’ and ending with the complaint, now first mentioned to himself, of his going to Nashville ‘without authority’ :—

‘I have averaged writing’ (was the reply on the 6th) ‘more than once a day, to keep you informed of my position, and it is no fault of mine if you have not received my letters. My going to Nashville was strictly intended for the good of the service and not to gratify any desire of my own. Believing sincerely that I must have enemies between you and myself, who are trying to impair my usefulness, I respectfully ask to be relieved from further duty in the department.’

And after another rebuke of precisely the same tenor, Grant renewed his request on the 9th and 11th in stronger terms. Halleck probably had changed his mind as to the wisdom of the course he was pursuing, or was satisfied to have shown his own authority supreme ; for on the 13th he replied in a friendly and almost apologetic strain, concluding, ‘Instead of relieving you, I wish you, as soon as your new wing is in the field, to assume the immediate command, and lead it on to new victories ;’ a wish which Grant at once received with good will, and forthwith withdrew his resignation. Halleck now wrote to Washington (in reply to inquiries his own complaints had produced), that Grant had ‘made the proper explanations, and been directed to resume his command in the field.’ Thus ended this strange episode of the first Federal victory, the most pleasant comment on which is, that it in no wise interfered with the cordial working of Grant with Halleck, when their positions were reversed two years later by the rise of the former to the chief command of the whole armies of the Union.

Joining the forces which had gone in advance up the Tennessee under Smith,* Grant, by Halleck’s orders, collected

* That general, of whom both Grant and Sherman have spoken with much affection, died about this time, from the effects of exposure at Fort Donelson.

his divisions, amounting to 38,000 men, and remained on the defensive, awaiting the arrival of Buell from Nashville with as many more: for that general was now also placed under Halleck. General Smith had already placed the army on the west, or hostile bank of the Tennessee, regarding his position as a base for future operations into Mississippi; and Grant made no change in the disposition but by drawing his troops more together. Yet there was some obvious danger in this arrangement, because the enemy was known to be rapidly concentrating a large force at Corinth, twenty miles off, by means of his railroads; and Grant's camp lay open to their attack, inasmuch as the Federal soldiers had not yet begun to educe, from sharp experience, the knowledge (which afterwards proved of such countless value to them) of the use of rough intrenchments. The Confederates were estimated, vaguely enough, at 100,000 men, their real number being just equal to that under Grant; and the Federal general (as the letters quoted in Colonel Badeau's excellent work show plainly) grew more and more anxious as time went on, and his colleague—a deliberate man, much given to cautious movement and elaborate bridge-building—failed to arrive. From Columbia, ninety miles off, which Buell reached on March 19th, it took him seventeen days to attain the Tennessee at Savanna, a point on the other side of the river, and seven miles lower down than Grant's camp at Pittsburg Landing. This was on April 5th. Grant directed the leading division (Nelson's), which only reported itself that day, to move up the river and hold itself ready to reinforce his army, for there was skirmishing along the front of the camp in the woods, and the enemy's cavalry had been seen in force. Next morning (Sunday, 6th April) at 8 A.M., Albert Johnston's army issued from the cover outside the camp, and fell upon the Federals, resolved to overwhelm them and drive them into the stream.

It is a great mistake to say, with the vulgar version, that Grant was surprised at Pittsburg. At the first firing he sent to Buell words which prove the contrary. 'I have been looking for this, but did not believe the attack would be made before Monday or Tuesday.' Moreover, General Prentiss, who held the part of the camp towards Corinth, had been warned of the danger, and had doubled his guards and pushed his pickets more than a mile in advance the day before. He was thus able to collect his men from their untasted breakfasts, and form them clear of the camp; but he was soon borne back upon the other divisions, and the battle became general and severe. Grant received no aid until late in the day from

Nelson, nor from L. Wallace, who, with one of his own divisions, lay farthest down the river. Indeed, the latter officer did not move until he had had his orders five hours, and then took the wrong route, arriving at 7 P.M., whereas, according to Grant's report to the War Department, the division might, but for its commander's personal conduct, have been on the ground at 1 o'clock.* The Federals in his absence were outnumbered; and though little of tactical skill was displayed on either side, they gave ground gradually, leaving General Prentiss, with part of his division, who had stood their ground too long, in the enemy's hands. The fight was carried on in the simple form of two long parallel lines firing hotly at one another at no great distance, until at 4 P.M. the Federals were driven close to the landing-place, where those that were steady held their ground till dark.

'All around the landing' (says the Federal historian, Badeau, writing of the moment when Buell came up) 'lay the cravens who had swarmed in from the front, as many do in nearly every battle; these, however, were not stragglers nor laggards, but the panic-stricken mob, who had fled from that danger which so many of their fellows seemed to court. As the two generals were conversing at the landing, Grant explained the situation of affairs, then apparently at the worst; and Buell inquired: "What preparations have you made for retreating, General?" His remark was hardly concluded, when Grant interrupted him at once, exclaiming: "I haven't despaired of whipping them yet."'

He had seen that the efforts of the assailants were slackening. Exhausted with their long day's work, thousands of Johnston's men had left the ranks to plunder the abandoned camp of the Federals. Their chief himself had been killed, and their loss had not been much less than that of Grant's forces, which amounted to full 10,000 put *hors de combat*, including Generals W. Wallace killed, Prentiss taken, and Sherman wounded. The Confederates were unable to push forward for the final effort, which would have driven the Federals on their boats; and seeing this, Grant resolved to resume the offensive next day, unsupported or not, it being on his side impossible to urge his jaded men into an offensive that evening. As the turn in the battle has been naturally enough, both in America and elsewhere, ascribed to the arrival of Buell, it is

* This is the same officer who suffered a total defeat at Early's hands in Maryland in 1864, and thereby left Washington uncovered and in panic. He took his revenge soon after by publicly insulting the Confederate generals who appeared at Washington as witnesses on the Wirtz trial, when he formed one of the court.

as well to make the matter clear by the narrative of General Sherman, written in 1865. This exactly confirms Badeau's assertion that Grant, from the time of Fort Donelson, believed in there being always a time in every hardfought battle when both armies being nearly exhausted, and it seeming impossible for either to do more, the one that first renews the fight will win it. Sherman writes in so admirable a spirit of candour and fairness, that his words should be read in full:—

‘I never was disposed, nor am I now, to question anything done by General Buell and his army, and know that approaching our field of battle from the rear, he encountered that sickening crowd of laggards and fugitives that excited his contempt, and that of his army, who never gave full credit to those in the front line, who did fight hard, and who had, at 4 P.M. checked the enemy, and were preparing the next day to assume the offensive. I remember the fact the better from General Grant's anecdote of his Donelson battle, which he told me then for the first time—that, at a certain period of the battle he saw that either side was ready to give way, if the other showed a bold front, and he determined to do that very thing, to advance on the enemy, when, as he prognosticated, the enemy surrendered. At 4 P.M. of April 6th, he thought the appearances the same, and he judged, with Lewis Wallace's fresh division and such of our startled troops as had recovered their equilibrium, he would be justified in dropping the defensive and assuming the offensive in the morning. And, I repeat, I received such orders before I knew General Buell's troops were at the river. I admit that I was glad Buell was there, because I knew his troops were older than ours, and better systematised and drilled, and his arrival made that certain which before was uncertain.’

Grant's army passed the night under arms amid storms of rain; but the transports were busy through the darkness, and in the morning 20,000 of Buell's force were ready for the action, with the remains of the divisions which had fought the day before. This great accession of strength told at once, when, in accordance with Grant's resolve, the Federals advanced to make their counter-attack at early morning. The ground was very heavy from the rain, and the movements in consequence even more slow, than the ordinarily heavy manœuvres of the early days of the war. Beauregard, who had succeeded Johnston, found himself from the first obliged to give ground, and falling back slowly, left the scene of contest altogether about noon, retreating upon Corinth unpursued; for Buell's men were declared by their officers as exhausted by their efforts to get up as Grant's own by the long battle just ended.

This had been not merely the severest contest of the war thus

far, but its fierceness was hardly afterwards repeated. Sherman has said that he never afterwards saw fighting so terrible; possibly because the panic among some of the raw troops of his division, rendered necessary the exposure of his own person in a wholly exceptional manner, and made the conduct of the rest seem heroic. Grant has compared the battle to that of the Wilderness—with little justice, as it seems to us, inasmuch as at Pittsburg the losses on either side (excluding those of Buell, all suffered on the second day) were as nearly equal as possible,* like the strength of the original armies; whereas at the Wilderness, as will be seen hereafter, the disproportion was extraordinary. The victory was claimed by either side; by the Confederates, because they had captured their enemy's camp with many prisoners, and had at one time all but destroyed his army; by the Federals, because they had at last successfully repulsed the assault. In all such cases the safer plan is to consider what was the real object of a battle, and how far it was attained; and as that of Johnston and Beauregard was undoubtedly to crush Grant before succour arrived, and of Grant to hold his own until Buell joined him, the true success belongs beyond dispute to the Federal general. Its moral effect was, however, impaired by the conduct of Halleck, who coming up at this time to assume charge of the united armies, kept them from directly following up the enemy, and approached Corinth by the slower process of advancing solely under breastworks, giving thus to the soldiers and to their country the impression that he was afraid, after late events, to trust them in the open ground.

In another respect the battle greatly disappointed Grant. He had supposed, with most other Northerners, and in opposition to the views which made Sherman unpopular, that one or two blows, like that of Fort Donelson, would end the war. The vigour and determination with which A. Johnston had taken the offensive so soon after that great loss, showed plainly that any such expectation was a fallacy. Then Grant arrived at the conviction, on which, as a whole, he thereafter ever acted, that the war would never end until the Southern armies were crushed and worn down, and that they, not forts, or cities, or territory, should be the chief objects of the strategy which controlled the greater resources of the North. From this time also he, and those that followed him, gave up the notion of sparing the property of the South. The Confederacy had

* Grant's loss was, excluding Buell's, 10,040; Beauregar ' 10,699, by their own official reports.

succeeded, they admitted, in making this a war of the people. The people, therefore, must suffer, until the people yielded. Hitherto he, with most of the Federal generals, would have protected slavery as an institution. Henceforward that too must perish, with State rights, independent Constitutions, and whatever else stood in the way of one grand object, the unity of the nation. The sentiment of her chief generals—conservative men by nature, but clear-eyed as to the nature and issue of the struggle—was soon to become the policy of the North. The peninsular campaign of M'Clellan had now begun, with its tedious advance, weary stoppages, and final discomfiture. Then followed the triumphant counterblow struck by the Confederates in Virginia, Jackson's magnificent flank march, the second battle of Bull's Run, the confused retreat of Pope on Washington, the summons of M'Clellan to his old command by the terrified Cabinet, the first invasion of Maryland (that of September 1862), and its check at Antietam. Then Lincoln saw clearly that a drawn battle under such circumstances was the defender's victory, and launched the Emancipation Proclamation until now kept back, making reconciliation no longer possible but by the submission of the South to a social revolution. Pledged to set free the slaves of the revolted States, the North could no longer grant them acceptable terms. Henceforth it became clear that the contest must go on to the bitter end, the ruin of the weaker section of the Union.

This seems to be a fit opportunity for noticing a subject which, though not as yet surveyed by any historian, is intimately connected with the history of the war. It is usually thought because Jefferson Davis wished, and General Lee approved of the design of carrying the war into the Northern States, that its wisdom was unquestioned. It is time that this delusion—for it is no less—should be removed. There were opinions expressed which should have been of the highest value, opinions of soldiers which might have weighed in council even against that of Lee, which opposed most strongly these attempted invasions. In their view, it was throwing away a great political advantage to reduce a defensive struggle for rights to the mere level of a civil war for mastery. Hundreds of thousands in the North, who had looked coldly on a war of conquest against the alleged rights of the sister States, would be ready to rush to arms the moment that their own soil was violated by rebels in arms. The military advantage was most doubtful, seeing that neither men nor warlike material (in both of which the South was inferior) could be recruited to any great extent by conquest; whilst the political

evil was so great as in all probability to be ruinous. To the naturally weaker party, the defensive was, according to all rule, the appropriate course. In this case it was the only safe one as regarded the ultimate issue, the assertion or surrender of independence. Such were the arguments urged against the invasion: but bolder or rasher counsels prevailed at Richmond, and Lee was urged on into Maryland, and Bragg thrown into Kentucky, to be arrested each in turn by the gathering of superior forces, and to retire from the invaded territory, leaving those Northerners who had hitherto been neutral or friendly, banded, by this threatening of their own hearths, with the bitterest enemies of the Confederacy.*

To return to the fortunes of Grant. We left him, in April 1862, before Corinth, superseded by the arrival of Halleck, who carried on the campaign until Beauregard retreated from the contested point at the end of May. Then followed a complete breaking up of the great army gathered on the Tennessee. Buell's force was once more separated from that of Grant, and sent eastward. Four divisions were soon after stripped from the latter, and Grant was reduced to a defensive in the heart of the hostile State of Mississippi, having under him at one time less than 20,000 men, whilst an army about equal in numbers covered the country to the south with Vicksburg, the key of the great river, and Price and Van Dorn hung with light forces on his eastern flank, and threatened his communications. Thinking him to be perilously advanced, they twice came down upon his rear; but being seriously checked at Iuka (Sept. 19th), and utterly defeated in an attack on Corinth (Oct. 2nd), which place Grant had well intrenched, they fell back once more into Alabama. Rosecrans, who had been left by Grant at Corinth, received the chief credit of the action, which gained him the command of Buell's army, on the supersession of that general, and Grant was relieved from a lieutenant who had more than once thwarted his superior, and had allowed the enemy, in the latter's judgment, to retreat with less punishment than he deserved. The general course of the whole summer operations of 1862, as it affected Grant, may best be described in the words of Badeau, whose account is very valuable for the light it throws on this portion of the war.

* We should feel much delicacy in urging these views, but that they were confirmed exactly by a recent conversation with a very distinguished ex-Confederate general who held the highest command until the close of the war, and left it with an untarnished name.

‘The truth is, that Grant’s extreme simplicity of behaviour and directness of expression imposed on various officers, both above and below him. They thought him a good plain man, who had blundered into one or two successes, and who, therefore, could not be immediately removed; but they deemed it unnecessary to regard his judgment, or to count upon his ability. His superiors made their plans invariably without consulting him, and his subordinates chose sometimes to carry out their own campaigns in opposition or indifference to his orders, not doubting, that, with their superior intelligence, they could conceive and execute triumphs which would excuse or even vindicate their course. It is impossible to understand the early history of the war, without taking it into account, that neither the government nor its important commanders gave Grant credit for intellectual ability or military genius.’

The time was now about to come when this estimate was to be greatly changed; when those who would give him credit for nought else, would learn to admire his undaunted tenacity and hopeful perseverance in the face of discouragement; and when, pursuing one great object stedfastly, he was to win it at last by a display of resource such as the most brilliant or scientific of modern generals could not surpass. The town of Vicksburg, little known before the war, had taken the place on the Mississippi first held by Columbus, before that port was turned by the fall of Fort Donelson, and then by Memphis, which the retreat of the Confederates from Corinth rendered similarly untenable. It barred the passage of the stream to Federal use; its batteries, high-raised in air, defied the skill and valour of Farragut’s and Porter’s fleets; it separated Banks’ force at New Orleans from the rest of those of the North; it formed a point of *appui*, whereby the Confederates on the west side of the Mississippi could connect their operations freely with the main armies on its east. They might still, by bringing in the great left wing, which they had kept uselessly scattered through Arkansas into Texas, have added over 50,000 men to the centre of their line of defence, and possibly turned the scale of the war.* We left Grant 150

* We have spoken of one grand strategical error in the conduct of the war by the Confederates, their making invasions with their eastern wing. Possibly it was no less fatal to them that they wasted a large part of their fighting strength in a defensive occupation of their semi-barbarous western States. At the time of Beauregard’s retreat from Corinth there were, according to the official report of Cooper, the Adjutant-General, 55,000 fighting men enrolled under General Holmes and ready for service in the trans-Mississippi part of the Confederacy. It was proposed to Mr. Davis to bring these across as secretly as might be, and so over-

miles to the north of this, with a country intervening which was but little known, and crossed by three great streams, each ending near the Mississippi in a labyrinth of swamps and creeks. Yet he had his eye already steadily on the important point; for when his command, after his successful defence of Corinth, was suddenly enlarged on October 25th, and an increase of force promised, he wrote next day to propose to Halleck a new and bold plan of operations, ending: 'I think I would be able to move down the Mississippi central railroad, and cause the evacuation of Vicksburg.' This was his first mention of the historic name. From that time forward, until he entered the works as victor on the 4th of the following July, his life, and that of his friend Sherman, were bound up with the operations against the great stronghold of the West.

It is not within our scope to recount these in detail, interesting as they are as a military study. Their general features are so well known that we need only remind the reader of them. The first attempt was by direct march overland, which failed, owing to the brilliant surprise by Van Dorn of Holly Springs, the most important post in the long line of communication Grant had formed with his base near Corinth. The Federal General had not yet discovered the secret, afterwards so freely used by Sherman, of working an army in these rich but depopulated States of the South, without a base at all, by living on the enemy. He fell back, therefore, checked for the time. Then, whilst he still acted inland, threatening another advance, Sherman, with a separate force, descended the river, and strove (about the Christmas of 1862) to carry the works by a *coup de main*, a plan which failed with heavy loss. The North, however, had now tasted enough of success to nerve her to put forth her strength. 130,000 soldiers obeyed Grant's orders in January 1863, and of these fully 50,000 were employed in the swamps opposite Vicksburg in endeavouring to divert the course of the Mississippi. English writers have been accused of exaggerating the sufferings that ensued; let Badeau, therefore, give his own account:—

'They were put in camps along the west bank of the river, on the low swamp land, overflowed this year to an unusual extent. This protracted freshet, together with the extraordinary fall of rain, greatly increased Grant's difficulties, as well as the hardships of his army.

whelm the Federal army near Corinth, and that in Tennessee, in turn, if possible; but the advice was rejected. It is noteworthy that a great part of Holmes's army, tired of inaction, dispersed gradually, and were never employed at all.

‘The camps were frequently submerged, and the diseases consequent to this exposure prevailed among the troops; dysenteries and fevers made sad havoc, and the small-pox even was introduced, but speedily controlled. The levees furnished the only dry land deep enough for graves, and for miles along the river bank this narrow strip was all that appeared above the water, furrowed in its whole length with graves. The troops were thus hemmed in by the burial-places of their comrades.’

No wonder that, as is added by the writer :—

‘Exaggerated rumours of disease and even pestilence were circulated by the enemy, and at the North ; these added to the anxieties of the country, as well as to the difficulties of the commander.’

In March 1863 a new attempt was made. It was now sought to turn the works of Vicksburg on the north side by carrying some of the gunboats and troops into the Yazoo (which flows into the Mississippi above the place) through the swamps which lie between it and the course of the great river ; but this failed also from the inherent difficulties. Grant had now tried three sides in vain, and had brought so much odium on himself as to make his removal on the next failure certain ; yet in May he was found landing on the west bank, thirty miles south of the city, on a new enterprise against it, which involved his throwing himself into a hostile country, between forces of unknown strength, arriving in the rear of the place, and dropping the base he had marched from and held at first with his left, to seize a new one with his extended right, *that new one being itself dependent on the success of his march* turning the hitherto impregnable works on the Yazoo, and admitting Porter’s fleet. The boldness of the design and the unity and vigour with which it was carried out to a perfect result, show a strategy as remarkable, if somewhat slowly conceived, as that tactical use of pressure in the crisis of battle, which seemed instinctive in the Federal general, and had given him his previous successes. The mistakes of Pemberton, the too late arrival of General Johnston (only now recovered from Virginian wounds) did the rest ; and the 4th of July, 1863, saw Grant, in spite of Meade’s hard-won victory of Gettysburg the day before, the foremost man in the armies of the Union. No longer a mere volunteer general, commissioned but for three years, he received his well-earned brevet into the regular army, and was numbered with the most honoured members of the profession from which he had not many years before parted in despair.

The fame of this happy general, whose merits were made more conspicuous by the faults of others, was not to rest long upon the conquest of Vicksburg and the triumphant opening

of the Mississippi. The shattering defeat of Rosecrans at Chickamauga by Bragg and Longstreet, as he sought to force his way from the Tennessee into Georgia, brought Grant upon the scene in the autumn, summoned by telegraph to retrieve his former subaltern's disaster. Thomas, who had succeeded the disgraced general at Chattanooga, was apparently shut in by the victorious army: but his line of supply was never wholly broken; Grant (now commanding all the armies west of the Alleghanies) hurried up a powerful reinforcement under Sherman; Halleck despatched Hooker round with two corps from Virginia; and every day lost after the victory diminished the Confederate chances. There was no greater mistake (it has been said by very high authority) in the history of the war, than this so-called investment of Chattanooga—which was no investment—by a numerically weak army distributed on a position which necessarily cut it in two. Too confident to retire and too weak to attack, Bragg lay idle on his hills before the camp, until the enemy within it had gathered in irresistible strength. Then Grant, attacking him at last in his own lines, drove him back with heavy loss on Georgia, and opened the centre of the Confederacy to be pierced next spring, as its western portion had already been severed by the loss of the Mississippi. The month of March 1864 saw Grant, with the new rank of Lieutenant-General, created expressly for him, assuming by a sort of national appointment the chief command of the Union armies, with unlimited control over a million of men; whilst Halleck, superseded by his former lieutenant, was henceforth confined to those administrative functions at Washington, which it is but bare justice to say that he performed with constant energy and success. The good discipline of the Federal armies in the coming campaign owed much to the strong measures he used during this spring, and especially towards the lower ranks of regimental officers. On the other hand, that of the Confederates, always lax and neglected, fell off under the influence of discouragement, until it resembled rather that of a band of undisciplined volunteers than such as becomes the tried soldiers of a national army.*

With his new rank, Grant parted from the comrades by

* Among other military mistakes of the Confederates (as we have heard from two of their best-known officers) was the practice indulged in from the first of allowing any man who chose, upon the line of march, to quit the ranks in search of water. This was carried to such an extent at last, as an excuse for straggling, that no officer could count upon the number of men he should bring in at the end of the day.

whose help it had been won, resolved to try his fortune elsewhere. Before the spring campaign of 1864 should open, it was necessary that he should choose his own field of action, and assign those of his subordinates. The Mississippi being now unquestionably secured to the North, there were but two great lines on which the General-in-chief could fitly conduct the operations of 1864; that which his late success against Bragg had laid open, or that which led direct to the Confederate capital. Many reasons might have tempted him towards the former. Here he would command tried troops who had in him the implicit confidence gained by great achievements already done under his leadership. Here he would be seconded by lieutenants of the rarest powers; for it was hard to say whether he leant most on the calm courage and unfailing resource of Sherman (long recognised by him before the world perceived them), or the subtle genius and daring spirit of the lamented M'Pherson.* Here too he had examined the scene of operations, and understood that a moderate series of successes would plant his army across the main lines of communication yet left to the enemy, dividing absolutely the Atlantic States of the South from those near the Mississippi, and restricting the government of the Confederacy within such limits as must necessarily cause its extinction. Against these and all such considerations was set that weightier than any, the will of his country: for the North expected the general of her choice to show his powers on the field where her military honour had been so sadly tarnished. Whilst victory after victory, and progress after progress had accompanied her arms in the West, in Virginia the Army of the Potomac was now nearly as far from Richmond as when it was first raised; and though holding its own when on the defensive, and with especial success since Meade had the command, it had never advanced without recoiling shattered, or at the least wholly checked, before the unconquerable strategist who held it at bay with his inferior force. Honour therefore called Grant to Virginia, and policy also plainly pointed out that to defeat Lee and to occupy Richmond, would, if not destroying the inner resources of the Confederacy, at least damage her external prospects beyond all hope. In April therefore it was announced that Grant was to command in person in the next Virginian campaign.

* Killed afterwards at Atlanta at the age of thirty-three, being a contemporary of Sheridan's. It is impossible to say what the Union may not have lost in a soldier who showed such promise at so early an age.

He had left Chattanooga suddenly on the 3rd March, by Halleck's order, with a private intimation of his coming promotion, but with the intention, as he distinctly stated to Sherman, of returning to conduct the Georgian campaign in person—an intention which he only relinquished when understanding fully what the nation expected at his hands. We give these details on the authority of Badeau, who himself bore to Sherman the letter in which his chief announced the cause of his departure. There is nothing a military biographer could offer more honourable to the character of Grant than the terms in which he now took leave of his great lieutenants. Flaws may be found in his tactics, or deficiencies in his strategical power: yet if not absolutely perfect as general or soldier, as a commander full of generous sentiment to the deserving, who could desire to serve under a better chief? Not that Grant's praise is of that cheap sort which is easily earned and little valued. On the contrary, few commanders speak more severely of their subordinates' errors when censure is called for; and Hooker, Burnside, and Butler are notable examples that the scathing rebukes which he administers in his reports spare neither rank nor standing. Unqualified praise from such a chief is doubtless the more valued; but it is rather in justice to himself than his lieutenants that we insert the letter already mentioned:—

‘Dear Sherman,—The bill reviving the grade of lieutenant-general in the army has become law, and my name has been sent to the Senate for the place. I now receive orders to report to Washington immediately, *in person*, which indicates a confirmation, or a likelihood of confirmation. I start in the morning to comply with the order.

‘Whilst I have been eminently successful in this war, in at least gaining the confidence of the public, no one feels more than I, how much of this success is due to the energy, skill, and the harmonious putting forth of that energy and skill, of those whom it has been my good fortune to have occupying subordinate positions under me.

‘There are many officers to whom these remarks are applicable to a greater or less degree, proportionate to their ability as soldiers; but what I want is, to express my thanks to you and M'Pherson, as the men to whom, above all others, I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success.

‘How far your advice and assistance have been of help to me you know. How far your execution of whatever has been given to you to do, entitles you to the reward I am receiving, you cannot know as well as I.

‘I feel all the gratitude this letter would express, giving it the most flattering construction.

‘The word *you* I use in the plural, intending it for M'Pherson

also. I should write to him, and will some day, but starting in the morning, I do not know that I will find time just now. Your friend,

‘U. S. GRANT, Major-General.’

At this point we part company regretfully from the unfinished work of Colonel Badeau. Its ability and clearness make it valuable, whether viewed as a biography, or as a contribution to the history of the war: nor has the author allowed his natural bias for his old commander and patron to prevent an honest research into the facts of the western campaigns by examining the records of the defeated side, wherever attainable. It would be painful to pass from this excellent narrative to the fulsome and untrustworthy text of Mr. Howland, or even to the more military but yet very partial and onesided work of the late Colonel Bowman. Fortunately the story of the Virginian campaigns has fallen into good hands in the North, having been made the subject of a special work by Mr. Swinton, written with great care, considerable power, and abundance of original information from officers engaged on both sides. With the exception of some blanks in the Confederate annals, where records are deficient, especially as regards the last few days of the war, one could hardly desire the details to be more fully or more plainly given; and if the author seems in certain places to show some personal bias against General Grant, an abundant corrective for this may be supplied from any of the ordinary narratives current in the Northern States.

The campaign conducted in Virginia in 1864, leading to the siege of Richmond, was made the subject of a notice in our pages * at its close, and it is needless to repeat its main features. We have little to correct of what was there said, save as to Grant's original purpose, as now revealed, and the Confederate numbers, which were considerably less than the modest estimate we gave of them four years ago. Lee had, in fact, but 52,000 men, all told, in his main army, wherewith to confront the 141,000 collected by Grant; whilst the whole of the subsidiary Confederate forces amounted (including Beauregard's) to less than 25,000, against 48,000 put into the field under Butler and Sigel, and 47,000 more in reserve near Washington. We shall here confine ourselves to such a brief review of

* Ed. Rev., January 1865. Vol. cxxi. p. 258. If any of our readers will have the goodness to refer to this Article, entitled ‘The ‘Last Campaign in America,’ they will find that subsequent military criticism and more complete information have not displaced any of the opinions we ventured to express before the close of the war.

this singular campaign, as may serve to illustrate the character of the subject of this memoir.

General Grant has told us, in his official report, that his design on first advancing into the Wilderness country was to get between Lee and Richmond, thus causing the enemy's army (which he regarded as the true 'objective' of his operations) to attack his own at a disadvantage. It was not therefore his purpose originally to make for Spottsylvania, as his movements caused it to be supposed. This difference is, however, but one of conception from that of the south-easterly movement which he appeared to design and actually made: since his indefatigable enemy, though he failed to rout the Federal army by the flank march which brought on the battle of the Wilderness, stopped its easterly movement effectually by that action, which left it, despite enormous preponderance of numbers, protecting itself behind breastworks, just as Hooker's had done near the same ground the year before. When the Lieutenant-General, thus checked at the outset of his design, strove to steal a march by his left on Spottsylvania, and thus turn the enemy's new line, his wary opponent saw through and anticipated his manœuvre, threw his army the more rapidly of the two on the coveted point, and thus planted himself between Grant and Richmond in that very defensive attitude which the Federal general had proposed for himself.

The tremendous losses which Grant endured on the 5th and 6th May* must have shown him plainly that troops so hastily made up as his own—the brigades in some cases being composed of *four-fifths* recruits lately armed—were helpless as skirmishers among these dense woods before the veterans of Lee, each man of whom was hardened to the work. In Swinton's words,

'The result was a grievous disappointment to General Grant, for he shared an opinion commonly entertained in the West—the opinion that the Army of the Potomac had never been properly fought. This belief was perhaps natural under the circumstances; nevertheless it was fallacious. Sharing it, he had hoped at one blow to finish the troublesome, and seemingly invulnerable adversary. And to achieve this end, he made little account of those arts that accomplish results by the direction and combination of forces; for at this period he avowedly despised manœuvring. His reliance was exclusively on

* The Wilderness losses have in the official reports been, for obvious reasons, mixed with those of the skirmishes of the five days following. Swinton estimates them at 20,000 without reckoning those of Burnside's corps, which was little engaged. The Confederates lost 7,000, or (by Swinton) 8,000.

the application of brute masses, in rapid and remorseless blows, or, as he has himself phrased it, in "hammering continuously."

This statement is not made at random. It is founded on testimony of the highest authority.

'Shortly before the opening of the Rapidan campaign, General Meade, in conversation with the lieutenant-general, was telling him that he proposed to manœuvre, thus and thus; whereupon General Grant stopped him at the word "manœuvre," and said, "Oh! I "never manœuvre." This characteristic utterance, which the suavity of biographers might readily pass over in silence, cannot be omitted here; for it is the proof of a frame of mind that essentially influenced the complexion of the campaign. The battle of the Wilderness can hardly be understood, save as the act of a commander who "never manœuvred,"'

In quoting this, it is but justice to General Grant to add that if he used such expressions and acted here with such apparent rashness, it was plainly owing to a mistaken view of the particular army he had under him; for in the previous campaigns of Vicksburg and Chattanooga he had shown the very highest powers of manœuvring, those larger qualities of strategy, in fact, which will more and more be demanded in modern war as the means for great combinations multiply.

Then followed for twelve long days the bloody contest round Spottsylvania. For the description of the battle thus tediously waged we must refer to our former Article. Once only (12th May) did Grant's troops break fairly in upon the breastworks, on which they were moved again and again, searching out the weak points in Lee's long enceinte; and then, although the capture of a single projecting angle with many guns and prisoners rewarded Hancock's bold assault, the enemy's position was but slightly contracted, not really changed. This day the Army of the Potomac lost 8,000 men in retaining the ground thus won, for the scene of the contest (says the witness who speaks) was literally, and by no figure of speech, 'covered with piles of dead.' But two days before, in a less fortunate attack, 'the loss was 'between five and six thousand, while it is doubtful whether 'the enemy lost as many hundreds;' and finally, 'after General 'Grant had carried out with much fidelity, but very indifferent 'success, his own principle of hammering continuously, 'the carrying of the position was seen to be hopeless, and he, 'abandoning the effort after twelve days, resolved by a turning 'operation to disengage Lee from it.' Grant had paid the penalty of his want of discernment with another 20,000 men put *hors de combat*, whilst the Confederates, even including nearly a whole division captured by Hancock's surprise, were

again diminished by only one-third of the number. 'Grant's 'exhausted army,' says our Federal historian, 'began to lose its spirit. It was with joy that it turned its back upon the 'lines of Spottsylvania.'

Largely reinforced from the reserves about Washington, Grant moved on the 20th May to the west, passing beyond the right of the enemy, and then making southward; but only to find the Confederates presently established ahead in his front on the North Anna river, in a position so admirably chosen that even his audacity admitted it unassailable. Another flank march, the fourth within the month, carried him over the Pamunkey, and finally brought his army, at the end of May, in sight of the very ground occupied by M'Clellan two years before. Close to the army's front was the Chickahominy, with the very passages which had connected the wings of that general's forces when pushing along that stream in 1862; but between it and these passages, in a line of hasty intrenchments covered by swamps and thickets, lay the ever-watchful Lee, in that strictly defensive attitude which he held throughout this campaign after the failure of his attack in the Wilderness.

Then came the darkest spot in the career of Grant as a commander. It had seemed as though, when he recoiled a few days before from Lee's position on the North Anna, he had learnt by bitter experience that the 'continuous hammering' in which he not long since had trusted might break the instrument while its work was yet unfinished. Not even the vast resources on which he had power to draw could long spare 20,000 men a week for the continuance of the experiment. It requires, therefore, more excuse than has anywhere been offered for the sacrifice which followed. It may be that Grant's usually imperturbable temper was ruffled by the continued readiness with which his adversary met him; or that he believed the Confederates already so worn down by their unsupplied losses as to be unable to man their works; or that he judged that his new command had not even yet been sufficiently put to the proof by the stern doings of the month just past; or that all these causes acted together. Possibly he was influenced more than all by the uneasy consciousness that he had brought the criticism of the whole world upon his strategy by the Spottsylvania telegram, 'I propose to fight it out on this line, if it 'takes all summer:' for had not this chosen line been already abandoned and no result won? At any rate his conclusion was to try once more to force Lee out of his path by direct attack. So having called up 16,000 of Butler's forces from the James to aid him, he ordered a general assault ('of the

‘kind,’ says Swinton, ‘so often made in the course of this campaign’) along the whole front, to be made at half-past four on the morning of the 3rd June.

Even Howland, the most eulogistic biographer of the great Federal general, speaks, as it were, under his breath when he tells the story of the battle of Cold Harbor. ‘There was a rush, a bitter struggle, a rapid interchange of deadly fire, and the army became conscious that the task was more than it could do.’ The testimony of Swinton, himself an eyewitness, is more emphatic and complete. ‘It took hardly more than ten minutes to decide the battle. There was along the whole line a rush—the spectacle of impregnable works—a bloody loss—a sullen falling back, and the action was decided.’ Then after some details, he concludes:—

‘The action was decided, as I have said, in an incredibly brief time in the morning’s assault. Rapidly as the result was reached, it was *decisive*; for the consciousness of every man pronounced further assault hopeless. The troops went forward as far as the example of their officers could carry them: nor was it possible to urge them beyond; for there they knew lay only death, without even the chance of victory. The completeness with which this judgment had been reached by the whole army was strikingly illustrated by an incident that occurred during the forenoon. Some hours after the failure of the first assault, General Meade sent instructions to each corps-commander to renew the attack without reference to the troops on his right or left. The order was issued through these officers to their subordinate commanders, and from them descended through the wonted channels; but no man stirred, and the immobile lines pronounced a verdict, silent yet emphatic, against further slaughter. The loss on the Union side in this sanguinary action was over thirteen thousand, while on the part of the Confederates, it is doubtful whether it reached that many hundreds.’

It was in fact not half as many, if Confederate reports may be believed.

It is vain to enter into elaborate criticisms of such an action. Grant’s mode of assault, made ‘along the whole line,’ and without any reserve, was contrary to all the tactical rules of theory or practice. There is, indeed, an exception in one important case, where the enemy is decidedly worn out and shaken by previous events. So Wellington ordered his general charge at Waterloo when the Prussian shock had shattered and laid bare the French right flank, and made Napoleon’s battle a hopeless struggle. So Radetsky, acting on the same instinct of genius, threw all his front line suddenly on the exhausted Italians at Novara, ere Hess, his methodical chief of staff, could array the reserves for a final assault. Grant had no such

motive for his battle. The troops he attacked were not the ill-led swaggerers whose indecision at Fort Donelson had been patent to his observant glance, nor the wearied stragglers whose officers stayed to plunder with them at Pittsburg. They were veterans, war-hardened to suffering and danger, confident in their general, feeling themselves invincible on the defensive, and making up by their priceless value as individual soldiers for their want of discipline and numbers. It is better for those who would think well of Grant, to pass onward from the subject, with a word of pity for Burnside—so often condemned for the like fault at Fredericksburg—and to add only that the error of the Federal generals was older than their day: since Napoleon (whose mode of fighting battles it is the fashion to imagine faultless) threw away nearly the same number of men in 1807, in a vain assault on the Russian intrenched camp upon the Aller; an assault ordered apparently without reason, for the works were afterwards turned strategically without difficulty by a simple flank movement. The holocaust thus offered by impatience at Heilsberg was even more inexcusable than those of Fredericksburg and Cold Harbor, for no excited nation was crying out to the French emperor for action at all cost.

Unconscious, it may be, of his imitation of Napoleon, whose tactics in his later period* were not unlike those of the great Federal general, Grant now once more turned aside from the works he could not carry, and with a wide sweep to his left, the fifth and last of the year, passed away from the bloodstained meadows of the Chickahominy, crossed the James thirty miles below Richmond, and establishing himself south of Petersburg (which place should have been captured but for a miscarriage† in the movement), spent the rest of the year intrenched before that place.

To do this was no strange conception, forced upon the Lieutenant-General by his previous failures. On the con-

* 'In 1812, a decided taste for direct attacks began to manifest itself in him—a taste for the pleasure of employing force, and a kind of disdain for the concurrence of art and skilful combinations. He conquered at the Moskwa, but with immense losses and unimportant results.' (Marmont, *Spirit of Military Institutions*, p. 186, as aptly quoted by Swinton.)

† The blame of this important failure rests between Grant and his former engineer, and then chief of the 18th Corps, W. F. Smith. Grant laid it on the latter, but Meade (as Swinton states) has written of it, 'Had General Hancock or myself known that Petersburg was to be attacked, Petersburg would have fallen.'

trary, in letters to Washington written before his late promotion, he had strongly urged that the future campaign against Richmond should be conducted not by any direct advance, but rather by just such an operation conducted south of the James and based upon the coast; the tendency of which would be ultimately to sever Richmond (viewed thus as a sort of advanced fortress thrust northward) from the rest of the Confederacy, and by straitening its defenders to enclose them as Pemberton was shut in Vicksburg, or at the least compel its evacuation. Strong indeed must have been the political and personal motives which had induced him, when nominally uncontrolled, to lay aside this plan, and adopt—in deference to the well-known anxiety of Lincoln for the national capital—the line of advance on which M'Dowell and Pope, Burnside and Hooker, had met their successive disasters, and had led him when forced to abandon this, to try that on which M'Clellan had failed. The result had proved the sagacity of his original choice; for now he found himself at last in the position which he might have assumed at the first, and he had only reached it after suffering a loss of 60,000 men, whilst Lee's rolls were diminished by but 15,000. The moral energy of the North sustained the Lieutenant-General still; but Sherman's successful advance into Georgia had, it may well be believed, much effect at this time. Had that general been as rash as his chief, and his campaign as unfruitful in aught but losses, 'it would,' in the opinion of the Federal historian, 'have been difficult to have raised new forces to recruit the Army of the Potomac, which, shaken in its structure, its valour quenched in blood, and thousands of its ablest officers killed and wounded, was the Army of the Potomac no more.'

From that time forward, Grant, not too proud to learn by adversity, abandoned the costly tactics which had served him so ill. His campaign took the shape of a siege, or rather a blockade, and the cumbrous form of warfare which the world had not witnessed since Turenne and Montecuculi checked one another in the Palatinate, was revived on a grander scale. Lines of circumvallation round the enemy in front arose, and lines of contravallation against the enemy in rear. Works mounted with the heaviest guns guarded the camp of the Federals, and a railroad brought the rations along its lines. Bit by bit Grant strove to extend his left inland to seize the three lines of railroad which connected Richmond with the Confederacy. Bombardment and mining of unknown dimensions failed to shake Lee's defences in front, and the struggle gradually narrowed to the continuous effort to reach beyond

him by successive operations on the western flank. August saw Grant in possession of the nearest railroad, the Weldon line; but the year waned, and the spring of 1865 was far advanced, and found the Southside Railroad into Petersburg still intact, whilst the third line, that from Danville direct to Richmond, was yet very far from the Federal grasp. Grant not the less for many failures held tenaciously his threatening position, being well supplied from those great undreamed-of resources of the Union cause which Sherman's brilliant successes had quickened into vigorous action; and being warned minutely by deserters and spies of the waning strength of that heroic army which had so long bidden defiance to the efforts of the North.

We have not space here to point out fully how fatal was that political determination which caused General Lee, against his own opinion and all true military rule, to maintain himself in Richmond at the cost of ruin to its defenders. Two causes operated with terrible effect upon his army; the want of men, and the want of supplies. The Confederacy was not as completely stripped of its manhood as Grant believed when he publicly declared that winter of his enemies, 'they have robbed the cradle and the grave:' but the conscription, badly managed at the first, failed altogether in its object as the powers of the Confederate government were lessened; and this failure, coupled with the purposed refusal of the exchange of prisoners, prevented all recruiting for the forces at the capital. As remarkable, and probably even more decisive of the result, was the utter breakdown of the Commissariat system in force. This department, it is now well known, was confided to a man as incompetent by nature as ignorant of his duties; and the mode he adopted of pressing supplies at a nominal price caused evasion wherever force was actually wanting. So much is now generally admitted, and is written plainly in Swinton's work; but, in addition to these errors of the government, it is plain that there was a certain weakness on the part of Lee himself, which contributed largely to the result. If kept at Richmond against his will, there was all the more need of his being fully rationed; and strong as he was by his position and prestige, had he insisted on taking the commissariat of his force into his own hands, and seen to its working, the failure of the supplies need not have occurred. We are informed by irrefragable authority that, when Richmond was abandoned, there were stored up not far off, on the North Carolina railways, four months' provisions for such an army as his, which had only required exertion to have been forwarded long before. The food was there, and the

railroads still serviceable ; but there was a lack of that personal energetic supervision which in such cases smooths difficulties away, and brings provisions and army together. In excuse it may be said that a retreat into North Carolina was constantly kept in view ; but this should not have prevented the measures necessary to meet immediate wants. For lack of such the strength and spirits and number of those glorious soldiers fell ruinously away.

Lee discovered this too late. Desertion had thinned his ranks in the winter, and increased so rapidly in the spring of 1865, that the month of March found him guarding forty miles of intrenchments with but forty thousand men. The strength of the enemy was meanwhile constantly increasing, and it became absolutely necessary to make an effort to extricate the army from a situation no longer tenable. To retreat from Richmond was, however, no longer easy nor safe. The necessary movement would involve the march of long columns past the left flank of Grant, which was constantly on the watch ; and Lee resolved therefore to force his enemy to draw this in by threatening the eastern or right end of his lines before Petersburg by a sudden assault. The sortie took place accordingly on the morning of the 25th March. It was confided to Gordon, the youngest and most daring of Lee's corps commanders, whose courage and conduct had raised him from the rank of simple brigadier to his present charge during the autumn campaign. His attack at first promised to be successful, one of the strong redoubts which guarded the Federal camp being carried at a rush, and three of the neighbouring batteries abandoned by their guards. But the advantage could not be followed up ; for the supports which were to have aided Gordon to establish himself beyond the works by a further advance, failed to answer the call upon them : and then the Federals, recovering from their surprise, drove back the assailants by a countercharge, taking many of them prisoners, and inflicting a further heavy loss in killed and wounded, the retreat taking place under a severe artillery fire. The task had not seemed impossible, nor the odds hopeless ; but the Army of Virginia had failed because the energy and spirit which had made it the world's wonder for the past three years, were decaying for lack of nourishment and hope.

Grant detected his enemy's increasing weakness under this show of offence, and made haste to give the counterblow that was to conclude the long campaign. With his wish arrived the ready instrument in the person of Sheridan, the most impetuous and active of that new class of generals, young in years,

but veterans in war, whom the long series of continuous campaigns had raised to high charge upon the Federal side. Grant had marked him out first in 1863, at Chattanooga, where he led on his division of infantry to break the lines of Bragg, with all the fire of youth and the skill of a practised soldier. Struck by his spirit and tactical ability, he restored him to the cavalry service (in which Sheridan had first distinguished himself in the West), choosing him out, first to command the whole horse of his army, and then to take charge of the independent operations in the Shenandoah valley, where he had been opposed during the autumn to General Early. Having first checked, he finally routed and ruined that general's army; and then, his separate task accomplished, returned to his chief to take part in the final struggle, arriving at the Federal head-quarters on the 27th March, two days after Gordon's repulse. His arrival was the signal of the opening of the spring campaign of 1865.

Grant's first plan, as laid down in his own orders, was simple enough, and indeed may be regarded as a continuation of the efforts made on his left in the previous autumn. Sheridan, with the cavalry, was to strike boldly inland, and destroy the Southside and Danville Railroads. The infantry corps, taking for lightness' sake part only of their guns, were to move by their left, for the double purpose of 'turning the enemy's position, and insuring Sheridan's success.' The 9th Corps alone was to remain and guard the lines before Petersburg. These, therefore, would be watched by 20,000 men, whilst 10,000 horse and 80,000 foot moved beyond them, and cut Richmond off from the rest of the South. The troops, well fed, well armed, and confident of success, took every man his four days' rations; and light waggon trains bore supplies for eight days more. This was enough, it was thought (nor was the reckoning false) to finish well the work in hand. The greatest Civil War—or, if you will, the greatest Rebellion—ever known, had drawn to its close. The energy and resolution with which General Grant had carried out his purpose, unwearied by delay, undaunted by failure, were at last to bring their full reward.

The movement began early on the 25th March. That evening, the 5th and 2nd Infantry Corps, under Warren and Humphreys, got well outside the lines, and found slight intrenchments extended by the Confederates into the woods beyond. Along the front of these they skirmished, feeling their way cautiously. Sheridan lay that night at Dinwiddie, six miles further to the west (or left), preparing to start on his distant expedition next day. Suddenly there fell upon Grant that

sort of inspiration which, in such great events, precedes and presages success; and, changing his first plan, he resolved to turn his left inwards, and crush the enemy where they stood. ‘*I now feel,*’ he wrote that evening to Sheridan, ‘*like ending the matter,* if it is possible to do so, before going back. I do not want you, therefore, to cut loose and go after the enemy’s roads at present. In the morning, push around the enemy, and get on to his right rear. We will act altogether as one army here until it is seen what can be done with the enemy.’

Lee was neither surprised nor idle. With his usual insight, he had discovered the Federal manœuvre, and drawing 15,000 men from the weak garrison of Petersburg, he moved to his right, to try his old method of war once more, and strike at the exposed flank of the enemy whilst they were yet extending it. The 30th March found his troops gathering, despite storms of rain which for the day stayed the Federal march, at Five Forks, important cross-roads close to the Southside Railroad, and ten miles beyond the Petersburg lines. Intrenching themselves here, they stood almost between Sheridan and the nearest corps of Federal infantry, that of Warren; and next morning the blow fell on each. Warren was at first surprised; but, improving on the ordinary Federal practice, he had disposed his forces deeply in echelon, so as to meet a flank attack by mutual support; and being reinforced by part of the corps of Humphreys, he finally regained his ground. The Confederates, retiring before him, now turned against Sheridan (who had reached Five Forks with his advance), and drove him roughly back upon Dinwiddie. On the whole, therefore, this battle of the 31st March was indecisive; though Grant’s orders that night show that he was inspired with grave anxiety about Sheridan, and Warren was ordered to march directly to his quarters, and support him.

The morning of the 1st of April decided the campaign. It showed Sheridan that the enemy had retired on Five Forks; and he followed them with his horse, keeping Warren’s corps back, concealed from observation. When arrived before the enemy’s intrenchments, a simple line of breastwork, without flank protection, held by Pickett’s and Bushrod Johnson’s divisions, he engaged their attention with some of his dismounted troopers, and made as though about to turn the right of their works with another division, whilst Warren’s whole corps was secretly formed to march in upon their left. These tactics (and no general has mastered, like this young American commander, the new art of using, amid infantry manœuvres, the cavalry of the future) succeeded perfectly. Warren swept

on in irresistible strength upon the astonished Confederates, when occupied with the attacks of Sheridan on their front and right. A panic seized them; they broke; and 5,000 of the defenders of Five Forks fell captives into the victor's hands.

Next day, Grant followed up vigorously the success which his lieutenant's energy had won, and attacked the whole front of the Petersburg lines. The outer defences, too weakly manned for serious resistance, fell at the first assault; and although Longstreet (delayed until now at his posts on the other side of the River James by a feint) arrived in time to restore the fight, and save the inner line of works, it became necessary for Lee to order the retreat at all risks that night. But the Federals were as near as their enemies to the Danville line, by which alone could Lee hope to feed his army in that wasted region while on his way to North Carolina: and Grant's forethought had already furnished the provisions necessary for a lengthened pursuit, while the Confederate general had no nearer supplies than at Danville, and was uncertain if these would reach him in time to meet his wants on the retreat. His uncertainty began to change into despair* when, early on the 4th, after a severe march, he reached the railroad at the designated point, Amelia Courthouse, to find his trains missent to Richmond! Meanwhile his adversary, the general who had long since 'felt like ending the matter,' had now taken up the pursuit with relentless vigour, and was not slow to profit by the disparity of supplies. Whilst the starving Confederate columns were waiting for the foragers sent out to gather up a meal, Grant himself directed his infantry on a line parallel to that of Lee; and Sheridan, pushing impetuously past them, struck the railroad just south of Amelia, where he was soon joined by the 5th Corps, the same which had turned the scale at Five Forks, and disposed his force so as effectually to block the way.

Not even then did the great Confederate commander yield to his fate. Twice he struck westward with a wide sweep; attempting first to pass round the enemy and gain the Danville line beyond; and when that hope failed, to win the branch railroad which ran to Lynchburg and the mountains. All was in vain against the prescience of Grant, the fire of Sheridan, the fatal odds they wielded. His famished troops could bear the pressure

* For an interesting account of this pursuit and the surrender, see 'With Sheridan in Lee's Last Campaign,' an able though partisan work. The author, almost against his will, expresses his respect, and something more, for Lee.

of their misery no more. 'Hundreds,' says an eyewitness, 'dropped from exhaustion, and thousands let fall their muskets from inability to carry them any farther.' On the 9th, the gaunt relics of the Army of Virginia were finally brought to bay near Appomattox Courthouse, and were surrendered by their beloved chief on terms so liberal, and enforced in so delicate a manner, that one knows not whether the transaction reflects most credit on the victor or the vanquished. 'With tears pouring down both cheeks,' writes one who was a spectator of the closing scene, 'General Lee at length commanded voice enough to say, "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done the best I could for you." And not an eye that looked on that scene was dry.' When President Johnson, not long after, in the first vindictive impulse of triumph, would have singled out the old hero and his favoured officers for trial and vengeance, General Grant showed no less resolution in maintaining the capitulation inviolate than he had displayed in the campaign by which he won the right to offer it. All honour to the noble instinct which saved the restored Union from the crime her chief magistrate meditated in the newness of his power!

It is not within our present purpose to show how far Sherman's masterly strategy had contributed to the successful issue of the struggle. The war was recognised as practically finished from the day when Lee laid down his sword, and the cause of the Union needed that of Grant no more. And now the nation, grateful for his services and expectant of more, has raised her favourite general to a yet greater charge than that of army or bureau. As in the crisis of the war the voice of the North called Grant to supreme command, so now it has named him as the man who best can solve the difficulties the war has bequeathed. It is not for us to prophesy the result. Great, though not faultless, as a general, active and successful in administrative office, the character of Grant as a statesman is an enigma which time must solve. We know that he has steered so clear of shoals of party that the Republicans have charged him with being at heart a Democrat, and the Democrats abused him for his gross Republicanism. We have seen that fulsome and inappropriate praise, virulent and personal abuse, have failed to shake his reticence, or cause him to commit himself unreservedly to the arms of faction. Yet the task before him needs more than mere prudence and reserve. It demands high wisdom as well as enduring resolution, and statesmanship no less than self-restraint. To bind up the wounds left by the war, to restore concord to the still distracted Union, to ensure real

freedom to the Southern negro, and full justice to the Southern white; these are indeed tasks which might tax the powers of Washington himself, or a greater than Washington, if such an one is to be found. It would seem as though his friend and adviser, Sherman, had foreseen coming events to the letter when he wrote, five years ago, on Grant's elevation to be Lieutenant-General, the warning prophecy which we are about to quote as peculiarly appropriate now:—‘ You are now ‘ Washington’s legitimate successor, and occupy a position of ‘ almost dangerous elevation; but, if you can continue, as ‘ heretofore, to be yourself, simple, honest, and unpretending, ‘ you will enjoy through life the respect and love of friends ‘ and the homage of millions of human beings, that will award ‘ you a large share in securing to them and their descendants ‘ a government of law and stability.’

We would hope that this worthy counsel of his friend may find its full fruition in the actions of the new President. We trust that there was a deep inner meaning, as well as fine political tact and generous sentiment in the words with which General Grant closed his brief acceptance of the Republican nomination, and that generations of American citizens yet unborn may identify his name with the most noble aspiration a successful soldier could utter, ‘ LET US HAVE PEACE.’

ART. X.—*Speeches on Questions of Public Policy by the Right Honourable John Bright, M.P.* Edited by JAMES E. THOROLD ROGERS. 2 vols. London: 1868.

SINCE the publication of our last Number the scenes have been shifted; the actors have changed places—Mr. Disraeli is in the shade, and Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright in the sunshine. With all his dexterity and all his audacity, Mr. Disraeli can only boast that he aspired to success, but sustained in reality a total discomfiture. The result of the county elections in England, and in some of the boroughs in the manufacturing districts, while they indicate that the Conservative calculations were not altogether without foundation, show also wherein lay their weakness and their fallacy. Mr. Disraeli committed the mistake of judging by sample. Knowing that in these communities, some of them the strongholds of the manufacturing interests, a certain measure of support might be obtained, he was deluded into the belief that the rest of the country could be averaged in a similar way.

For the present the error has proved utterly fatal to his party and their prospects. The Lancashire elections were but as Falkirk before Culloden—a wan gleam of victory before total, crushing, and irreparable defeat. Mr. Gladstone, now at the summit of his ambition, first in power as well as in place, takes office with a larger following than has attended any Minister since the Reform Act of 1832. He has been amply avenged for the disasters of 1866, and has reaped the reward to which his honourable and brilliant career entitle him. A majority of more than forty in each of the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, ought to make his Government as strong as it is in the power of Parliamentary preponderance to render it.

The causes which have led to this result were precisely those which we sketched in our last Number. Religious equality in Ireland has proved a better, because a sounder and more honest, cry than Church and State, and No Popery. The Church of England, at least in the persons of a large proportion of her clergy, has tried her worst, and has signally nay disgracefully, failed; failed, we trust, in time to read the manifest lesson of the folly of those who would ally her healthful and vigorous fabric to a tottering and falling ruin. But the main elements in the election were the utter abandonment of political principle by the late Government, the distrust of them by the country, and the loss of self-respect among their own supporters. It is a most righteous fate—a most salutary example. For the sake of office they flung their principles to the winds, and from office they have fallen without a sigh of regret on the part of the people, and with no conscious dignity to sustain them. It was not the Irish Church, nor vote by ballot, nor the land question, nor the game question, which sealed their doom. It was the conviction which pervaded the country of their political dishonesty.

No doubt the aspect of the battle in the manufacturing districts was a remarkable feature in the struggle. We believe that in many parts of these communities the newly enfranchised electors took the Conservative side. But this is far from a new occurrence. Even Manchester has not always been of the Manchester school, as John Wilkes told George III. that he had never been a Wilkite. When Lord Palmerston, defeated on the China vote, appealed to the country and scattered his enemies, the manufacturing districts rallied round him, and discarded some of the best and ablest of the advanced Liberals. The Crimean war was unpopular with the Manchester party; but was very far from being so with the

Manchester populace. There has always been an antagonistic, rather than a Conservative, element in these quarters, local to a great extent, depending on accidental and exceptional causes, and affording no true test of the political conditions of thought or feeling in other parts of the country.

In the contest which has just closed two causes were at work which, under various modifications, have marked previous manifestations of a similar kind. The first is the Irish element—one which always operates with marked results wherever Irish labour is in demand. The repellent force which an Irish infusion creates makes the manufacturing population prone to anti-Irish cries; and Murphy and No Popery found, during the last election, unusual favour with the newly enfranchised Lancashire operatives. The other is a larger and less distinct, although a more constant agent. In communities in which employers of labour constitute the highest class, there is, and always will be, a spirit of independent resistance among the employed. Where the employers are over-shadowed by a class of landowners, or a territorial aristocracy, the operative will generally side in politics with his employer. But where employers are supreme, whatever their political creed may be, there is a strong tendency among the employed to take the opposite side, arising out of daily jealousies, adverse interests, or interests supposed to be adverse, and the natural influence of class or sectional habits of thought. For this reason it may be assumed that, for the future, the Conservative as well as the Liberal will find support in the ranks of the working-men; the amount depending very much on the questions of the day, on the circumstances of each constituency, on the state of trade, and on the relations between capital and labour for the time.

We have prefixed to this article the speeches, lately collected and published, of the great ornament of what is called the Manchester school—Mr. Bright. In one of his speeches on the Crimean war, he concluded with these sentences:—‘ I am not, ‘ nor did I ever pretend to be, a statesman : and that character ‘ is so tainted and so equivocal in our day, that I am not sure ‘ that a pure and honourable ambition would aspire to it. I ‘ have not enjoyed for thirty years, like these noble lords, the ‘ honours and emoluments of office. I have not set my sails to ‘ every passing breeze. I am a plain and simple citizen, sent ‘ here by one of the foremost constituencies of the empire, repre- ‘ senting feebly, perhaps, but honestly, I dare aver, the opinions ‘ of very many, and the true interests of all who have sent me ‘ here.’ But thirteen years bring many changes with them. If

Mr. Bright was not a statesman then, the country rejoices to recognise him in that character now. As a Cabinet Minister he has now himself to sustain the part the discharge of which by others he has so often criticised. Defence, not assault, will be his task in the impending battles. Ten years ago, this result would have been deemed impossible. A Government with Mr. Bright in the Cabinet would have been considered by some only one step removed from a republic. But times are changed; and now he takes his place in the Administration amid universal approbation and sympathy, only alloyed by his own reluctance to accept of it. It has been a distinction fairly won -- won by no unworthy arts, or time-serving strategy, but achieved by sheer force of power, energy, honesty, and genius. We heartily wish him joy of it; and so does the country for which, whether with or against the current, he has laboured faithfully.

The volumes before us are possessed of the deepest interest for all who have watched the course of politics for the last twenty years, as well as for all who can appreciate manly thought couched in pure and often noble language. In their substance they are a manifesto of the Manchester school, embodied in the words of the greatest orator that school has produced. The 'unadorned eloquence' of Mr. Cobden, though more ingenious and persuasive, cannot be compared with the ornate and studied oratory of Mr. Bright. With the restraint necessarily imposed on us in speaking of a living statesman, we shall consider the merits of these speeches both as oratorical compositions and as political treatises.

In the first capacity, we rate them very high. They combine the rarest quality of oratory—they were effective when spoken, and they are quite as effective when read. There is a wonderful lucidity, elegance, ease, and conciseness in the turn of every sentence. They are Saxon, rounded and rhythmical, without any approach to turgidity, and we doubt if our language possess a record of any speeches, really spoken, which are superior to them. Burke's speeches are essays, prepared in the study, and ineffective on his audience when delivered. Fox, the largest and most powerful mind of any of our statesmen, was far too impetuous to have spoken anything which, however reported, could have had the symmetry of these speeches. They stand, in this respect, by themselves, a monument of Mr. Bright's rhetorical powers, of which, had he done nothing else, he might well be proud.

Yet when we come to analyse the characteristics of his oratory, and to distinguish its component parts, it is not altogether

easy to determine them. The compound, such as it is, is of marvellous power and effect; yet the result is obtained with so little effort—the things said appear so completely the only things which could have been said, they follow so natural a sequence, and are expressed in language so direct that we are at a loss to find the secret of a composition possessing so much merit and so much simplicity. Much of this however is art, and carefully studied art, very perfect of its kind. Mr. Bright brought to his early oratorical efforts some rare personal qualities. Nature gave him a clear, well modulated, sonorous, and piercing voice. He has a just ear for the cadences of sentences, and a correct appreciation of musical rhythm in spoken words. The want of a classical training led him to look for beauty of expression in our own Saxon inflexions, unalloyed with the more ponderous and ornate periods of Roman oratory. The most remarkable quality of all, when we reflect that the speaker was far from being a scholar, is the cultivated and fastidious taste which marks his compositions. This too is a natural gift: although we should imagine that, conscious of possessing it, the author must have cultivated it assiduously, and even painfully. We should infer, from Mr. Bright's spoken style, that his original efforts had been elaborately prepared, though we remember to have heard Mr. Bright say, that only once in his life had he attempted to speak a written speech, committed to memory, and that the result was dire disappointment and confusion. But there is no foundation on which an orator can build more stable than careful preparation; unhappily few, who have the power of ready utterance, will go through the necessary labour, or have the energy to persevere in it. To these qualities Mr. Bright adds a dash of fancy—not perhaps very versatile, but still underlying and pervading all his oratory—a genial glow of humour, sometimes finding happy expression, but more frequently tinging the edges of his periods; and over all these is the nameless charm which genius can throw over much more slender materials.

Such, we think, is the character of these speeches, merely as compositions. They have besides an intrinsic merit in the transparency of their statement and the conscientiousness of their logic. In the last respect, also, there is a good deal of art. Although Mr. Bright owes nothing to the study of the schools, no one has more the power of bringing his strong point into light, and casting his weak one into shadow. Lastly, Mr. Bright has a true, natural, but powerful command of the pathetic—the offspring evidently of a genial, kindly nature, and a finely wrought sensibility. He can delineate a picture of

suffering and sorrow with wonderful vividness and truth. One speech there is in this collection—famous now almost to commonplace—the effect of which none who heard it will ever forget. It was delivered soon after Inkerman, when he ventured on a topic to which few parliamentary speakers would have had the courage to allude—the individual losses which the House had sustained. Yet with what simplicity and masterly ease does he introduce the subject, and with what power is it handled! Those who heard it may remember the impression, the almost terrific impression, these simple words produced. Yet when they are read now, at an interval of nearly fourteen years, the tears seem ready still to start at the touching reality of the picture.

If we turn from the orations, as regards their style and external features, to the orator himself, we are struck by a general, although vague impression, that his intellect contains a great deal of undeveloped material and power. His career has been of course determined by the circumstances which surrounded him. He was recruited, when not over thirty, to aid in the great Anti-Corn Law campaign; and from that beginning date his eloquence, his politics, and his statesmanship. They bore at first the traces of their origin; and even now one can discern in the general cast of thought, the vestiges of those economic questions and principles which first taught him to think on public affairs. Gradually, however, a larger and more refined cast of reflection has been stealing over the tribune of the people; and we are inclined to think that more than one phase of his intellectual power remains to be cultivated and exhibited.

The general complexion of his style as an orator is wrathful indignation—utter scorn—pitiless and unsparing hatred of the abuses he denounces, with but little mercy, for the time, for anyone who maintains or upholds them. One element—probably when he first started it was a settled conviction of his mind—is the assumption of the entire absence of reason, or sense, often of honesty, on the other side. He does not admit of the existence of an antagonist in the ordinary sense of the term; he is

‘*Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,*’

in his pursuit of the enemy, whom he represents as a caitiff flying from justice, to be caught or waylaid by all honest men, and specially by himself, and handed over for condign punishment.

All his speeches, especially his earlier efforts, betray this

characteristic, and it prevents them from rising to the height of true statesmanship. Respect for one's adversary, in a great controversy, is essential in the highest walks of Parliamentary disputation. The object being to persuade, no man who assumes the question he has to solve can be expected to accomplish it; to deal with an opponent as if he had nothing to say for himself, is to assume, not to prove, the point in dispute. This, which was a great blemish in Mr. Bright's earlier oratory, is diminishing with years, and still more with experience. As the agitator has risen into the legislator, his speeches more and more indicate that he can appreciate that from which he dissents; and although he denies his sympathy or his acquiescence to his antagonists, he is more ready than in former years to grant them honesty and sometimes plausibility.

Mr. Bright's admirers are wont to praise his consistency, and in some important respects the praise is just. But we believe we shall live to see the day when he will be very inconsistent, if consistency means saying the same thing. Mr. Bright has had no inconsiderable share in the changes of recent years; but it is one thing to preach in the wilderness, and another in the cathedral. He is beginning to experience the difference between having most men against him, and having most men with him. A certain exaggeration of tone and thought is essential to him who proclaims a crusade; but the '*ampullæ et sesquipedalia verba*' must be laid aside when real counsel and advice are required.

Mr. Bright has already had more than one lesson as to the effect of circumstances in altering the application of theoretical views. He denounced during the Crimean contest the horrors of war with vivid eloquence; but he lived to see a war, more bloody, more protracted, more horrible, which he did not denounce. He found that it was possible for a war to be just, and for its horrors to be not too dear a price for its object. He had been wont to hold up America as an example of a nation without a national debt; yet he lived to see a burden contracted by the United States in five years nearly as great as that which this country had incurred in two centuries. But his is not a mind on which such lessons are thrown away. No one can wonder that, carried along by the intensity of his feelings or convictions at the time, he colours too highly illustrations which the progress of events may falsify. He only is weak who refuses to be instructed by experience.

Nothing could be more interesting, and in some aspects nothing more amusing, than Mr. Bright's course during the Session of 1867. He was experiencing a new sensation—he was

actually outbid in the auction of democracy. For the first time, at least in the House of Commons, he seemed to ask himself the question, How far is it right to go? Nor did it seem, from his general demeanour, that he was altogether satisfied with the answer. This, at least, is certain, that he exchanged during that session his defiant and taunting demeanour for a calm, statesmanlike, and dignified tone, not affected or assumed, but real and true, and suited to the gravity of the crisis, which raised him greatly in the estimation both of the House and the country. His moderation gained for him a far better hearing and more influence than his vehemence; though he was accused at that time, not altogether without reason, of speaking in very different tones in the House of Commons and at a Birmingham meeting. He adapted himself, not unwisely, to his audience. Some characteristics, however, which ennoble even his most unreserved and exaggerated expressions, have remained throughout: an ardent love of liberty—a scorn of oppression and oppressors—a sympathy with the struggling and the depressed—a disdain of old privilege, and a burning desire to see his countrymen ruled with a single regard to reason and justice. These have been the main-spring of all his convictions and utterances on political questions; and although they frequently have carried him to extremes, and sometimes to intolerance, the service he has rendered in compelling public men to face abuses respectable from age and injustice sanctioned by tradition, has gained for him the place which he now worthily holds in the estimation of the country.

Taking him as the embodiment of what we have denominated the Manchester school, the volumes before us are very interesting as exhibiting the gradual progress of public opinion which has now brought a class of political thought, which twenty years ago was supposed to be far in advance of the great body of the Liberal party, into substantial accord with them and the country. The retrospect is in every way instructive. It by no means exhibits, as Mr. Bright's flatterers maintain, either uniform progress or uniform consistency; but it does exhibit, in very picturesque colours, the process by which too tenacious adherence to ancient tradition on the one hand, and too unreserved scorn of it on the other, have become gradually blended in a political combination, from the action of which we expect important results.

The Manchester school is properly an offshoot from the Benthamite or philosophical Radicals; a class of politicians who have done much service in sweeping away rubbish and

obstructions, but who for the purpose of practical administration laboured under a fatal defect. They took no account of surrounding circumstances, collateral influences, old traditions, long-rooted habits; and philosophers as they professed to be, they overlooked the fact, lying at the root of all government, that the creature to be governed is not a machine, but a man, and that any laws you can enact are weak compared to the great laws by which nature has encompassed him. Habit is the law of gravitation by which an Englishman in particular is governed. Fostered partly by our insular position, partly by the characters of the race, our daily social as well as political existence is ruled by habit—by a dislike to change—a love of what has been—a desire to walk in the steps of our forefathers. Where the philosophical Radicals erred as statesmen was not only in undervaluing this element, but in attributing to it no value at all. Aspiring to be political leaders, they omitted altogether from their calculation of forces the strongest force of any. Of course, when it came to action, this defect was at once apparent; and so, from the time of the Reform Act downwards, the philosophical Radical has been rather depreciated in the political market. But much of his spirit was transfused into a younger and more vigorous brotherhood, and the Manchester politicians took up the somewhat dreary tale of Benthamite formulas, and infused into it a new life, drawn from the truths of political economy, and applied it to a great, oppressive, and intolerable burden, under which they themselves suffered.

The agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws was not, in its inception, a political agitation at all. It was not a cry invented by politicians, although a few public men, Mr. Villiers in particular, had been its advocates. It was a demand made for commercial and manufacturing interests, and made by men engaged in manufacture and commerce. That it ultimately led those who joined in it to the deeper foundations of political truth, and that the fruit of their reflections was to send out two very able and remarkable men into the political arena, was an accident, and one of which at the outset Cobden and Bright hardly dreamed. But before the fray was ended in 1846, the two champions had become political leaders; and their original foray having been crowned with success, and they themselves having entered Parliament, they began to look about for fresh fields and pastures new.

The first topic to which they endeavoured to direct the interest of the public, was not Parliamentary Reform, but Financial Reform and National Arbitration. Possibly because it had been taken up by the Whigs, and partly also because the

Chartists had thwarted the anti-corn law agitation, neither of the two leaders at that time threw themselves with much vigour into the question of Parliamentary Reform. The national response was languid enough as regarded peace and retrenchment, and so stood their position in 1850, when the selection of speeches contained in these volumes commences.

It is impossible not to be struck in perusing them with the freshness and vigour of the handling, and the vast amount of information, regarding both this and foreign countries, which they contain. The student of the political history of the last twenty years will find in them a repertory of thought and reflection, illustrated with great variety, and sometimes in great detail. Whether the views announced be sound or unsound in themselves, or whether, being sound, they may be too unreservedly expressed, no one can fail to appreciate the speaker's meaning, or to admire the boldness, versatility, and strength of his grasp. Breadth of view and originality of thought may perhaps be wanting; but their very absence tends to increase the power and concentration of his assaults. The whole style is combative and denunciatory. He tugs and tears at the abuse he is at war with, striving by reiterated effort, and force applied in all directions, to uproot it from the soil. There is to be found in all his speeches a real, earnest searching after truth; and although he does not spare his epithets in defying those he believes to be obstructing it, there is a genial honesty and good humour throughout, which prove that it is not the acerbity of the temper, but the earnestness of the heart, from which they spring. Nor has he striven in vain. He has done as much as any man alive to bring our institutions to the test of sober reason, and to induce the legislature to look to no end but the welfare of the great masses they are called to care for.

The first volume is divided into five sections: India, Canada, Ireland, America, and Russia. The second contains his speeches on Reform, and on miscellaneous subjects. The field is so wide and extended, that a criticism on his views on all these topics would extend far beyond our limits. We only intend to venture some remarks on one or two of the more important of them. The first, in the order of time, is Russia. The speeches on the Crimean war were among the most effective he ever delivered; and he looks back now with complacency to the views he then unavailingly enforced.

Mr. Cobden and his friends were still intent on their plans for retrenchment and peace, when the little cloud which had been descried on the horizon of the East began to assume the threatening and ominous aspect which resulted in the Crimean

war. The views of Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright on this matter were very intense: nor is it wonderful that they should have been so. They held the war to have been undertaken for a delusion, the result of a blunder, which could end in nothing but calamity; a stupid and ruinous tribute to the phantom, worn out and exploded, of the balance of power; a squabble undertaken for some lazy Turks, to save a corrupt and dissolving empire from a fate which was inevitable. Mr. Bright, however, was in a great minority in the House, and in a far greater one in the country. Even in those districts in which his opinion was wont to have the greatest influence, he found but cold and reluctant encouragement. Their voice was still for war. But he maintained his ground with steadfastness, and even more than his wonted vigour and ability: and when looking over these speeches as now collected, it is impossible not to admire the nervous and energetic protest which he made against the policy which he disapproved.

From some cause or other, the precise nature of which we have never been able entirely to understand, Russia, the most despotic of all the Continental Governments, had relations of a friendly nature with the advanced liberals of the Manchester school. They thought Russian ambition a bugbear, and the fear of Russian aggrandisement a mere bubble and delusion. We think Mr. Cobden's first appearance in print was in a pamphlet which he published about 1832 in defence of Russia's policy. This was never forgotten by Nicholas. They sent missions to St. Petersburg on errands of peace, disarmament, and arbitration; and they thought that the Czar listened with admiration, or at least with approbation, to their suggestions. That he did listen is pretty certain. He thought that he was speaking to the representatives of those who were struggling to wrest the repeal of the Corn Laws from the aristocracy of England, and who might therefore be fairly assumed to speak the mind of the democracy of that country, which was then triumphant. That he had no designs of disarmament, the sequel pretty clearly proved. But he thought that in the advances of these liberal statesmen of England, he saw an opportunity for striking a blow which might never occur again. There is not the slightest doubt, putting aside altogether the diplomatic squabble which led to the actual crisis, that the Russian Emperor was encouraged to make a bold attempt for his long-cherished plan of obtaining possession of the Black Sea, by his belief, on the one hand, that Mr. Cobden and his friends represented the feeling of the community of England; and on the other, that the Aberdeen Government, in which Lord Palmerston was

excluded from the Foreign Office, would be, if not friendly, at least pacific. But for these two elements, the invasion of the Principalities would, perhaps, never have taken place. If Lord Palmerston had remained in the Foreign Office, the Russian Emperor would never have been so deluded as to suppose that England would not compel him to observe the faith of treaties.

The views subsequently expressed with great power by Mr. Bright on this subject forcibly illustrate the remark we have already made, that his judgments on political affairs are frequently wanting in breadth and far-sightedness, though not in strength. War is no doubt a great evil, and it is regarded with peculiar abhorrence, as unchristian, by the estimable sect in which Mr. Bright was educated. The tenets of Quakerism have imprinted an indelible stamp upon his opinions and his character. He even shares, we believe, their traditional veneration for James II., and their resolute disbelief of all the charges brought by Lord Macaulay against the memory of William Penn. But war, like the other events which agitate this strange and stormy world, must be judged by its results; and it is impossible to deny that many, we might say most, of the revolutions which have brought about changes the most beneficial to mankind, have been purchased by dreadful sacrifices of blood and treasure. It cannot be said that the lives so sacrificed were sacrificed in vain. The late American civil war was as great a curse as ever fell upon a peaceful and prosperous country; but it has led to the extinction of slavery and the consolidation of the Union—though these things were not foreseen or intended at the commencement. And so with the Crimean war. If that contest had begun and ended, as Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright appeared to suppose, in a vain attempt to prop up the expiring barbarism of the Ottoman Empire, we should agree with them in condemning it. But let us briefly sum up the great political results which have mainly been brought about by the part we played in that struggle. The Emperor Nicholas of Russia, at the head of a prodigious military force—which was supposed to be greater than it was in reality—then exercised a preponderating influence over the whole continent of Europe, and this influence was ever thrown on the side of absolutism and oppression. The Courts of Austria and Prussia were, to a great extent, dependent on that of St. Petersburg, and the theory of the Holy Alliance was still virtually in existence, as was shown by the invasion of Hungary. That alliance was dissolved by the war, and Europe learned with astonishment that the man who had so long over-awed her counsels and frustrated her hopes, perished the victim.

of the rage and grief with which he had witnessed the defeat of his armies. The vast preparations accumulated at Sebastopol—evidently with a view to the subjugation of Eastern Europe—were utterly destroyed. The Black Sea was rendered a neutral water. Russia herself, defeated in the military and arbitrary designs of the Czar, was relieved from the pressure of his despotic system, and soon entered upon a very different and far more enlightened course of policy under his son. The great work of the abolition of serfdom was accomplished. Russia was opened to a new life: her institutions were reformed; her territory was traversed by railroads; her national forces rapidly expanded. It was in the Crimea that the genius of Cavour discerned the opportunity of Italy, and prepared the measures which have since been crowned by the complete emancipation of that country. The Piedmontese army on the Tchernaya was the herald of those gallant troops who fought at Magenta, at Solferino, and at Custozza. The Congress of Paris, which terminated the war, prepared, though unconsciously, a new future for Europe. Above all, the Crimean war riveted the alliance between England and France. The two nations, represented by their respective armies, were brought into a close and friendly contact which they had not known since the Crusades; and the policy of the two Governments marched, as it has since continued to march, in close accordance. We venture to assert that the Commercial Treaty of 1860, which we regard as the most remarkable exploit of Mr. Cobden's useful life, would not have been possible if the alliance of the two nations had not been cemented on the fields of Alma and Inkermann. To this country even the hardships, losses, and disappointments of this Crimean campaigns rendered an incalculable service, for they taught us that forty years of peace had rendered the organisation of the British army obsolete and inefficient, and they revived a martial spirit among us which this generation will not willingly allow to die. Little more than a year had elapsed after the conclusion of the Peace of Paris in 1856, when the Indian Mutiny broke out. Had we been as ill-prepared for war then as we were in 1853, we tremble to think what the consequences might have been. As it was, the whole machinery of the army was in good working order. Troops were poured into India with a rapidity which astonished those who had judged us by our former shortcomings. India was reconquered. The mutiny was crushed. The dominion of India was transferred from the Company to the Crown, and a new era of improved government began.

These are some of the results which may, we think, be fairly attributed to the part we took in the Crimean contest. Had we stood aloof from it, as Mr. Bright would, we suppose, have wished us to do, we might have avoided some expense and some perils; but very probably these events would not have occurred as they have occurred; Russia would have established her ascendancy over the East, and increased it in Europe; France would have formed other alliances; and we should have failed to exert any influence over several of the most important and beneficial transactions of this century. We might then have been compelled to engage in war, not to direct the course of events, but to defend our own possessions and position in the world.

While therefore we thoroughly agree with Mr. Bright in the policy and the expediency of leaving foreign nations to settle their own disputes, we are also quite clear that military and naval strength are an essential element of our domestic prosperity. It is entirely a question of pounds shillings and pence, whether it is cheaper to prevent the undue aggrandisement of a rival, or to maintain perpetually on foot a force sufficient to withstand the utmost efforts of his increased power. It would be the height of folly to put it in the power of any nation to question with success our naval supremacy, and at the same time to reduce our means of natural and internal defence to an inadequate scale, in the vain delusion that nobody wished to interfere with us.

It has been said truly in favour of Mr. Bright, and we have ourselves given expression to the same sentiment, that he did not court popularity in his opinions on the Crimean war, and that he maintained them against, and in spite of, very clear and strong popular convictions to the contrary. That is quite true, and is creditable to him. But his own principles might lead him to suspect that as this was the case, there was at least a possibility that the people were right, and he was wrong. The instincts of a nation, where the expression of public opinion is free and open, are generally sound. On this question the instinct we believe to have been clearly and unquestionably sound. That a great deal may be done and ought to be done in the reorganisation of the war department, and in the reduction of the expenditure by which it is maintained, we believe and hope Mr. Cardwell will demonstrate. It will be a high distinction if he can succeed in remodelling the system on which our military affairs are conducted, and placing them on a rational footing as regards both administration and expenditure. But when we are asked to come to the conclusion that the policy

of Mr. Bright and his friends was that which should have been adopted in 1853, we are obliged to refuse our assent.

Mr. Bright as a Cabinet Minister now has his thoughts directed into another channel, and begins to take some part in the actual administration as well as the responsibility of affairs; he will therefore find the necessity of conducting them not on abstract principles, but with relation to the actual persons and circumstances with which it is necessary to deal; and we believe he himself will come to be of opinion, though he will probably maintain the general principles on which his former views were founded, that it is possible the expression of them went beyond the occasion, and that the practical application of them to their full extent might not only have been difficult but dangerous.

The unpopularity of the course which they pursued in regard to the war, threw the Manchester school of politicians for some time into a false position; and this culminated in 1857, when opposing Lord Palmerston on the China vote, their forces were utterly routed and their chief men excluded from Parliament at the dissolution of 1857. There can be little doubt that the circumstance of this election tended to foster, if it did not create, the antagonism between Lord Palmerston and both Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright, which went beyond mere discrepancy in their political views, and assumed a good deal of personal acrimony. Certainly as between Lord Palmerston and Mr. Bright there was little in common. Lord Palmerston had all the advantages which Mr. Bright did not possess, while he was without those qualities that had rendered Mr. Bright distinguished. Mr. Bright was all earnestness; Lord Palmerston, in manner at least, all lightness and vivacity. While Mr. Bright, from the thorough convictions both of his heart and his intellect, was endeavouring to persuade, Lord Palmerston, with a few words of good-humoured, sometimes even of malicious raillery, having, as he knew he had, the majority with him, would crush out and extinguish the most fervid exertions of the orator. A certain aristocratic superciliousness, rarely exhibited, but sometimes elicited when he was much pressed, galled the pride of the popular politician, and roused him on the very points on which he was most sensitive; and so while Lord Palmerston lived, the China vote was never forgotten, although the ability, versatility, and power of the veteran Minister were more than a match for his antagonists. Still we have always regretted that Lord Palmerston and Mr. Bright did not come into closer contact. They would probably have found that their estimate of each other was unjust. Lord Palmerston, thoroughly English

in all his habits, tastes, and convictions, would have found that Mr. Bright's attachment to America did not prevent him from being a true-hearted Englishman: Mr. Bright, on the other hand, would have found that the light, easy, even careless manner of the Minister covered a very large and earnest spirit, wide in grasp, firm and resolute in action, and thoroughly, even ardently patriotic.

The Crimean war came and went—Lord Palmerston's majority obtained in 1857 came and went also: and Lord Derby acceded to power in 1858. From this time forward Mr. Bright seems to have taken a firmer political line. Till then he had been rather a capricious and discontented ally of the Liberal Administration. But the advent of Lord Derby to power seemed to inspire him with resolution and energy. Thenceforward he had no terms to keep with the Conservatives; and he initiated, in the summer of 1858, that agitation for Reform which was destined to ripen in the cabinet of a Tory Minister. We pass by, however, his views on Reform for the present, to deal with another topic quite as important, and quite as characteristic, as any we have mentioned.

Mr. Bright's opinions have throughout been largely tinged by analogies drawn from America. The example of that powerful republic seems to have early captivated his fancy and impressed his judgment. The spectacle of that thriving community with no aristocracy, no standing army, no established church, no debt, light taxation, and a rapidly increasing population, struck him as in vivid contrast to the state of things at home. America therefore had for many years been his favourite theme, in enforcing his views for the amelioration of our own condition; and probably nothing so much tended to diminish his weight, and injure his popularity with the more Conservative section of the Liberal party, than his constantly recurring praises of a community so extremely unlike our own. The American civil war, however, coming as it did with the suddenness of lightning, introduced a new and unexpected element into this favourite comparison. The once pacific States were deluged with the blood of American citizens, which the hands of citizens had shed. That republic, where standing armies had been unknown, maintained on either side for four years more than half a million of men under arms. No war recorded in history had been so deadly. The horrors which Mr. Bright had so vividly depicted during the Russian war, were magnified tenfold on American soil; and American finance presented the spectacle of a debt, scarcely less burdensome than our own, and accumulated in the space of five years.

Mr. Bright took the side of the North ; and we have in these volumes seven of his most elaborate speeches delivered on that subject. They are all worth perusing, especially from the light which subsequent events have cast upon them. In some respects Mr. Bright has just cause of complacency in this retrospect. His line was consistent throughout, and he has some reason to say, that opinions which were not popular at the time, are now to a large extent accepted as sound and true. He is right in asserting that the sympathy of some of our public men turned too unguardedly to the South, as the weaker party contending for independence. He is right in saying that the press was premature and indiscreet in hastily assuming that the South would succeed. His own prognostics on that subject have been thoroughly verified. He was right in warning Mr. Laird, and the builders of blockade-runners, against their questionable occupation ; and in the present state of negotiations on that subject, it is not easy to deny that he was right in urging a more rigorous application of the law. In these matters time has proved him to be right : and the presence in the Cabinet of one who has held and maintained these views, will be an additional guarantee to the United States of the desire of the Government to meet them in a fair and conciliatory spirit.

Another merit Mr. Bright may fairly claim. His constant and reiterated allusions to America, although they have been in a large measure distasteful even to the Liberal party, have yet compelled us to do justice to America and her institutions. There was much which was really deserving of admiration in their conduct during the war, even when judged by those whose general sympathy was given to their opponents. Their general reverence for law, and the independence of their judges, deserve all praise ; and in the affair of the Trent, when national passions were at the highest, their conduct was high-minded and statesmanlike.

On the other hand, the one-sided concentration of Mr. Bright's tone of political thought is nowhere so thoroughly exhibited as in his mode of dealing with American affairs. He leaves out of his consideration, or at least out of his speeches, the fact that one half of American prosperity is owing to the unexhausted riches of her territory. If we were legislating for a people who had access at pleasure to millions of acres of unappropriated land, whither our unemployed population could resort, the political and economical problems which meet us at every turn would be much more easy of solution. Our difficulties arise in great measure from the fact that we have to deal with

a large industrial community, hemmed in by the sea within a comparatively narrow area, with no outlet for superfluous numbers except emigration; where land is not by operation of law, but mainly by that of nature, an expensive luxury; and in which new resources are little likely to be developed save from scientific or mechanical discovery. America had the advantage of a virgin soil to begin on: she was not hampered by tradition, nor by the numberless slender cords which ancient habit induces. But that in some respects is the strongest reason for not endeavouring to transplant her institutions to a soil and climate so different. On the other hand, the American constitution has not reached its centenary. It had very nearly collapsed under the strain of the civil war; its future is at this moment uncertain; and it has a long way yet to go before it attain the solidity of our own.

Mr. Bright is not always as broad and philosophical on this subject as a statesman should be. He claimed the sympathy of Parliament and the public for the Northern States, because they were fighting for freedom against slavery; and so in a sense they were. But the time to have denounced American slavery was before they had been forced into a position in which they could hardly choose but fight. The time for denunciation was when no breeze ruffled the waters, and the Republic was still free of debt and unconscious of war. If the struggle in 1862 called for sympathy with the Union, its long tolerance of the hated institution ought to have deprived the Union of that sympathy before; or, at least, ought to have modified the orator's previous panegyrics exactly in proportion to the strength of the reasons on which he defended America in the final act of justice.

During the war itself none of Mr. Bright's softness of heart betrayed itself. The horrors of war, he would say, were obliterated by the greatness of the crime it was waged to terminate and avenge. True; but the whole history of the crisis is full of important political lessons, and teaches even our ablest statesmen that political idols are but wood and clay after all. In regard to the Trent affair, we do not agree with Mr. Bright. Lord Palmerston, we think, was right to demand, and the American Government were right to concede, the surrender of the Southern envoys. It is also just to remember, in these speculations on the past, what the actual result was, and to whom the credit of it was due. Lord Palmerston steered us through that difficult time, and preserved peace with America, as well as with the rest of the world. It is easy to say that our conduct left a feeling of soreness on the part of

America. That is an unhappy consequence ; but consequences much worse might have ensued. If, as Mr. Bright advised, we had permitted the seizure of Mason and Slidell to pass without remonstrances, such we believe was the feeling of this country, that the Administration would have been expelled from office, and an immediate war with America would have been inevitable. Still, it would be unfair to Mr. Bright to deny, that in this American controversy his gains are greater than his losses. He has been right more than he has been wrong, in a state of things in which many of us were more or less mistaken.

We pass on now to the great question of Parliamentary Reform. Here Mr. Bright may very fairly claim credit for good and able service. It was, as we have already said, rather late when Mr. Bright threw himself into the ranks of ardent Parliamentary Reformers. During the Sessions of 1856 and 1857 he was prevented by illness, which all regretted, from taking much part in public affairs ; but on the accession of Lord Derby to power he resolved to raise the standard of Reform in earnest, and delivered a series of speeches throughout the country, which read now as if inspired by a prophetic vein. These speeches, and those delivered during the Sessions of 1867 and 1868, are the contributions which these volumes bring to the Reform controversy.

Although Mr. Bright's pilgrimage in 1858 did not, at the time, rouse any great amount of enthusiasm, it may fairly be said to have been the commencement of serious agitation on the subject. Lord Russell, indeed, has the real credit of having been the first great statesman who was deeply impressed with the necessity and justice of a change, and to his undaunted perseverance the country is indebted for its ultimate success. He was before his time, as Mr. Fox and Lord Grey were in 1793 ; but it is apt to be forgotten that but for his persistent efforts, commenced nearly twenty years ago, the question might in all probability have been relegated to the next century. But he met with cold response both from Parliament and the country ; and, indeed, even to the last the second Reform Bill is a singular instance of a large extension of popular rights maintained and carried chiefly by the convictions of the leading statesmen, with the acquiescence rather than the enthusiasm of the recipients of the boon. Mr. Bright's agitation, however, was sufficient to alarm Lord Derby ; and the proposal of the Conservative measure of 1859 foreshadowed the not distant triumph of the cause.

The interval which elapsed between 1860, when Lord Palmerston's second Government was formed, and the proposal of

Mr. Gladstone's Bill, under Lord Russell's Government in 1866, is generally ascribed, and not without reason, to Lord Palmerston's indifference to the measure. But a strong, and at the time insuperable, impediment to Parliamentary Reform may be found in the existence of the American civil war. It was not merely that during the whole course of that contest we were in a constant state of anxiety and peril, and obliged to shape our course with great circumspection; but the sudden disruption of the great Republic had inspired a wide distrust for the time of advanced popular institutions, and rendered the House of Commons, and indeed the country too, averse to enter on questions of organic change. That Lord Palmerston was well pleased to be relieved of the pressure of such a question at such a time is certain. His anxieties were quite sufficient as they stood. When Lord Russell met Parliament in 1866, the sky had cleared, the peril was over, Parliament again breathed freely, and Reform became at last the serious and earnest business of the Legislature.

We have already remarked on the change of tone and demeanour adopted by Mr. Bright from the moment that on Mr. Disraeli's announcement of his household rated suffrage, he felt that retribution had indeed fallen on his foes and assailants. His orations in 1858 had a defying, taunting, aggrieved tone. But in 1867 he was moderate, statesmanlike, and conciliatory. Some natural elation was pardonable, but it was gently and genially exhibited. Nothing in the whole of his long political life became him so well as the course he pursued, and the spirit he evinced, during the entire Sessions of 1867 and 1868.

And now, with what results has this great work been attended? The anticipations we hazarded in our last Number have been fully realised. This Parliament at least exhibits no signs of that rampant democracy which had so long been a bugbear and a lion in the path. It is not composed of the agitator or the adventurer: almost to a man the candidates of this kind have been excluded. The working-men have shown themselves fully worthy of the confidence reposed in them as electors; but none of their own number have been sent to represent them. The House of Commons represents as fully as ever it did all the great and ancient interests of property and social position. The experiment, if such it was, has thus far proved utterly devoid of the elements of danger; the worst that has been or can be said of the first Reform Parliament is that it differs very little from that which preceded it, except by a reinforcement of some forty temperate but resolute Liberals,

backed by increased constituencies of the people. If any dissatisfaction has been expressed at the composition of the House of Commons, it has proceeded chiefly from those who regarded a vast extension of the suffrage as an immediate panacea for all the evils of the nation. For ourselves, we have shared neither their hopes nor their fears. The last Reform Act has left England the same England she was before.

All political parties are necessarily composed of two elements : the one consisting of those who prefer to apply the common principles of the party with caution and moderation ; the other of those who are impatient to carry out those principles to their furthest consequences. It is superfluous to observe that the traditions of this Journal, and of the party we have served so long, as well as our own convictions, attach us to the first of these sections rather than to the second. In other words, we are, and we remain, what we have ever been—Whigs, but not Radicals, and we still maintain the doctrine that the strength of the Liberal party lies in its moderation rather than in its violence.

If anything were wanted to confirm us in these opinions, we should find such evidence in abundance in the character of the recent Elections and of the present Ministry. We were told that whatever other effects might be produced by Lord Derby's celebrated ' leap in the dark,' it was certain at any rate that he had succeeded in ' dishing the Whigs.' To such idle boasts we reply in the words of Horace—

' Merses profundo, pulchrior evenit.'

We are not eager to dispute about terms ; and if the good old name of Whig has gone out of fashion, let it rest in its glory. But Whigs as we are, the new Parliament and the new Ministry are quite as Whig as we could desire them to be ; and we are most happy to find that the choice of the country, and the appointments made by the Prime Minister, coincide so entirely with our own predilections.

For what is the fact ? Throughout England, and even in Scotland, wherever men came forward with the strongest pretensions to extreme opinions, whether as philosophers or as working-men, they were rejected by the constituencies, inso-much that we have actually to regret the exclusion of some very able persons whom we should have been glad to see in the House of Commons, though we do not always agree with them. Nay more : not only did Radical or extreme Liberal opinions not prove the most auspicious colour to fight under, but they served in several instances the opposite purpose, and, in fact,

contributed to promote what is called the Conservative reaction, and to bring in the Conservative candidate. For the tactics of the Conservatives are simple enough. They do not make war on moderate Liberal principles; on the contrary, they profess to adopt and to share them. But they ascribe to their Liberal antagonists extravagant and revolutionary designs, and then triumph in the defeat of schemes which originated in nothing but their own passions, their own ignorance, and their own cowardice. Radicalism is still a bugbear and a name of terror to a great many Englishmen; and if some votes were gained in the large towns by Radical professions, many more were lost in the counties by Radical threats. The truth is that the country at large showed very little sympathy for extreme opinions of any kind, and expressed a genuine distrust of men supposed to advocate extreme opinions, even though they were men of genius. The electors took the *via media*. They expressed their contempt for the Tories by reducing them to a feeble minority; but they did not reward the exertions of Mr. Beales, or even recognise the lofty claims of Mr. Mill; and they returned a Parliament strikingly resembling, as far as we can judge, the Parliaments which have sat at Westminster for the last thirty years.

We certainly do not desire to see in the British House of Commons an assembly mainly swayed by the aristocracy of birth, or the aristocracy of wealth; on the contrary, we wish it to represent the People, and we should gladly have welcomed a greater number of self-educated and self-raised men within its walls. The working-man ceases to be an artisan when his own ability and industry have improved his social position; in that capacity there are many working men in the House of Commons, but the result of the last Election shows that no pure artisans have as yet gained the confidence of the constituencies. On the contrary, the House contains forty-five eldest sons of peers, sixty-five younger sons and brothers, fifty-seven baronets, and six baronets' sons, with perhaps a still larger number of persons connected with the aristocracy by marriage or descent. Large manufacturers, bankers, and railway directors are also numerous represented. The landed gentry send, of course, their full contingent in the counties; and the residue, even of the professional class, is but small.* The English House of Commons still remains, in fact, whether for good

* See an interesting paper on the Social Elements of the House of Commons, in the 'Pall Mall Gazette' for 28th December, from which we take these numbers.

or evil, the most aristocratical body in the world; and its power is all the greater that it is not derived from aristocratical privilege, but from the free choice of the whole people.

It is, we are convinced, utterly false that Mr. Gladstone entertains, or ever did entertain, the extravagant opinions which were freely imputed to him by his opponents in the heat of the contest in Lancashire and elsewhere. But if he was ever suspected of an excessive proclivity to views which were to overthrow the Church and the Constitution, he certainly took the most prompt and decisive method of rebutting and dispelling that charge by his very first act—namely, the formation of his Government. In our judgment, no Administration has been formed in this country for more than a quarter of a century so admirably adapted to carry out the business of the nation. A task, always of great difficulty, was surmounted by Mr. Gladstone with such readiness that he showed he had effectually prepared himself to meet it, and with such consummate skill, that his success in this all-important starting-point may justly be accepted as of the happiest augury for the future.

The honoured names of Russell, Grey, Stanley, and Elliot have indeed entirely disappeared from the political councils of the Crown. They belong to a period illustrious in the annals of liberty and of England, for the men who bear them performed their part with ability and success in the whole series of Parliaments which sat from 1832 to 1868. But the notion that Whig principles are inseparably connected with a few great families and must with them perish and decay, is either a vulgar delusion or a Tory fable. Other men arise, other families exist, to carry on the work which has been so well begun; and if Mr. Gladstone has to regret the loss of some of his former colleagues, he has supplied their places by men of equal talent and more youthful energy. Seven members of the new Cabinet—Lord Hatherley, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Bright, Mr. Bruce, Mr. Childers, Lord Kimberley, and Mr. Chichester Fortescue—enter it for the first time, all men of mark and vigour; and these have been conjoined to the seven most effective members of the last Liberal Administration—Mr. Gladstone, Lord Clarendon, Lord Granville, Lord Hartington, the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Goschen, and Mr. Cardwell. The mere juxtaposition of the names which have been added and the names which have been retained, is the most expressive testimony to the true character of the Government.

Nor has Mr. Gladstone been less successful in the substructure of his Administration. He has everywhere brought in men of high efficiency, and he has placed them where their

talents will be most available. For the first time for many years we have a Government which is a perfectly constituted machine, compact and vigorous, and free, as far as human infirmity will allow, from inherent weakness. The younger men outside and below the Cabinet are in training for the higher offices they will one day fill; and unless some great and unexpected changes should arise upon the political horizon, we think the country may well look forward to the duration of a settled Administration, supported by a powerful Parliamentary majority, and capable of dealing with the great questions before it. The crisis of the last few years has ended in the regeneration of the Liberal party. We cannot discover that it has lost any of the qualities which entitled it to the confidence of timid men, or to the *reliance of bold men*. It is the glory of the Whig party, that far from destroying any of the great institutions of the country, there is not one of them which has not derived fresh strength and vigour from the process of Reform. But on the other hand, the government has gained immensely in intelligence and in power; and we trust these qualities will be felt, not on one question only, or in one direction, but in all the various matters which loudly call for the attention and guidance of an efficient Administration.

We do not pretend to have the slightest information beyond the whole of the public as to the intentions of the Cabinet on the subject of the Irish Church; and therefore we shall abstain altogether from discussing hypotheses which may turn out, in a month, to be as unfounded as the conjectures of the newspapers. But we are well content to take for our guidance the expressions used by Mr. Bright not long ago on this question, and now republished in the volumes before us:—

‘It is a great thing in statesmanship, when you are about to make a change which is inevitable, and which shocks some, disturbs more, and makes hesitating people hesitate still more—it is a great thing, I say, if you can make the past slide into the future without any great jar, and without any great shock to the feelings of the people. And in doing these things the Government can always afford to be generous and gracious to those whom they are obliged to disturb.

‘We have found that this has been the case when needful changes have been proposed; for instance, hon. Gentlemen will recollect when tithe commutation for Ireland was passed, that there was a certain concession made to the landowners of Ireland, to induce them to acquiesce in the proposition of Parliament. We know that when slavery was abolished a considerable sum of money was voted. Lord Derby proposed in this House that compensation should be given to the slaveowners. If it had not been for that, slavery would before long have been abolished by violence. But Parliament

thought it was much better to take the step it did take, and I am not, at this period of time, about for a moment to dispute its wisdom. In all these things we endeavour, if we are forced to make a great change, to make it in such a manner as that we shall obtain the acquiescence and the support, if possible, of those who are most likely to be nearly affected by it. Suppose we were going to disestablish the Church of Scotland, and I understand that there are a great number belonging to the Established Church of Scotland who are coming round to the opinion that it would be much to their benefit, and I think for the benefit of their Church, if it were disestablished—if we were going to disestablish the Church of Scotland or the Church of England, no person for a moment would suppose that, after having taken all the tithes and all the income from these Churches, you would also take all the churches and all the parsonage-houses from the Presbyterian people in Scotland, or from the Episcopal Church people in England. You would not do anything of that kind. You would do to them as we should wish, if we were in their position, that the Government and Parliament should do to us. Do what you have to do thoroughly for the good of the country, but do it in such a manner as shall do least harm, and as shall gain the largest amount of acquiescence from those whom you are about to affect. I venture to say that such is the course we should take about Ireland.

‘I am very free in speaking on these matters. I am not a Catholic in the sense of Rome. I am not a Protestant in the sense in which that word is used in Ireland. I am not connected with a powerful sect in England. I think, from my training, and education, and association, and thought on these questions, I stand in a position which enables me to take as fair and unimpassioned a view of the matter as perhaps any man in the House. Now, if I were asked to give my advice, and if I am not asked I shall give it—I should propose that where there are congregations in Ireland—I am speaking now, of course, of the present Established Church—who would undertake to keep in repair the church in which they have been accustomed to worship, and the parsonage-house in which their ministers live; Parliament should leave them in the possession of their churches and of their parsonage-houses. And I believe I speak the sentiment of every Catholic Member on this side of the House, and probably of every intelligent Catholic in Ireland, not only of the laity but of the hierarchy and the priesthood, when I say that they would regard such a course as that on the part of Parliament as just, under the circumstances in which we are placed. Well, then, of course there would be no more bishops appointed by the Crown, and that institution in Ireland would come to an end, except it were continued upon the principle upon which bishops are appointed in Scotland. All State connexion would be entirely abolished. You would then have all alike. The Protestants would have their churches and parsonage-houses as they have now. But the repairs of them, and the support of their ministers, would be provided by their congregations, or by such an organisation as they

chose to form. The Catholics would provide, as they have hitherto done so meritoriously and with a remarkable liberality, for themselves.' (Vol. i. pp. 412-414.)

And again :—

'The main principle being secured, that State Church supremacy is abolished in Ireland, and that the Irish Churches are henceforth to be free Churches upon the voluntary principle, then I should be willing, and I would recommend every person in the country whom my voice may reach, to make any reasonable concession that can be suggested in the case. So anxious am I that it should be done, that I should be delighted to co-operate with the right hon. Gentleman, and with hon. Members on the opposite side of the House, in support of any just measure for settling this great question. But I say, if it ever does come to be dealt with by a great and powerful Minister, let it be dealt with in a great and generous spirit. I would counsel to all men moderation and justice. It is as necessary to Protestants as to Catholics and to Nonconformists that they should endeavour to get rid of passion in discussing this question.

'We are, after all, of one religion. I imagine that there will come a time in the history of the world when men will be astonished that Catholics and Protestants have had so much animosity against and suspicion of each other. I accept the belief in a grand passage, which I once met with in the writings of the illustrious founder of the colony of Pennsylvania. He says that "The humble, meek, merciful, just, pious, and devout souls are everywhere of one religion, and when death has taken off the mask they will know one another, though the diverse liveries they wear here make them strangers." Now, may I ask the House to act in this spirit, and then our work will be easy. The noble Lord, towards the conclusion of his speech, spoke of the cloud which rests at present over Ireland. It is a dark and heavy cloud, and its darkness extends over the feelings of men in all parts of the British Empire. But there is a consolation which we may all take to ourselves. An inspired king and bard and prophet has left us words which are not only the expression of a fact, but which we may take as the utterance of a prophecy. He says, "To the upright there ariseth light in the darkness." Let us try in this matter to be upright. Let us try to be just. That cloud will be dispelled. The dangers which surround us will vanish, and we may yet have the happiness of leaving to our children the heritage of an honourable citizenship in a united and prosperous Empire.' (Vol. i. pp. 417, 418.)

If these are the expressions of the man most dreaded by the clerical mind, it is not unreasonable to suppose that a Cabinet which has Mr. Gladstone for its chief, and Lord Hatherley for its Chancellor, will not be animated by a bitter hostility, or even by indifference, to the rights and interests of the Episcopalian Church in Ireland as an independent Church ;

and if we may in our turn venture to hazard a conjecture, we should predict that the Government will so frame its measure of disestablishment and disendowment that the Irish Church is not unlikely to make a good bargain by the transaction and would be singularly ill-advised to reject it. We assume that in respect to that portion of Church property which is indisputably her own, the Episcopalian Church in Ireland will not be placed on a worse footing than the other Churches or religious bodies existing in that country, and she will be protected by law in the same manner and degree as they are. We assume also that the trusts on which the property of the Irish Episcopalians is to be held, will be regulated by the performance of certain obligations and by a conformity to the standards of discipline and belief existing in the Church of England, as they are in the Episcopalian Churches of the Colonies. If these conditions can be satisfactorily determined by Parliament, the Irish Episcopalians will obtain all that they can justly demand, and they may very well relinquish their claims to be a national or dominant Establishment.

There is one consideration connected with this subject on which we would say a word, and the more so as it has not been much adverted to in this country. The Episcopalian Church in Ireland differs materially in its spirit and character from the Anglican Church with which it professes to be identified. As the reaction against Presbyterianism in Scotland has driven the Episcopalian Church in this part of Britain to the verge of Romanism, so the reaction against Romanism in Ireland has driven the Irish Episcopalian Church in that island to the verge of non-conformity. The prevailing creed of her ministers is Calvinistic. She attaches less importance than her sister Church to the forms of ritual and the discipline of Episcopacy. Even the use of the Liturgy is not universally popular with her clergy; and it is probable that if uncontrolled by legal authority they would ere long merge into the more enthusiastic Protestant sects with which they are surrounded. We have no doubt that in losing the character of an established Church, the Irish Episcopalian clergy will use their freedom to throw themselves with greater energy into the ultra-Protestant ranks, and will carry on their theological warfare with increased ardour—harmless, as long as it is confined to theological weapons. But to the more zealous members of the Church such a prospect is not unattractive, and this circumstance accounts perhaps for the very slender defence they have hitherto attempted to make of their position as an Establishment. On the other hand, the zeal of the Protestant

landowner in defence of his Church is not very sincere, because he foresees that a portion of the spoil can hardly fail to find its way into his own pocket, either by the remission of tithe or by its appropriation to other national purposes.

But although the question of the Irish Church has assumed at this moment a high degree of political importance from the principles involved in it, yet when we consider the vast and varied requirements of this Empire, and the innumerable duties of great urgency the Government has to fulfil, we cannot regard a measure which only affects directly one part of the United Kingdom, as the most momentous of the questions which Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues have now to consider. Most of these questions have been before the public for several years. Some of them have been referred to Special Commissions, which are now about to report. Others have been discussed to satiety in Parliament and by the Press. Enough has been said about them; the time for action is come.

To begin with Law Reform. The Judicature Commission will shortly report to the Crown, and it is understood that important changes will be recommended in the distribution of judicial business, which may affect the whole administration of Justice. Some progress has been made, tentatively, in the process of digesting the unwritten Law of England; and there is no one thing of more essential importance to the nation than the promotion of this work, as the nearest approach we can make to Codification, in which both India and our own colonies have outstepped the mother country. The revision of the Law of Bankruptcy and of the Naturalisation Laws are matters of pressing urgency and must be dealt with in the present Session. The excellent Report of the Select Committee on the Patent Laws has led at present to no legislative result; and there are several other subjects of great importance to the legal and social interests of the country, on which elaborate inquiries have been made by Royal Commissions or otherwise, and which only require the intervention of an active Government to bring the fruit of these inquiries to maturity.

This country is so little accustomed to be governed, and in truth desires so little government, that it is seldom the Home Department is called upon to propose large and active measures of reform. But in the hands of Mr. Bruce, who possesses in the highest degree the qualifications of an excellent Home Secretary, the powers of his office will not slumber. The only question is, in which direction his attention should first be turned, for as Sir Robert Peel said long ago, Par-

liament and the country can only master one great subject at once. Perhaps the most pressing topic is the disposal and management of the criminal population, for the streets of London have ceased to be secure; crime is increasing, and with crime the enormous cost of depredators and depredation. Next come the Trades' Unions, which must be considered and dealt with as soon as the Report of the Commission has been laid before Parliament. Mr. Gladstone has already intimated that one of the measures to which he has directed his attention is designed to create a more efficient control by the body of ratepayers over county rates. But we hope he will carry this principle much further. We believe that the people of this country have but little reason to complain of the taxation levied by the State. It is equally imposed; it is cheaply collected; it is honestly spent. But of the enormous sums levied under the form of rates and local taxation the very reverse must be said. It amounted in the past year to no less than 18,776,000*l.*, or about a quarter of the whole public revenue of the State. This is really the oppressive and unjust portion of our public burdens. It is assessed with excessive inequality and injustice by parochial boards, subject to no general control and deaf to remonstrance; it is collected by non-official persons; and it is spent nobody knows how, at least in the metropolis and in many other towns of the Empire. The enterprise to which we should especially desire that Mr. Bruce may turn his fresh energy, backed by a Parliamentary majority eager to distinguish itself by some useful work, is the establishment of a complete system of municipal government in the metropolis, and the introduction of an effective control over the system of local taxation throughout the kingdom. Nothing is more discreditable than the anarchy of London and its circumjacent cities; nothing more unworthy of a nation which professes to govern distant empires, than the fact that the government of its own capital is in the hands of a ridiculous mediæval corporation and of parochial boards, all at war with each other. A municipal government of the metropolis being established on a proper footing, the great questions of pauperism, crime, police, public works, water-supply, markets, sanitary improvements, and local taxation, would, of course, be dealt with by it.

The subject of pauperism, however, is not confined to London or to great cities, though they act with frightful centripetal force on the pauper population. But it pervades the country and affects all our local institutions. The check given to the progress of the disease by the great Act of 1833 has

now lost much of its original power. The class of men who take part in the administration of the Poor-law is no longer that of the guardians who saved the New Poor-law from its fierce assailants. A thorough revision of the system is required; and Mr. Goschen will find no inconsiderable field for his talents as an administrator if he masters the whole subject, and appeals to the intelligence of Parliament and of the country to support him in the measures he may deem it expedient to adopt.

Mr. Cardwell finds the War Office in disorder, for in fact the establishment has never been put on a satisfactory footing since the fusion of the departments twelve years ago; and he also finds many great questions of military policy awaiting a solution—the purchase system, the duration of enlistment, the organisation of the militia and reserves, which are now a farce, the armament of fortifications, military education, and the introduction of various improvements into the army, adapted to new modes and theories of warfare, which are already familiar to the continental States.

We have so fully expressed in these pages our opinions on Admiralty administration, that we are not surprised to find that Mr. Childers should only have accepted the position of First Lord, on condition that the department should be to some extent re-organised. We only hope that he will go far enough, and establish the responsible authority of the Minister over the Board of Admiralty, with the professional assistance of naval officers, constructors, and financiers subject to his control.

The Treasury has also to some extent been re-organised. The junior lordships are now to be places of actual labour and responsibility, one of them being especially connected with the financial administration of the army. We have no doubt that Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Lowe are very much in earnest in their plans of retrenchment, and that the country will derive benefit from them by a reduction of expenditure. It is the paramount duty of Government to take care that no portion of the public money is misspent or spent in excess, and that the public gets its money's worth for what it pays in taxes. But we confess that we see no reason to carry retrenchment so far as to diminish or impair in any degree the efficiency of the public service. Lord Overstone was once heard to remark that probably no part of a man's income was spent so much for his own advantage as that which he contributes to the State; because, in fact, for that small sum he obtains the blessings and advantages of living in a civilised com-

munity, which comprise all his rights as a man and a citizen. No doubt in the last few years the civil estimates have largely increased; that only proves that the social wants of the people have increased likewise, and that the State has been more active in providing for them. We require and we have more education, more improvements, more public walks and buildings, more art, cheaper law, more savings' banks, post-offices, and telegraphs, more sanitary measures, more inspectors to protect life and limb, and, in short, all the signs of an advancing civilisation. These things are not advancing more rapidly than the wealth and intelligence of the community. The nation is both able and willing to pay for ameliorations which tend to prolong, to raise, and to cheer the life of the people; and indeed this expenditure, such as it is, is for the most part raised by taxes on the richer classes, and spent in advantages conferred upon the poorer classes. Indeed in some branches of expenditure of this nature, as in the matters of education and public works, we are very much behind several countries much less favoured by fortune than ourselves. This therefore is not the kind of retrenchment the public desires.

But no doubt the military and naval establishments are enormous, and in some respects profuse. Mr. Disraeli before he came into office styled them 'bloated armaments,' but in office he did nothing to reduce them. And here we meet at once an important question, on which several members of the present Ministry—more especially Mr. Lowe and Mr. Bright—have frequently and loudly expressed their opinions; we mean the maintenance of military and naval establishments in the British Colonies at the expense of the people of this country. It has been demonstrated before Committees of the House of Commons that the detachments maintained by Great Britain in her dependencies abroad are (with the exception of the garrisons of Malta and Gibraltar) too weak to be of any effectual use in war; that they are, in fact, employed as police; and that if British troops are needed or desired at all by the inhabitants of those colonies, who are now invested with all the powers of self-government, they must be prepared to pay the cost of them, as is the case with the British forces serving in India and paid exclusively by the Indian Treasury. England, we are satisfied, has no interest whatever in scattering her forces in small detachments over the globe; the practice weakens and impairs her real military strength, for it is highly injurious to the army: and although the same reasoning does not apply with equal cogency to the naval squadrons on foreign stations, inasmuch as ships and seamen must be

trained and employed by navigating the ocean, we have no doubt that these may also be reduced. One of the first steps, therefore, to be taken by Lord Granville as Colonial Minister, if he is prepared to act up to the opinions recorded by several of his colleagues, will be to inquire what are the wishes and intentions of the Colonial Governments on this subject, and to inform them that if England is still to supply them with any military force, it must be at their expense, not at ours. In short, to give effect to the policy commenced some time ago by Lord Grey and Mr. Cardwell. We have long ceased to put forward any claim to tax the colonies; it is now time that the colonies ceased to tax us. Upon the same principle we should unquestionably decline to spend English money on colonial fortifications, except when they are manifestly undertaken for imperial objects and especially for the convenience and protection of our navy in foreign waters.

This rapid survey of what we conceive to be the more pressing duties of the Government would be incomplete if we failed to advert to the measures with reference to Education which have fortunately devolved on Mr. Forster, one of the most energetic and consistent Liberals in the Administration. Mr. Bright is reported to have said in one of his speeches, that not two years should elapse from the meeting of a Reformed Parliament before the means of education should be brought to the door of every man in Britain. We confess that we are less sanguine as to the result of State or Parliamentary interference in education; and we think that the obstacles to its more rapid diffusion are not the want of schools or laws on the subject, but the prejudices of one class and the ignorance of others. But without pledging Mr. Bright to an exact fulfilment of his prediction, the present Government is undoubtedly bound and anxious to promote the great work by all the means in its power. No doubt very large results might ensue from a strict inquiry into all the endowments already existing for educational purposes in the kingdom, and the future Minister of Public Instruction ought to be armed with powers to deal with them.

Among the secondary appointments of the Government, none has given us greater pleasure than that of Mr. Layard to the office of First Commissioner of Woods and Works. He has great energy, excellent taste, and cultivated judgment. Many great public works are already in progress; others must be undertaken without delay, as the Courts of Justice, the completion of the Public Offices, the alteration of the National Gallery, and the construction of new thoroughfares in London.

These undertakings could not be in better hands; and he will have the valuable assistance of Mr. James Fergusson, well known for his admirable works on architecture, as secretary to the department for public buildings.

We have thus hastily glanced over the vast field of action, on which the Government appears to us to be called upon to put forth its powers. For many years past the state of parties have been so unsettled, or so evenly balanced, or the heads of administration have been so much disposed to leave things as they found them, that the difficulty and uncertainty of carrying any new measure through Parliament was such as almost to dispense the Members of the Government from attempting a hopeless task.

In a recent pamphlet on 'Crime,' Mr. Henry Taylor thus speaks of what he justly terms 'a capital defect in our system of government':—

'No labour of inquiry and investigation is spared, the most eminent political men take their full share of it, as well as the most experienced professional and the most learned scientific men: but when all is ripe for the Government to bring a Bill into the House of Commons, there are lions in the path; perverse, or ignorant, or factious adversaries may be met with; either intrepidity is wanting, or time and strength for contention; and what, if practicable, is a plain and imperative duty affecting the most momentous public interests, is what the Government cannot afford to perform. The fact is, that, in our system of government, the responsibility, which for acts is excessive and intimidating, for omissions is often defective and nugatory.'

The present Government have no such excuse. Mr. Gladstone is the leader of a powerful majority, and a highly efficient body of ministers, eager to mark their return to office by real services to their country. They expect to be led onwards. They expect to govern. One of the most fatally injurious consequences of the late attempt to hold office without power, and to rule in a minority, was the discredit and weakness into which all administrative authority fell. An Administration like that of Mr. Disraeli could only take its cue from the humour of the House of Commons or the indulgence of its antagonists—begging here, borrowing there—with no will or power of its own. An Administration with a majority of one hundred at its back is in the opposite position; it is the master of circumstances and of affairs, not their slave; but in proportion to its power is its responsibility, and, we will add, the high expectations of the country. The Reform Bill and the General Election have not essentially modified the character

of the House of Commons, but they have rendered its forces far more intense, and brought them into closer dependence on the Electoral body, that is, the nation at large. It is, therefore, of paramount importance that the Government and the Parliament should not fail in the accomplishment of the great duties confided to them, and that the result of their efforts for the public good should realise the buoyant hopes of their supporters.

NOTE.

Earl Russell has called our attention to a passage in our last Number, p. 568, which he conceives to be likely to give a wrong impression of his proposals regarding the Irish Church.

His Lordship states (1.) that he proposed in his first letter to Mr. Fortescue that the Irish Church should be disestablished (see p. 77), and that by way of example the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin should be styled hereafter Archbishop Trench, and the Roman Catholic Archbishop should be called Archbishop Cullen, thereby placing the two on an equal footing. (2.) In respect to endowment his Lordship proposed that on the expiry of life interests, six-eighths of the tithe rent-charge should be allotted to the Roman Catholic clergy; one-eighth to the Episcopalian Protestants, and less than one-eighth to the Presbyterians.

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- ART. I.—1. *The Chinese Classics; with a Translation, Critical and Exegetical Notes, Prolegomena, and copious Indexes.* By JAMES LEGGE, D.D., of the London Missionary Society. Hong Kong: 1861.
2. *The Middle Kingdom.* By S. WELLS WILLIAMS. 4th edition. 1861.
3. *Notes on Chinese Literature.* By A. WYLIE. Shanghai: 1867.

IT must be confessed that books on China in the European languages are scarcely ever attractive. The elaborate compilation of Dr. Williams is rather a book of reference than a book for continuous perusal. The ‘Chinese Repository,’ which contains a mass of miscellaneous information, is very difficult to meet with. The published volumes in which the Jesuit missionaries have recorded the results of their labours are disfigured with statements from which the philosophic mind revolts; and Sir John Davis, whose book is the most readable one ever written on the subject by an Englishman, was unfortunate in being restricted to a limited field of observation. Of slighter works it is needless to speak. An examination of the books we have named will, we are assured, convince our readers that the indifference to the interests of the Flowery Land is to be attributed in large measure to the difficulty of obtaining accurate information about it. But the translation of Confucius by Dr. Legge, which we have placed at the head of this article, is really a valuable addition to our sources of knowledge. It is an elaborate and a conscientious translation. The six preliminary chapters are singularly interesting, and the notes from the various Chinese commentators on the text

of the *Analects* lucid and numerous.. From the first hundred pages of the *Prolegomena* the reader will learn more about the great philosopher of China than from any other English book hitherto published. As a translator Dr. Legge goes to a great extent beyond his critics, for few foreigners have attained that familiarity with the *Lun-Yo* and its successors, which is derived from a devoted though not unbroken study of twenty-one years. When placed side by side with other renderings, those of the latest translator seem generally perspicuous, though little care has been bestowed upon the more subtle felicities of style. The simple and vigorous diction of the English Bible, the study of which Coleridge said was sufficient to keep any one's style from becoming vulgar, would have been the best model for the translator of *Confucius*, and would have given weight and dignity to the treasured sentences of the Sage. As it is, verbal anachronisms and impertinences often mar our enjoyment of the text, and it is not easy to trace the author's drift in the proverbially obscure 'Doctrine of the Mean.' But in spite of these blemishes, the ordinary reader who takes average pains to compare the renderings in the text with the versions in the notes, will find himself rarely at a loss to understand the scope and spirit of his author.

Dr. Legge has, however, a fault which is not the less vexatious because it is unusual. He is possessed with a passion the very converse of that which usually besets biographers. The more closely he examines his hero the less he likes him. Familiarity appears almost to have bred contempt. The intimacy which has lasted for twenty-one years ends in coldness. The Doctor is displeased with the peculiarities of his character. The sight of the Sage in his carriage is an abomination. Punctilious etiquette he cannot away with, and the chapter on his influence and opinions concludes in a strain of abrupt unfriendliness which seems to us unjustifiable. 'But I must now leave the Sage,' he writes. 'I hope I have not done him injustice; but after long study of his character and opinions, I am unable to regard him as a great man. He was not before his age, though he was above the mass of the officers and scholars of his time. He threw no light on any of the questions which have a world-wide interest. He gave no impulse to religion. He had no sympathy with progress. His influence has been wonderful; but it will henceforth wane. My opinion is, that the faith of the nation in him will speedily and extensively pass away.' This passage recalls the saying of Northcote, who, when an ignorant admirer was extolling

Raffaelle to the skies, exclaimed, 'If there was nothing in Raffaelle but what *you* can see in him, we should not have been talking of him to-day.' But it would be unfair to apply this story to Dr. Legge, for elsewhere he shows himself able to see many of the excellences of Confucius, and indicates his appreciation by eulogiums as discerning as they are numerous. But he will not let his admiration have free course. He deems it a duty, we think most unnecessarily, to be always 'weighing Confucius in the balance of the sanctuary.' The sayings of the Chinese Sage are perpetually thrown into disadvantageous comparison with the lessons of the Founder of Christianity, and his shortcomings and deficiencies are exhibited with merciless minuteness. This is hardly fair, and the injustice is doubled by another inconsistency. Dr. Legge begins by arraigning Confucius for failing to coincide with a teacher who lived five hundred years after he was buried, and who had Divine opportunities for acquiring light to which he never pretended; but when it unfortunately happens that on one or two important doctrines several very plausible points of agreement between Christ and Confucius may be alleged, he will not endure it for a moment. Words are to lose their wonted sense, and a resemblance as clear as the sun in heaven is to be pronounced a divergence as wide as the poles, rather than a single anticipation of Christianity shall be found in Confucius. It is needless to point out the injustice of this treatment. To revile a writer for not coinciding with another in general, and when you find a casual agreement to alter his obvious meaning in order to deprive him of the chance of being right, seems unkind treatment even from an adversary, but from a biographer it is sheer inhumanity.

This is, in our judgment, the head and front of the Doctor's offending. On many grounds he deserves the gratitude of his countrymen. We thank him cordially for the mass of material he has collected, and we wish him health and strength for the completion of his gigantic task. For the present, however, instead of a critical analysis of the writings of Confucius, we shall be content to indicate, briefly, the names and character of the works which he compiled. Our special object is to present the reader with a general sketch of his life, and a glance at some of the more salient features of his philosophy.

The sixth century before Christ was a period rendered illustrious by the birth of an extraordinary number of great men. The East and the West in this remarkable era vied with each other in producing sages destined to exercise a vast influence on human thought. Within the space of a hundred years, Greece

saw Xenophanes and Pythagoras; Persia, Zoroaster; India, Sakyamouni; China, Confucius. We shall endeavour, in the following pages, to make the English reader better acquainted with the life and teachings of the last of these philosophers, and, without attempting a continuous parallel or exaggerated contrast, to throw such side-lights upon his portrait as the lives of his great contemporaries may supply.

At the period when Confucius was born, the political state of China resembled that of Japan at the present time. The reigning dynasty was that of Chow, which continued to exercise a nominal sway for nearly nine hundred years, but many of its princes were weak, dissolute, or insignificant, and the more vigorous of them had great difficulty in preserving their authority from the encroachments of the feudal princes. The nobles gave limited allegiance to their suzerain, and engaged in repeated wars with each other. Intricate intrigues, violated truces, savage massacres, are dimly discerned through the mists of centuries; but if, in the judgment of David Hume, the history of our own Saxon princes is only 'the scuffling of kites and crows,' it is clear that the quarrels of rival chieftlets, who bore names that scarce twenty living Europeans can pronounce correctly, and who were nearly all cut to pieces fifty years before the Battle of Marathon, must be utterly destitute of interest to the readers of the present generation. Yet it is necessary to indicate the political conditions of the country at this epoch, as they materially affected the early career of the Sage, gave emphasis and point to some of his most characteristic sayings, and contributed to throw that gloom over his latter years which, had his lot been cast in less evil days, might never have fallen on them. His birthplace and parentage were alike distinguished. The fertile region which, under its present name of Shantung, has been celebrated as the last stronghold of the Nienfei Rebellion, was renowned even in those early days for the fierceness with which rival clans fought in its mountain passes, and carried or defended with sword and spear the breaches of its many populous and well-fortified cities. In that land of military achievements, the gallantry of a warrior named Heih at the siege of a place called Peih-yang, was specially conspicuous. It was recounted in tent and cottage with a pride similar to that with which Jewish minstrels recalled the valour of David, and Roman matrons the heroism of Horatius. Indeed, the bravery of the Chinese champion compares favourably with that of Israelite or Latin. Heih's friends, it appears, had made their way into the city by a gateway left purposely open. No sooner had they passed the portal than the port-

cullis was dropped. The hero caught the massive structure with both hands, raised it by dint of main strength, and, standing exposed with his breast to the enemy, held the heavy beams up until the last of his companions had passed out in safety. This act of prowess made Heih the wonder of his day; but his name would have been forgotten centuries ago, had it not been for his illustrious son, for from the second marriage of the hero of Peih-yang was born Confucius.

Legends not dissimilar to those which gather around the cradle of Zoroaster are woven around that of our hero. Magic dreams announced the future greatness of both. A fabulous animal, 'having one horn and the scales of a dragon,' appeared to Ching-tsae, the wife of Heih, in a vision, and cast forth from its mouth a jewel with this inscription:—'The son of the essence of water shall succeed to the withering Chow, and be a throneless king.'* Tradition asserts that the child was bathed immediately after his birth in a stream which bubbled up miraculously from the floor of the cave in which his mother brought him forth, and *thus* (and not from the transparent purity of his character) a fanciful claim was given to the appellation, 'Son of the essence of water.' The dignified title of 'the throneless king' is the earliest declaration of the royalty of intellect, an idea which has reappeared in subsequent ages in languages of which Confucius never dreamed.

The authentic records of his childhood are scanty and unsatisfactory. His father died when he was three years old. Where he was educated is uncertain. A gravity similar to that which characterised the youth of Mahomet is said to have distinguished him. One peculiarity of his early years is recorded. We read that as a boy 'he used to play at the arrangement of sacrificial vessels and at postures of ceremony:' practices which remind one of the boy Athanasius imitating the Sacrament of Baptism in his play on the sand at Alexandria, and of the young Goethe making his father's red-lacquered music-stand into an altar.

At nineteen Confucius married. He had one son, whom he does not seem to have treated with special kindness, and there is reason to believe that he was divorced from his wife. He

* We give Dr. Legge's translation. A writer in the 'Chinese Repository,' vol. xviii. p. 341, renders the legend thus:—'Water Crystal's child succeeds decaying Chow and plainly rules.' The meaning evidently is, 'A child of perfect purity shall be born at a time when the Chow dynasty is on the decline, and shall restore it and prolong its lustre, reigning without the insignia of royalty.'

apparently held at this time the government appointment of keeper of grain-stores ; but how long his tenure of this office lasted is not known to us. At twenty-two—eight years before he had brought his system to anything like completeness—he began to take pupils. He did not pretend to any originality in his lessons, but simply professed to teach the doctrines of former days. ‘I am not one,’ he said, ‘who was born in possession of knowledge. I am one who is fond of Antiquity, and earnest in seeking it there.’ On his mother’s death he went to Loo, and there continued to instruct youth. He gave much attention at this period, it seems, to music. For some time his reputation had been gradually rising, but many years elapsed before he was placed in a position worthy of his ability. The state of the Empire was such as to excite the gravest anxiety in the breast of a patriot ; and the consciousness that he possessed many of the qualities that would constitute a practical reformer, must have made the son of Heih eager for a wider sphere than he had hitherto enjoyed. The weakness of the Government was conspicuous, and the great families were perpetually struggling to increase their power. As these barons—if the term be permitted—were ready on the most slender provocation to take up arms against the Emperor, and were unable to curb their own retainers, outbreaks were perpetually occurring. The people were cruelly burdened, and had very scanty chances of obtaining redress of their grievances. Appeals to the Emperor against the nobles were useless ; for he was powerless to interpose with effective help on behalf of sufferers from the oppression of his haughty feudatories, and appeals to the nobles against the Emperor were useless, for they were always loyal in supporting measures, however tyrannical, which might afford a sanction for their own enormities. In a word, China was in a state closely resembling that of England in the reign of Henry VI., or that of Italy during the popedom of Clement VI. In such days the philosopher could do little save inculcate the maxims of uprightness and virtue, and practise the lessons of his school in the office of his department. No good results could have arisen from any attempts to force his theories unasked on the turbulent princes around him. He looked forward to the day when some enlightened ruler should hear of his fame and seek his co-operation ; but until his call to go up higher, he kept altogether aloof from politics. He even quitted his native state, Loo, to avoid the disorders that civil war occasioned in it, and journeyed northward to the more peaceful state of Ts’e. On his way thither he observed a characteristic incident, and made a

characteristic remark. As he was passing by the side of the Tae Mountain, he saw a woman weeping and wailing by a grave. He bent forward in his carriage, and after listening for some time sent Tsze-loo to ask the cause of her grief. 'You weep as if you had experienced sorrow upon sorrow,' said Tsze-loo. The woman replied, 'It is so. My husband's father was killed here by a tiger, and my husband also; and now my son has met the same fate.' Confucius asked her why she did not remove from the place. She replied, '*There is here no oppressive government.*' He turned to his disciples and said, 'My children, remember this. Oppressive government is fiercer than a tiger.' All the incidents in this story, which at first reminds one of an Arabian apologue, bear the marks of vivid truth, and belong to the China of to-day as closely as to the China of the past. The flight of the scholar from one place to another, owing to political disturbances, is natural. In 1863 hundreds of Han-lin graduates fled from Nanking to the English settlement of Shanghai. The grassy mound or tomb enclosing the cumbrous Lintin coffin (so common in the land, often spoken of as '*one great graveyard*') and the figure of the widow, probably in the robe of sackcloth, uttering shrill and distressing cries, are every-day spectacles in Shantung and Kiangsu. The allusion to the ravages of wild beasts is no exaggeration; for in our own day tigers have been shot in the south, and the foreigner who ventures into regions desolated by the Taepings is startled by approaching the lair of the panther and the lynx. Certainly the value of a righteous government is enhanced by the extreme difficulty of finding it; and most Chinese would still brave the terrors of 'empty tigers' to escape the injustice and exactions of the mandarins.

On arriving at his destination the philosopher was well received. The Prince, or, as Dr. Legge calls him, the Duke of Ts'e, was highly pleased with Confucius. He had several conferences with him, and asked his advice on various matters. In true Eastern style he showed his appreciation by offering to assign him the town of Linkew, from the revenues of which he might derive a sufficient support; but Confucius refused the gift, and said to his disciples, 'A superior man will only receive reward for services he has done. I have given advice to the Duke, but he has not yet obeyed it, and now he would endow me with this place. Very far is he from understanding me.' This high-minded reply was doubtless reported to the Duke, and excited his wonder and admiration, for he made several attempts to induce the Sage to take office.

The ministers appear to have prejudiced their master against him, however, for he soon returned to his own country. The disorders of the State and the characters of the contending princes prevented him from accepting office, and he devoted himself to literature. The ten or fifteen years subsequent to his return to Loo are the most fruitful period of his literary life.

At length, however, the direction of affairs passed into the hands of statesmen in whom he had confidence, and Confucius, at the age of fifty, accepted office. He was made chief magistrate of the town of Chung-too, subsequently assistant superintendent of works, and finally minister of crime. In this capacity he appears as one of the pioneers of law and civilisation. He conceived the first rough idea of trial by jury. He punished with rigour the traders who gave false weight. He reformed the morals of the country by severe enactments against the unchaste. He curtailed the influence of the great families, and dismantled the cities which formed the seats of their power. He opposed baronial aggressions with the energy of Rienzi, and repressed brigandage and lawlessness with the persistency of Sixtus V. Yet, while these radical reforms were being carried on, his mind was not less devoted to the arrangement of Court etiquette, to settling the forms to be observed at feasts, and directing the proprieties of funeral processions. While adjusting the relations of classes, and reforming the jurisprudence of a great empire, he appeared absorbed in considering whether inside coffins should be four or five inches thick, and whether trees should or should not be planted around tombs. It is this union of the very small with the very great which makes Confucius so profound an enigma to Western inquirers. We cannot imagine an actor capable of performing Hamlet, insisting on playing Polonius and the Gravedigger on the same night. Yet perhaps we have been prone to overrate less practical men, and to depreciate one whose claims on our respect as a statesman and reformer are very considerable.

Perhaps at the very same time, certainly in the very same century, that Confucius was establishing a reign of equity and righteousness at Loo, Pythagoras was making experiments in statesmanship at Crotona. The industry of scholars has been taxed to the uttermost to discover the root ideas which guided the action of the ambitious and splendid theorist who first claimed the name of Philosopher. It may be safely asserted that where one student has attempted to interpret the policy of the Chinese, two hundred have devoted laborious hours to elu-

cidate the guiding principles of the Samian. Yet, if we judge by results, the relative importance of the two efforts cannot be for an instant compared. The attempt to convert the aristocracy of birth into an aristocracy of intellect, and to make the governing body a brotherhood which should claim respect alike from high descent and mental acquirements, failed egregiously within the century that had given it birth. To quote Lord Lytton, ‘The political designs of his gorgeous and august philosophy, only for awhile successful, left behind them but the mummeries of an impotent freemasonry, and the enthusiastic ceremonies of half-witted ascetics;’ but the less ambitious system of Confucius has endured for two thousand years, has ruled the conduct of hundreds of millions of human beings, and has votaries in Asia, America, and Australia.

The fame of the Sage, however, raised him enemies and detractors. His wise administration was elevating Loo to a dangerous pre-eminence over the rival states. The Prince of Ts’e, his former patron, thought that the duchy or kingdom, which was rapidly becoming the resort of all the learned and high-principled men in the Empire, would become a dangerous neighbour. He resolved to alienate the sovereign from the Sage, and in order to effect his purpose, he resorted to an artifice which strikingly reminds one of the policy of Balaam towards the children of Israel. Eighty beautiful women, skilled in all the accomplishments of courtesans, were sent as a present to Loo. The Prince could not resist the seductions of their society, and abandoned himself to sensuality. The disappointment was very bitter, but the loyal counsellor did not immediately despair. Matters grew worse, however, rather than better. The rites of religion were neglected, and at the great spring-sacrifice an affront, apparently intentional, was put on the minister. This was a hint which could not be mistaken. ‘Confucius regretfully took his departure, going away slowly and by easy stages. He would have welcomed a messenger of recall. The Duke, however, continued in his abandonment, and the Sage went forth to thirteen weary years of homeless wandering.’ His travels from one court to another are not specially interesting. He endeavoured to find a sovereign who would rule in accordance with his views, but he sought in vain. Many princes offered him places and pensions, on condition of his taking office; but he seems to have dreaded another disappointment, and to have feared to connect himself with any court where compromises of principle would be required. Honourable poverty seemed preferable to a rank which brought moral degradation. In his own words,

‘ With coarse rice to eat, with water to drink, and my bended arm for a pillow, I have still joy in the midst of these things. Riches and honours acquired by unrighteousness are to me as a floating cloud.’

We cannot follow him through the successive acts of his drama of exile. One incident, characteristic of the East, and quite of a piece with the transaction at Loo, is recorded on good authority. At Wei, he was compelled to meet the profligate Nan-Tsze, the Jezebel, or Clytemnestra, of China, who was married to the reigning Prince. ‘ She sought,’ we are told, ‘ an interview with the Sage, which he was obliged unwillingly to accord.’ No doubt he was innocent of thought or act of evil, but it gave great dissatisfaction to his pupil, Tsze-Loo, that his master should have been in company with such a woman, and Confucius, to assure him, swore an oath, saying, ‘ Wherein I have done improperly, may heaven reject me ! may heaven reject me !’ He could not well abide, however, at such a court. One day the Prince rode through the streets of his capital in the same carriage with Nan-Tsze, and made Confucius follow them in another. Perhaps he intended to honour the philosopher, but the people saw the incongruity, and cried out, ‘ Lust in the front, Virtue behind !’ Confucius was ashamed, and said, ‘ I have not seen one who loves virtue as he loves beauty.’ Wei was no place for him, and he left it. He then moved from city to city, unable to find in the rulers of the various states any princes who were disposed to be guided by his maxims. He had refused all offers of money. He held no place, and received no stated income ; so in the course of his wanderings he was often in the deepest poverty. He worked assiduously at the revision and arrangement of the ancient Books. The precious literary remains of the Yu dynasty, especially the Shoo-king, or ‘ Book of History,’ employed a large share of his attention. There are, possibly, traces of his hand in the Lee-Kee, or ‘ Book of Rites.’ The ‘ Book of Odes,’ 311 ballads, which occupy in Chinese literature the venerable place which the Homeric poems maintain in that of Hellas, were selected and arranged under his superintendence. To the Yih-King, or ‘ Book of Changes,’ he devoted himself with enthusiastic ardour, and to the last he found it the rich quarry which it was always profitable to explore. ‘ If some years were added to my life,’ he said, ‘ I would give fifty to the study of the Yih, and then I might come to be without great faults.’ There is of course considerable difficulty in discovering what portions of these works come from the hand of the Sage. He was probably a con-

scientific restorer and collator of original texts. He may have added connecting links to the arguments of the ancients, and illustrated their obsolete expressions with annotations, but he is the entire author of only one of the great classics, viz., The Chun-Ts'eu, or Spring and Autumn Annals, a history of his native state of Loo. Without his labours, the older works would probably have been lost, but he is their editor, not their author. The historical volume which he added (and which, strangely enough, gives China a Pentateuch), ranks with the four other Books in the estimation of posterity, but the modest Sage would probably have deemed his work too highly honoured by being placed in company so august. The completion of this book occupied the last years of his life. Only once again did he take a prominent part in politics, and the reception he met with was his crowning disappointment. The Prince of Ts'e was murdered by one of his officers. The event was so startling, and the circumstances so atrocious, that the Sage implored his own sovereign to avenge the outrage. The Prince of Loo declined to interfere with his neighbour's quarrels, and pleaded the weakness of his own resources. The treason of the Chinese Zimri seemed, however, to Confucius so dark, and the probable effects of his impunity so mischievous, that he urged his plea for vengeance in other quarters. But the policy of non-intervention was in favour everywhere, and the appeal met with no response. Tsze-Loo, his favourite pupil, died about this time. The news of this loss broke the little spirit that the Sage had left. Years and trouble were bowing him to the dust. 'Early one morning,' we are told, 'he got up, and with his hands behind his back, dragging his staff, he moved about by his door, crooning over—

'The great mountain must crumble;

The strong beam must break,

And the wise man wither away like a plant.'

With these words he lay down on his bed. He never left it again. His favourite pupil Tsze-Kung watched and tended him, but his sedulous affection could not prolong his master's life. A week after he had taken to his bed he died, having just completed his seventy-third year. He was buried about a mile to the north of Kio-fou-hien, 'his own city,' where a superb temple with marble columns and porcelain roof commemorates his fame. His tomb is a grassy mound overgrown with trees and shrubs, approached by long avenues of cypress, and guarded by colossal figures of sages holding bamboo scrolls. Successive emperors have added tablets, and offered sacrifices at the sacred spot, and the fiercest of the rebel leaders,

when asked if he purposed violence to the shrine, repudiated as the grossest insult the idea that he could desecrate the place where rests the spirit of 'the teacher of ten thousand ages,' 'the most holy prescient sage Confucius.'

The splendid honours which have been accumulated upon Confucius since his death must not disguise from us the sombre sadness of his final parting. The difference between the Chinese and the Hindoo cannot be more vividly exemplified than by a contrast between the death of Confucius and that of Sakyamouni. The tremulous sensibility with which the venerable Siddhartha takes leave of his cousin Amanda, of the innumerable company of holy scholars of the city of Râdjagriha, and the diamond throne, and then crossing the Ganges seeks a vast forest, and there enters into Nirvana, can never be forgotten. The scene is instinct with rapture and elevation. Wearily and heavily, with a jaded sense of baffled endeavour, the father of Chinese philosophy lays him down to die, looking earthwards to the last, until the Supreme Mystery shuts even earth from his view.

The devotion of his pupils—a devotion in comparison with which the observation of Johnson by Boswell was negligent inattention—enables us to form an accurate idea of the characteristics and habits of Confucius. We know what he wore in summer and what he wore in winter, we know the attitude he assumed when he mounted a step and when he passed through a gateway, we know what he ate and what he drank, we know when he spoke and when he was silent, we know how he stepped into a carriage and with what countenance he received a present. We know the position he assumed at sacrifice, at the court, in the temple, in the village, when he lay down to sleep at night. The vigilance with which he was watched is only paralleled by that indelicate scrutiny with which, if we may believe the Talmud, the pupils of the Jewish Rabbis pursued or rather persecuted their masters. The reader of Plato and of Xenophon fancies that he carries away with him a tolerably accurate idea of Socrates, but the pictures of the son of Sophroniscus which are drawn in the Dialogues and the Memorabilia, stand in the same relation to the portrait of Confucius, which is found in the tenth book of the Analects, as that of a black silhouette to a daguerreotype by Claudet. The wakeful eye of his favourites, Hwuy, Tsze-keen, Tsze-kung, and a score of others, noted the most minute peculiarities of their master, and their faithful pens have duly recorded them. The Western reader will be inclined to smile at the precision with which trivial acts are noted, and casual positions observed; but

he will be more inclined to marvel than to mock when he learns that the motions of the body, the changes of the dress, the expressions of the face that were observed with admiration at the court of Chow, are still visible in every mandarin's yamun from Manchuria to the Bay of Yulin. In every country but China the word fashion is the synonym for change, but Confucius fettered this Proteus and arrested this revolving wheel. The genuflections, the bows, and the facial movements he first practised have been repeated by the scholars and magistrates of the Middle Kingdom for seventy generations. Bearing this in mind, the reader may look with interest on particulars he would otherwise regard as trivial. Considering the prodigious multitude of copies, he may not think it a waste of time to glance at the original.

Could we join the group of scholars who formed the glory of the court of Loo, we should see in the centre of the circle 'a strong well-built man with a full red face a little heavy.' His dress, which has not a speck of red about it, consists of silk and furs. If he wears lamb's fur his garment is black, if fawn's fur white, if fox's fur yellow. His right sleeve is shorter than his left. He eats moderately and in silence, always apportioning the quantity of rice to the quantity of meat, and never sitting down without ginger on the table. He offers a portion of his food in sacrifice with a grave and reverent air. He will not sit down if the mat or cushion is not placed straight. When summoned to an audience with the King, he ascends the dais holding up his robe with both his hands and his body bent, he holds his breath as if he dare not breathe. When he is carrying the sceptre of his prince he seems to bend his body as if he is not able to bear its weight. He does not hold the sceptre higher than the position of the hands in making a bow, nor lower than their position in giving anything to another. His countenance seems to change and look apprehensive, and he drags his feet as if they are held by something to the ground. When he comes out from the audience as soon as he has descended one step he begins to relax his countenance and has a satisfied look.

Dismissed from attendance on greatness, he is unrestrained and behaves with simple and genial frankness. Then it is that he is seen at his best. The pupils walk with him and ask questions on all conceivable subjects. Now on literature, on music, on costume, now on the trivialities of court etiquette, now on policy, war, taxation, statesmanship. When he speaks he seldom says anything on his own authority. The references to the ancient kings are frequent, the citations of other men's

practice numerous, the quotations from the poets apt. His manner is adapted to all classes, and to all characters. A cheerful bright-looking student is sure of a gracious smile; an unmannerly or disrespectful listener receives a caustic rebuke, sometimes even a blow from a bamboo administered with the sharpness of Peter the Czar or Frederic of Prussia; when a junior of superior rank passes he rises and bows reverently, but he does the same when he sees a mourner or a blind mendicant, for sorrow and suffering are majestic sights to him; when a pupil is sick he nurses him with sedulous care; when the names of those who have promised well and have died young are mentioned, his tears flow unrestrainedly.

It is impossible to read his reported conversations, and to note the traits of character his remarks exhibit, without conceiving a warm interest in him. We see without difficulty the secret of his influence with the young. It grew out of his wide sympathy with the difficulties and aspirations of the student. Anyone who wished to learn was sure of his help. Those who began with energy but waxed lazy or conceited he stimulated with his sarcasm. With the painstaking and humble truth-seeker he was tolerant and patient. It must be admitted that the favourable points in the man are not at once apparent. When we read his precepts for the first time he seems the most rigid of formalists. The terms he uses appear to be stiff and unelastic, the connexion of the different parts of his system loose and vague, its requirements tedious, irritating, and puerile. Yet when we look deeper into the matter and familiarise ourselves with the idiosyncrasies of the various pupils who grouped themselves round the philosopher, we learn to regard him in a more favourable light. At first we are inclined to fancy that the life of the 'throneless king' had the same fault as that of crowned and sceptred monarchs, and we ask what is there, after all, in this boasted system,

‘Save ceremony, save general ceremony?’

But a close study shows us the superficial character of our first impression. We never perhaps learn to be quite reconciled to the constant intrusion of precepts of etiquette. The Sage sometimes reminds us painfully of the Schoolmistress in Douglas Jerrold's play, who taught 'true humility and how to step into a carriage;' but the qualities of the man were sterling after all. His earnest love of knowledge, his respect for the great and good, his contempt for the trappings of wealth basely won, his sympathy with virtuous poverty—these are features that present themselves with honourable promi-

nence, and in their lofty presence his minor blemishes are scarcely perceptible.

To exhibit the purity and dignity of his views in their brightest light, we may group together some of the chief qualities which combine to make the Sage's ideal—the Superior Man, the *τετράγωνος ἀνὴρ* of Chinese philosophy. He is to be careless of popular applause, to feel no discomposure though men may take no note of him. 'He is to be correctly firm, and not firm merely.' 'He is to be catholic, and no partisan.' 'He is to think of virtue, not of comfort; of the sanctions of Law, not of gratifications.' 'He has neither anxiety nor fear.' 'In his conduct of himself he is humble, in serving his superiors he is respectful, in nourishing the people he is kind, in ordering the people he is just.'

Surely we shall not find any type of character superior to this one among the sons of men. Here there is nothing paltry, nothing local, nothing mean; the qualities recommended by Confucius have been regarded as noble by the wisest and best men of all ages, and they will continue to hold their place as long as human nature is constituted as it is. And, indeed, when we hear the charges of formalism so often urged by English writers against the Sage of China, we are sorely tempted to ask the Western accuser to look at home. An age whose religionists have come to regard an elaborate ritualism as the most significant and lofty form of worship, need not surely be very harsh on the far less exaggerated ritual which seemed needful to the simple philosopher, who first taught that the proper study of mankind was man, and that his highest duty to do to others as he would that others should do unto him. Ritual may change, dogmas may cease, knowledge may increase, but the great ethical masters of mankind have this glorious prerogative, that their teaching is in the main identical and unchanging, through all the variations of time and of the world.

Perhaps, however, the most noteworthy point in the Confucian doctrine is the constant reference to the ancients. Many great teachers have based their lessons on the opinions they found already holding sway. They have gone from the known to the unknown. In fact, the favourite attitude of almost every great innovator has been in a certain sense that of the completer. Reformers of course always promise to separate the chaff of ancient systems from their wheat, but they usually acknowledge the excellence of something in the past. They come, speaking reverently, not to destroy but to fulfil. The Sage of China differs from his rivals. He was, to use his own

words, a transmitter and not a maker. He came not to complete, not to fulfil, but *to restore*. There is, according to his scheme, no possibility of progress. All we can hope to do is to attain once more to the lofty standard of our ancestors. In time by obedience and dutifulness, the attainments of the ancient kings may be equalled. To surpass Yaou and Shun is hopeless. This idea runs through the Analects, and indeed the names of the two potentates seem sometimes introduced to relieve the solemn master from perplexities. Panegyrics on these worthies in every possible connexion present themselves to the reader. Every circumstance of their lives, and their behaviour under every variety of circumstances, deserve encomiums. They were to be admired for the means whereby they acquired power and the dignity with which they wielded it. ‘The Master said, “How majestic was the manner in which Shun
 “and Yaou held possession of the Empire as if it were nothing
 “to them. Their intellectual and moral gifts were as distinguished as their public spirit. The superior man cultivates
 “himself to give rest to all the people. Even Yaou and Shun
 “were still solicitous about this.”’ Once a questioner approached him with the suggestive inquiry whether the highest praise would be deserved by one who laboured all his life through to confer practical benefits on a people. Confucius is apprehensive that he may be entrapped into an admission that a higher type of character was attainable than that of his favourite heroes, so he at once rules that practical qualities must be combined with devotion to study: in Lord Bacon’s words, ‘the contemplative ends’ must be regarded as well as ‘the civil ends,’ for so it was with the patterns for all the ages. ‘Tsze-kung said, “Suppose the case of a man extensively conferring benefits on the people and able to assist all,
 “what would you say of him? Might he be called perfectly
 “virtuous?” The Master said, “Why speak only of virtue in
 “connexion with him? Must he not have the qualities of a
 “sage? Even Yaou and Shun were still solicitous about this.”’ To crown all, when extolling the supreme wisdom which marked the dominion of the first of these two sovereigns, he rises into a hyperbole extravagant even for an Oriental: earth contains no fitting symbol of his hero’s greatness: ‘The Master said,
 “Great indeed was Yaou as a monarch! How majestic was
 “he! It is only heaven that is grand and only Yaou corresponded to it. How vast was his virtue! The people could
 “find no name for it. How majestic was he in the works which
 “he accomplished. How glorious in the elegant regulations
 “which he instituted.”’ It is easy to see how this habit of ideal-

ising and exalting the past has influenced the Chinese mind. The sayings we have quoted are regarded with a degree of respect that is inconceivable in the West. They have closely intertwined themselves in men's minds with their opinions on all subjects secular and sacred. They are the lamps by whose light every enactment, every proposal, every question is viewed. Instead of diminishing in power they seem to gather strength by the progress of centuries. The objections urged to-day against reform by the Mandarins of the great Yamuns at Peking do not result from any inherent inability on the part of the objectors to discern the advantages of the proposed changes. They result from the deep-rooted impression produced by the Sage's habitual attitude of retrospection. The officials and graduates do not deny the excellence of foreign customs, but if they are ever led to adopt them, they will previously lay the flattering unction to their souls, that their illustrious ancestors unquestionably possessed them in their golden age. Change in the Middle Kingdom is never an advance, it is a return. It is laid down as an axiomatic truth that there never can be a future age superior in learning, piety, and prosperity to the past. This was the first principle of Confucius, and happily it has been seldom borrowed by other system-makers. Many nations, it is true, have pleased themselves with looking back on a primal era of purity, righteousness, and peace; but they have invariably hoped to attain after rolling ages to a yet more glorious inheritance. The Greeks acknowledged that the reign of Saturn was over, but hope pointed to the day when the father of Jupiter should resume his reign. The Chinese philosophers have no Elysium. The Book of Confucius is a Bible with a Paradise Lost, but no apocalyptic vision of a Paradise to be Regained!

The question, however, yet remains, What were the distinctive features of the system of Confucius? His latest translator and biographer has stigmatised him as 'unreligious' and 'unspiritual.' It is possible that as our readers proceed* they will see cause to regard these accusations as too sweeping and severe. Doubtless there is much to desiderate in his system, and its most grievous shortcomings are in the direction Dr. Legge points out by these two adjectives. But its chief features may be best understood if we seek to summarise what is known of his teachings:—1. On the character of God; 2. On the filial relations; 3. On death; 4. On the supernatural.

I. Let us see the sum and substance of his precepts on the being and attributes of God.

Dr. Legge assures us that with all his vast and profound reverence for antiquity, he fell short of the high standard of the ancients in his doctrine on this important matter.* ‘The name of God,’ we are told, ‘is common in the She-king and Shoo-king. Te or Shang-te appears there as a personal being, ruling in heaven and on earth, the author of man’s moral nature; the governor among the nations, by whom kings reign and princes decree justice; the rewarder of good, and the punisher of bad.’ Confucius preferred to speak of Heaven. ‘He who offends against Heaven has none to whom he can pray,’ he says; and again, ‘My studies lie low and my penetration rises high; but there is Heaven that knows me.’ Admitting that he preferred one term to the other, we shall not immediately arrive at the conclusion that the Sage was an atheist; indeed, as we shall see, a certain Greek, living in the same century as Confucius, to whom we have only hitherto made a cursory allusion, obtained the title of a deist for using language precisely coinciding with that of Confucius. Xenophanes of Colophon, who resembled the Chinese in the many disappointments of his life, and perhaps in the dark melancholy of its close, agreed with him in proclaiming his conviction that heaven, in its splendour and vastness, was indeed and in truth Divinity itself. In the vivid language of Mr. Lewes, ‘Overarching him was the deep blue infinite vault, immoveable, unchangeable, embracing him and all things; *that* he proclaimed to be God.’† Now, if Xenophanes was an atheist, it may be said that Confucius was an atheist also; but if, as Aristotle says, the founder of the Eleatics, ‘casting his eyes upward at the immensity of heaven, declared that the one is God,’ then we must regard the accusation against the Chinese as a statement calculated to mislead.

We shall indeed look in vain in the Analects for reference to a personal God akin to those declarations which pervade the Hebrew Scriptures. The Semitic men and the Semitic books dealt in bold and rugged figures of speech. Their God is a Deity with a right hand and a stretched out arm, a heart that is jealous of his favourites, and a breath that blasts his foes. Intelligent orthodoxy, believing in a God without body, parts, or passions, regards these expressions as strong metaphors. That these expressions presented to the prophets and psalmists, who first used them, any save spiritual ideas cannot be conceived; but that they always preserved their spiritual

* Legge’s ‘Chinese Classics,’ vol. i. p. 99.

† Lewes’s ‘History of Philosophy,’ vol. i. p. 44.

significance to the minds of degenerate Jews lusting after idols, or to mediæval Christians whose best instructors were illuminated manuscripts and miracle plays, few writers would be hardy enough to assert. The body of the Chinese people in the fifth century before Christ were as carnal-minded as the Jews of the reign of Ahaz, and as ignorant as the Christians of the Middle Ages. Such persons would inevitably have reduced any phrases capable of misinterpretation to tally with the conceptions of a mean anthropomorphism. Confucius seems to have had a nervous horror of language on which a gross or material construction could be placed; leaning towards a practical materialism in his philosophy he shrank from materialism in religion. Idolatry, as we understand the word, he hated and despised, and therefore we are disposed to think that his use of the term 'Heaven' arose from a dread of the abuses his employment of any other term might entail. He was quite sagacious enough to see that the people he taught were only too likely to misrepresent his teachings. Save that, as we shall see, he neglected to provide for one want of his countrymen, he was a perfect master of their character. He knew how far they might be trusted, and at what point reserve was wise. When we remember his absolute respect for antiquity, we may be certain some very cogent reason must have induced him to deviate from its customs. That Yaou and Shun had spoken of Te and Shang-Te with reverence was a strong reason to induce one to suppose that he would be found to speak of them with adoration. He does nothing of the kind. On the contrary, he studiously 'omits the personal name.' This deviation from his usual practice must have been prompted by a strong reason. That reason we cannot imagine to have been cold unbelief.

The Chinese Sage, we are assured, yields to no uninspired writer in the dignity and spirituality of his conception of an Eternal Power reigning over all and comprehending all, but he knew the fatal proclivities of the people for whom he toiled, to form low and degrading conceptions of Deity, and to make their 'gods many and lords many.' He had read in the records of the past how the Shang dynasty began with an emperor (Ching-tang),* who established the worship of Shang-te, the Supreme Ruler, and ended with a monster of impiety and folly (Wu-yih), who 'made images of clay in the shape of human beings, dignified them with the names of gods, and triumphed when he vanquished his senseless antagonists at draughts or

* Middle Kingdom, vol. ii. p. 209.

‘dice.’ Anything seemed better to him than such a moral and mental catastrophe as this. He was resolved to avoid any possibility of such a pitiful and shameful conclusion to his work, and abstained from any allusion to the attributes of Deity which materialism could mistake or distort.

Another cause might have co-operated with the one just mentioned to suggest to Confucius reserve on this all-important theme. It must never be forgotten that he was not the only great law-maker of his age and country. Laoutsze, or Laou-kiu, the founder of the influential and multitudinous sect of Taouists, or Rationalists, was known to Confucius, and his interviews with this great rival unquestionably coloured his teaching. They met, heard each other, and asked each other questions. Laoutsze was the elder of the two, and had completed his system and secured his fame when Confucius was learning and seeking after truth. There is no record of the dialogues which took place between the sages. We may conjecture, however, that conversations commenced in mutual distrust, terminated in a conviction of irreconcilable antipathy. They had nothing in common. Laoutsze was a sour ascetic, who affected solitude, exercised himself with penances, and despised practical life. Confucius mixed everywhere and always with his fellow-men, was temperate but never austere, and regarded the smallest topic of human interest as worthy of his attention and observation. The interviews between Laoutsze and Confucius ended probably in the corroboration of both in their previous opinions. They had no common standing-point. No platform that Chinese joiners could fashion was broad enough to hold those two. ‘The Sage,’ says Laoutsze (we quote M. G. Pauthier), ‘loves obscurity. He does not desire public employment, he rather avoids it. He will not convey his thoughts to all comers, but attends to time and place, and prefers that his instructions should be known after his death, rather than during his life. In auspicious days he speaks, in times of calamity he is silent. He knows that if he exposes his treasures they may be stolen from him, and will not tell everybody where they are to be found. A virtuous man does not parade his virtue; a wise man does not proclaim his wisdom. I have no more to say; make what account you please of what I have said.’ It is clear that there is nothing here Confucius could tolerate. He would desire, then, to keep as far away as possible from his rival. He would dread any chance that should lead to a confusion of his teachings with those of the Taouist ascetic. The Deity *he* worshipped was certainly not the Deity who bade

men gash their bodies with knives and leap into bickering flames. Shang-te, said Laoutsze's followers, bade men do these things ; therefore Shang-te's name should never pass the lips of Confucius coupled with any expression of reverence. He would not even allow the piety of Ching-tang to recommend this title ; it had been abused by a foolish tyrant centuries ago ; it was being abused by a self-torturing eremite in his own time, and so he would avoid all possible risks, and content himself with pointing upwards to the infinite fathomless æther. He dared not venture to speak of the Personal Being, he bowed to the all-comprehending Heaven.

II. The view which Confucius took of the filial relations is perhaps the legitimate result of his failure to realise a personal God. His doctrine grew out of two propositions, which were axiomatic truths to his mind. First, the empire of China was 'all under-heaven' the only portion of the universe worthy of care. Secondly, Heaven in its calm majesty could not condescend to superintend the concerns even of the most favoured of nations. Hence arose a difficulty, for he could not conceive the Middle Kingdom, the greatest family in the world, being less fortunate than the household of the peasant, which had the boon of a parent's superintendence. It was necessary, then, for some person to be found sufficiently dignified and sufficiently powerful to take this supreme charge. The Sage could not find such an one in the heaven above, so he sought him in the earth beneath. Royalty was a cold abstraction, but, endeared by the epithets of filial affection, and invested with the tender responsibilities of fatherhood, it at once enlisted the love of the people. The nation's sovereign and the nation's father were one, and the Emperor only differed from the head of a house in that the circle of which he was the centre was larger than any other circle. The vast circumference of imperial sway contained a million minor circumferences. Thus the reverence of the son to the sire is a tribute paid to the great Father of all the families of the realm, for the head of each household is a type of the head of all the households. In this reverence there was to be no formality, no coldness, no unreality. The Founder of Christianity Himself, when he rebukes the Pharisees for the evasions of the corban, is not stronger than Confucius in insisting on heart-whole and loving piety. 'Tsze-Yew asked 'what filial piety was ? The Master said, "The filial piety of "now-a-days means the support of one's parents. But dogs "and horses likewise are able to do something in the way of

“ support : without reverence, what is there to distinguish the
 “ one support given from the other ? ” ”

Very beautiful are some of the precepts which the Master addresses to his disciples on this matter. Minute they are, of course, as we might expect, but yet by their affectionate particularity exhibiting the deep and devout interest with which the Sage regarded the duty. To take instances :—‘ The Master said, “ While his parents are alive, the son may not go abroad “ to a distance. If he does go abroad, he must have a fixed “ place to which he goes.” “ If the son for three years does “ not alter from the way of his father, he may be called filial.” “ The years of parents may by no means not be kept in “ memory, as an occasion at once for joy and for fear.” ’ There is much to admire in these rules, and much to praise in the simple plan of binding a state together by those links which are found to unite most firmly its component parts. There is far-reaching wisdom in the sentence which stands almost in the front of the Analects :—‘ The philosopher Yew said, “ They are few who being filial and fraternal are fond “ of offending against their superiors. There have been none “ who not liking to offend against their superiors have been “ fond of stirring up confusion.” ’

Those who have amplified and expanded the Confucian doctrine have taken man the unit, and have declared his mission in the world with a clearness which puts in its proper place this much-talked-of filial piety. From the various sayings of the Sage, if carefully collated, a system of ethics may be formed not unlike the following :—Man at his best should possess a character which combines intelligence and piety—the highest type of being is a holy sage. He attains this moral and intellectual place by personal virtue, by right feeling, by correctness of purpose and intelligence of mind. Thus equipped with moral and mental qualities, his duty is to aim at social improvement by the discipline of the family. Should his circle widen, the same principles will be found helpful to uphold and improve the government of the Empire, and perhaps in the fulness of time to the reduction of the world to obedience, and the return of the days of Yaou and Shun. There is much that is admirable in these propositions, and for the sake of clearness we give them* below laid down in the tabular form so much used

* *Chart of the Great Study (Ta Heo).*

Heaven having given existence to man, the doctrine of the Great Study succeeded and established Order in Society.

by Chinese scholars. A glance at this chart will show the reader that the regard to the filial relations which is popularly supposed to be the Be-all and End-all of Chinese morality, is only a consistent part of a large and comprehensive ethical system, not unworthy to take rank with those which have been framed and professed by the philosophers, the sages, and the divines of the West.

The observer of Chinese life is never allowed to forget the peculiar sanctity of the tie between child and parent; indeed the wide influence of this ordinance is one of the wonders of history. Though twenty-four dynasties have succeeded to the

Restricted in its sphere it produces the perfection of individual exercise—a *holy sage*.

(From the Son of Heaven down to the private man, every one must begin with personal virtue.)

His aim is *Personal Virtue*: the means to its attainment are:—

- I. *Propriety of Conduct*: Suavity and Respect; Fidelity and Truth; Dignity of Carriage; Precision of Words and Actions.
- II. *Right Feeling*: Avoiding Prejudice; restraining the Passions; cherishing Good Impulses; adhering to the Just Mean.
- III. *Correctness of Purpose*: Self-examination; Scrutiny of Secret Motives; Religious Reverence; Fear of Self-deception.
- IV. *Intelligence of Mind*: Rejection of Error; Comprehension of the Truth; Quickness of Moral Perception; Insight into Providence; Study of the Laws of Nature; Study of the Institutions of Man; Study of the Records of History.

With free scope for its exercise it makes a reformer of the world—a *true king*.

His aim is *Social Improvement*: the means to its attainment are:—

- I. *The Discipline of the Family*: Filial Piety; Care in Choice of Associates; Strictness in Intercourse of the Sexes; Attention to Established Rules; Instruction to Children; Caution against Partiality; Harmony with Neighbours; Regard for Frugality.
- II. *The Government of the Empire*: Science of Government; Power of Combination; Reverence for Heaven and Ancestors; Discrimination in Choice of Agents; Love for the People; Zeal for Education; Strictness in exercising the Laws.
- III. *The Pacification of the World*: Wisdom in conducting War; Righteousness in Rewards and Punishments; Liberality in admitting the Expression of Sentiment; Frugality in Expenditure; Skill in Legislature.

The Great Study stops only at Perfection.

throne, though a change of capital and a change of costume have been forced on the black-haired nation, though Chih-hwangte ordered that every scroll containing a sentence of the Sage's writings should be burned with fire, though Kublai-Khan placed Tartars in every bureau, in every camp, in every college, in every prefecture, in every hamlet, with orders to obliterate all the distinctive institutions of the conquered people, the sacred elevation on which Confucius placed filial piety has never been lowered. The son still rises at dawn, enters with bowed head the chamber of his father, ministers to him if he be sick, offers him his morning meal with obeisances if he be in health, and respectfully supports him when he rises for the day. The daughter still makes it her special care to wake at cock-crow, to put on her comeliest garments, and thus dressed to repair to her mother-in-law, to inquire how she has slept, to add more coverings if it be winter, and to fan away the mosquitoes if it be summer. These are not practices recommended in books of morality, they are ordinances enforced by solemn and specific injunctions from the Board of Rites, and are obligatory alike in the yamun of the mandarin on whose back and breast glitters the Imperial dragon, and in the bamboo hut of the coolie who staggers under tea-boxes when the thermometer is at 90°, with a string of cash for his wages.

III. The view Confucius took of Death has influenced the national mind and the national practice far more widely than might have been imagined, for he really was more remarkable for what he did *not* say, than for what he did say on this subject. One of his disciples, Ke-Loo, asked him about death. The reply was, 'While you do not know life, what can you know about death?' 'This is all. It is not sufficient to say such a sentence was 'characteristic,' neither is it enough to say the philosopher who uttered it was 'unspiritual.' It marks a man utterly unlike those who have usually exercised wide influence on the minds of their fellow-creatures. The men who have directed the speculations of others to any great extent, have been men who have encouraged inquiry into the mysteries that encompass life, and have professed to bring solutions to 'the obstinate questionings' and the 'blank misgivings' of humanity. Some of the wise, it is true, have so far resembled Confucius as to confess with candour how little they knew, but the acknowledgment of ignorance has ever been made with regret. In many cases there have been indications of a persistent hope that this ignorance would in time be exchanged for knowledge.

The idea that 'the rush of darkness at last' will be unrelieved by any beam of light, has seldom crossed the human mind without a deep conviction of the cold terror of such an end. It is the peculiarity of Confucius that he viewed the great change from life to death in silence. Ignorance did not apparently dissatisfy him, and a shadowy unknown did not appal him; but he did not borrow his confidence from the hope of a blissful resurrection, or from the fatalist's grim acquiescence in the inevitable. Death was the custom of the world, and he prepared to submit to it.

But it may not unreasonably be asked, why a teacher who had no definite notions of a future life should have revered the grave so profoundly? A man who viewed 'the destruction of living powers itself' (to use Butler's language) almost with apathy, was earnest, even enthusiastic in offering every mark of respect to those whose 'living powers' were once destroyed. This would be intelligible if we found any anticipations in the Confucian system of that sentiment of affectionate regard for the human body as a sacred temple which was developed by Christianity; but we find nothing of the sort. What principle, then, induced the philosopher, who had no theories about the nature of dissolution, and no ideas about the constitution of another world, to take this strange paradoxical interest in the paraphernalia of death? The opinions of his foreign admirers, more positive and shapely than those of the Master, contain the germ of a theory which may account for this peculiarity; and this reconciling theory appears at its best in the Essay of a recent English writer, who has elaborated it in the following remarkable passage:—

'These worshippers,' meaning the disciples of Confucius, writes a modern Comtist, 'could not understand the rigid line which in more modern thought has separated the living from the dead. That the lips were mute, the limbs still, that the pulse had ceased to beat, and that there was no longer any painful murmur of the breath, were doubtless very strange and awful changes, but they were no proof that the pallid form which they had loved had ceased to live. They showed only the will of heaven that he should be restored to his own home in the lap of earth, there to rest as a new power, an object of reverent worship. They carried him to some lonely hill-summit, trees and flowers were planted, and it became a sacred and inviolable spot, where the mourner felt the presence of an unseen love, and held sweet yet close communion with those who had passed from sight. There the son came for years to mourn his father; the wife her husband; thither when they died their children followed them, until when generation after generation had followed one another thus, each mourner became unawares a partaker in the hallowing

influence of the past, and passionate grief was purified and calmed at entrance into the solemn assemblage of the dead.*

These sentences embody sentiments far too recondite and delicate to find a home in the breasts of a people so notoriously deficient in imagination as the Chinese. They would, we are convinced, amaze the majority of the scholars who have given days and nights to the study of the Four Books; and we are much mistaken if they would be received as a just representation of his doctrine by Confucius himself. His views are much more faithfully expressed in the well-known† letter of Ti-tan, Prefect of Lúchan, to his sister:—

‘If there be no heaven we cannot help it, and if there be no hell we cannot alter it; yet if there be the one, good men will go there, and bad men to the other. When people lose their parents, they implore the Buddhists to pray for them, which is acting as if their parents were miserably wicked, and had not lived; how can they bring such an imputation on them by acting so? or supposing they were guilty of crimes, how can these priests remove the punishment? If there really be a heaven and a hell, they were in existence when the heavens and the earth were produced. Now, as men died before ever these Buddhists came to China, did no one unluckily fall into hell before that time, and see the Ten Judges of the infernal world? It is of no use to speak of these things to the unlearned, for even the learned understand them but little.’

This writer represents his master fairly. He takes nothing from, and adds nothing to, his doctrine. That Confucius was guided by any definite or consistent theory in his elaborate respect for funeral rites, we cannot bring ourselves to believe. The men of old had said that careful attention to the obsequies of kindred tended to promote virtue in the people, therefore Confucius recommended it to his pupils. The confession of ignorance we have quoted above, and which receives additional emphasis from the fact that it was made when he had just heard of the loss of a dear friend, is as distinct as any statement can be. What the Sage meant or thought about death, theorists and system-builders may employ themselves in conjecturing. What *he said* we know, and that was, that he knew nothing about it!

IV. The views of Confucius on the Supernatural are to be collected rather from his silence than his speech. His opinions, however, are worth discussing, as we conceive his doctrine on this head, if doctrine it could be called, has been

* ‘Essay on England and China,’ by J. H. Bridges, M.B. ‘International Policy.’

† Chinese Repository, vol. xviii. p. 368.

very often misrepresented by loose thinkers. The influence of Confucius on China has been enormous, and the Chinese appear to a cursory observer the most superstitious people on the face of the earth. They are perpetually resorting to contrivances by which evil spirits may be evaded and good spirits propitiated. Blazing lanterns, tinsel ingots, and crimson incense paper are indispensable articles of furniture in every house. They decorate or deface temples and palaces, banks and brothels. Observers put these two facts together and depart with the conclusion that Confucius was the patron of superstition. But it is distinctly unfair to accuse the Sage of teaching tending in the remotest degree to encourage fetish worship. The practices we have referred to have their origin in that Taouism with which, as we have seen, Confucius had no sympathy. If they have overlaid and encumbered the decorous ritual that he instituted, it is only one of many instances in which a degraded people have substituted for an intelligent faith one suited to their own low level. Few persons would venture to charge Moses with encouraging the worship of 'the golden calf,' yet it would be as fair to do so as to attribute to Confucius the fantastic Keoong-tuh of the Taouist. Undoubtedly, as we have said, this devil-worship is the popular creed of China. It is so because, in spite of all his merits, the Sage did not build up a sufficiently strong edifice of objective doctrine for the affections and religious instincts of the people to cling to. He left the nation without safeguards against error simply because his own serene intellect saw no temptation to go astray. Here we see his grand deficiency—namely, his inability to sympathise with the wants of minds constituted in moulds different from his own. He could not comprehend the state of feeling which makes reliance on the unseen powers the only possibility for the soul, and therefore he prescribed no remedies to save men who felt this necessity from the calamity of unworthy resorts. 'Extraordinary things . . . and spiritual beings he did not like to talk about.' Ke-Loo asked about serving the spirits of the dead. The Master said, 'While you are not able to serve men, how can you serve their spirits?' Such subjects were out of his category of profitable subjects. The result of his silence has been disastrous. It enabled his less scrupulous rival to secure thousands of votaries, and opened the door through which Buddhism entered and took possession. Because he would not say anything on a subject of absorbing interest, the people turned to other speakers who did not know any more about spirits than Confucius did, but who knew human nature

better. Thus we account for the monstrous paradoxes which beset one on all sides in China. The great teacher whose venerable name is honoured with marks of respect the like to which are not paid to the memory of any other son of Adam, would find, if he were to visit his beloved country, the most provoking contradiction of his hopes. Every line he has written is cherished with a respect similar to that which the Jew entertains for the Pentateuch, or the Mahomedan for the Koran. His precepts are in every temple, in every justice-hall, in every school. Year by year continually thousands of pupils, some just arrived at man's estate and others tottering with age, assemble in vast Examination Halls, to have their knowledge of the *Analects* and the *Great Learning* tested by imperial Commissioners. These proofs of a nation's honour might well gratify his patriotic pride; but if he desired to preserve his complacency, he would do well to abstain from a closer look at the aspect of affairs, for in the shrine and the *yamun*, alongside of emblazoned quotations from his books declaring the simple majesty of Heaven, he would find altars and offerings to genii and demons, to spirits and spectres, and outside the very Examination Hall where his sayings, and his only, are the texts for every exercise, he would notice with shame the aspiring scholar burning incense to win the favour of gods and to propitiate the anger of devils. Everywhere he would see signs that the enemy had entered in at the door he had neglected to guard.

In reviewing the special characteristics of the Sage which our imperfect survey has brought into prominence, it cannot be questioned that we see much to admire. If we do not find an anticipation of the Christian idea, it should be no matter of surprise or indignation. 'Sublimity,' said Coleridge, and the remark is one of wide application, 'sublimity is Hebrew by birth.' But if we do not find a stainless teacher combining in his acts and words a hero's fearlessness and a woman's ethereal sensibility, we need not be disappointed, for no such figure could be expected to present itself. Large allowance must be made for the peculiar structure of the national mind. Paul was not more decidedly a Hebrew of the Hebrews, Luther was not more decidedly a German of the Germans, than Confucius was a Chinese of the Chinese. The Chinese have a language without an alphabet, a religion without a God, and a profound veneration for the dead without a belief in their immortality. These contradictory and imperfect conceptions of the loftiest truths have arrested the growth of the Chinese intellect, and thrust it into degrading superstitions. And to some extent

their great Sage must be held responsible for these lamentable consequences. He had many virtues, and they were all of a thoroughly practical kind. By raising in the breasts of princes a passionate admiration for great and good sovereigns he sought to secure the best interests of the people and to make the past protect the present. By stimulating youth to study he sought to create an instructed public opinion which should judge everything by the high standard erected in the ancient books. His private life was free from the stains which disfigured the greatest philosophers of Greece and Rome. His public life, as we have seen, was that of a patriotic and conscientious statesman. But he was utterly devoid of imagination and of faith, and he seems to have ignored the truth that this faculty is one of the most powerful instruments of moral good. His philosophy is colourless and cold. He did not seek to influence man by controlling and elevating the heart ($\psi\upsilon\chi\eta$) with its will, desires, passions, sentiments. His model sage would attain perfection when he possessed, not the $\psi\upsilon\chi\eta$ s but the $\nu\omicron\omicron\upsilon\ \acute{\epsilon}\nu\acute{\epsilon}\rho\gamma\epsilon\iota\alpha\ \kappa\alpha\tau'\ \acute{\alpha}\rho\epsilon\tau\acute{\eta}\nu$. The advanced attainments of Confucius and his occasional approximations to the standard of Christian ethics illustrate a doctrine which has been often alleged—namely, that China in speculations, as in practical progress, ‘has repeatedly caught glimpses of a heaven far beyond the range of its ordinary ken and vision.’* But nevertheless the inherent truth and goodness of

* We quote with peculiar pleasure some remarks of the late Lord Elgin :—

‘The distinguishing characteristic of the Chinese mind is this : that, at all points of the circle described by man’s intelligence, *it seems occasionally to have caught glimpses of a heaven far beyond the range of its ordinary ken and vision.* It caught a glimpse of the path which leads to military supremacy when it invented gunpowder some centuries before the discovery was made by any other nation. It caught a glimpse of the path which leads to maritime supremacy when it made, at a period equally remote, the discovery of the mariner’s compass. It caught a glimpse of the path which leads to literary supremacy when, in the tenth century, it invented the printing-press. . . . It has caught from time to time glimpses of the beautiful in colour and design. But in the hands of the Chinese themselves the invention of gunpowder has exploded in crackers and harmless fireworks. The mariner’s compass has produced nothing better than the coasting junk. The art of printing has stagnated into stereotyped editions of Confucius ; and the most cynical representations of the grotesque have been the principal products of Chinese conceptions of the sublime and beautiful.’—*Speech at Royal Academy Dinner, 1861.*

many of his precepts have exercised a beneficial influence on his country. The times when his doctrines were obscured and Buddhism gained ground were the darkest and most degraded in the history of the Middle Kingdom; and when we contrast his principles with those of his rivals we can understand why his enthusiastic disciples declare that 'Confucianism has not suffered by attrition through myriads of ages, and that it has regenerated China in government, morals, manners, and doctrines.'*

The Western reader requires to put aside many prejudices before he can hear the word 'regeneration' associated with China as it is. To him the only possible regeneration seems to be a rude awakening from lethargy heralded by the scream of the locomotive and the clink of the gold-finder's axe. The most populous country in the world is usually spoken of as a swathed mummy, a rigid petrification, or a corpse awaiting the galvanic battery. For ourselves, we shall be glad if before Western science and enterprise seek to develop China further they will pause to examine, and to understand, her institutions. There is, of course, no lack of prejudice and paradox in the most ancient and arrogant of nations, but there are philanthropic institutions, noble principles, wise ordinances. These should be recognised and freed from abuse, not torn down with indiscriminate violence. If investigation precede revolution, we may ourselves learn many useful lessons and correct many false impressions. By such inquiry, we are assured that the fame of the philosopher in whom we have been striving to interest our readers, will be augmented, not decreased.

* 'The Confucian doctrine was somewhat obscured after the Tsin and Han dynasties while Buddhism gained strength. Buddhism had its rise in India, and it is now supplanted in a great measure by Mohammedanism there. Roman Catholicism arose in the East and West. Now Protestantism has sprung up in the East and West and opposes Roman Catholicism with much power. It is very evident that the different religions fluctuate from time to time in their rigour. Confucianism has not suffered by attrition through myriads of ages, and it has regenerated China in government, morals, manners, and doctrine.'—*Tseng Kwo-fan's Memorial to the Emperor*, 1868.

- ART. II.—1. *Illustrations of British Mycology.* By Mrs. HUSSEY.
2. *Outlines of British Fungology.* By the Rev. M. J. BERKELEY, M.A., F.L.S. London: 1860.
3. *A Treatise on the Esculent Funguses of England.* By CHARLES DAVID BADHAM, M.D. London: 1863.
4. *A Plain and Easy Account of British Fungi.* By M. C. COOKE. London: 1862.
5. *A Selection of the Eatable Funguses of Great Britain.* Edited by ROBERT HOGG, LL.D., F.L.S., and GEORGE W. JOHNSON, F.R.H.S. London.
6. *Mushrooms and Toadstools: How to distinguish easily the differences between Edible and Poisonous Fungi, with two large Sheets, containing Figures of twenty-nine Edible and thirty-one Poisonous Species, &c.* By WORTHINGTON G. SMITH. London: 1867.
7. *Illustrations of the Edible Funguses of Hereford.* By Dr. BULL, in the Transactions of the Woolhope Naturalists' Field Club. Hereford: 1867.

PROBABLY there is no class of plants against which so much prejudice prevails, in our own country at least, as that of the Fungi. The very name of toadstools, so generally applied to all the Agaricini excepting the common mushroom, proclaims the ban under which they lie. Whether the word toadstool has its origin in the fancy which makes the fungi the seats or thrones of toads, as Spenser has sung—

‘The grieslie todestoole growne there mought I see
And loathed paddockes lording on the same ;’

or whether its first syllable has some etymological connexion with the German *tod*, ‘death’—whatever be the true derivation—proscription reigns in the name. In this country, the common opinion about fungi is that the mushroom alone is edible, all other forms poisonous. In a questioning age such as the present, it is not likely that the popular opinion, even about such terrestrial things as fungi, will escape unchallenged ; and the works whose titles we have placed at the head of this paper will show that considerable attention has recently been turned to the question of fungi as an article of diet. A few bold experimentalists have discovered that numerous British species not only are not poisonous, but are both nutritious

and of exquisite flavour. Our continental friends had long ago found out, in France, Germany, and Italy, that many fungi were excellent food and a very lucrative article of commerce. When we are told that fungi constitute for weeks together the sole diet of thousands, and that the residue, either fresh, dried, or variously preserved in oil, vinegar, or brine, is sold, and forms a valuable source of income to many who have no other produce to bring into the market, we shall be able to appreciate M. Roques's remark that fungi are 'the manna of the poor.' But before we consider fungi as an article of diet, it may interest our readers if we preface what we shall have to say on that point with a few remarks on Fungi generally.

Under the name of fungi are comprehended not only what we understand by the terms mushrooms, toadstools, puff-balls, &c., but a great number of microscopic plants which exhibit themselves in the forms of mildew, mould, smut, dry-rot, &c. Yeast is a kind of fungus which has the power of producing fermentation; it is capable of almost endless propagation without ever bearing perfect fruit. How different are the extremes of development amongst fungi, when we contrast the highest and lowest forms! What can be more unlike than the large fleshy polypori, often seen on the trunks of trees, and the microscopic mould plants with filaments too minute to be distinguished by the naked eye; nevertheless, it turns out upon inquiry that the latter is only a simple form of the former, or, in other words, that a polyporus is merely an enormous aggregation of vegetable tissue constituting a mucor, developed upon the same plan, subject to the same influences, and propagating by means which are altogether analogous.

Various are the forms of fungi; some attracting us by their delicate forms and beautiful colours, others repelling us by their abominable odours, others inciting our curiosity by the questionable shape in which they present themselves. Amongst fungi of exquisite form and colour are many of the *agaricini*. The common mushroom, just as it bursts its veil, with its beautiful pink gill-like plates, or *lamellæ*, is conspicuous in this respect; the large red-fleshed *Agaricus rubescens*, with its brown warty top and white gills, the whole substance of which when broken assumes a sienna red colour, due it is supposed to the effect of osmone upon its juices; the tall *Agaricus procerus*, with its scaly top and long bulbous spotted stem; the maned fungus, *Coprinus comatus*, with its light pink gills and top of snowy whiteness, occur at once to our memory. Conspicuous for their ill odour are the *Phallus impudicus*, the

Russula fœtens, and the rare and curious subterranean *Clathrus cancellatus*, a fungus of remarkably singular form, resembling a 'spherical network or latticework of coral.' Amongst fungi of strange shapes may be mentioned the members of the order *Nidulariacei*, or Bird's-nest fungi, the Club-bearing fungi, and the Gelatinous family, the *Tremellini*. 'Sometimes the form and colour so nearly resemble that of a tongue that,' as Dr. Badham says, 'in the days of enchanted trees you would not have cut it off to pickle or eat on any account, lest the knight to whom it belonged should afterwards come to claim it of you.' In some species, Mr. Cooke remarks, the form is that of a cup, in others of a goblet, a saucer, an ear, a bird's nest, a horn, a bunch of coral, a ball, a button, a rosette, a lump of jelly, or a piece of velvet. Indeed so Protean are their shapes, that description fails to give an adequate idea of their variety. With regard to colour,

'In one or two instances they are decidedly green, but this colour must be considered as rare amongst them. We have all shades of red, from light pink to deepest crimson; all tints of yellow, from sulphureous to orange; all kinds of browns, from palest ochre to deepest umber; and every gradation between pale grey and sooty black. Blue and violet tints do not abound; but even these, as well as a beautiful amethyst, occasionally occur. White or creamy tints are very common. There is a livid and suspicious shade to many of the species not peculiarly attractive to the disinterested observer.'

As to the odours exhaled by fungi, no doubt tastes differ in some respects. There can, however, be no difference of opinion as to the extremely fœtid odour of the common stinkhorn (*Phallus impudicus*). Mr. Cooke, an excellent authority on British Fungi, tells the story of a gentleman of his acquaintance who, during a stroll through Darenth Wood, met with a specimen of this plant. He deposited it in his sandwich box, which he consigned to his pocket, and intended to take it home for examination.

'For some time he had become conscious of an unpleasant odour; but it was not until he had entered the railway carriage to return to town, that he discovered the true source. Everybody in the compartment complained, and wondered what could be the cause, and quitted it as soon as an opportunity offered. Nothing but a resolute determination to make a drawing and section of the fungus could have prevented our friend throwing away stinkhorn and sandwich-box long ere his arrival in town; but in this instance, botanical enthusiasm overcame all physical difficulties.'

Mr. Cooke does not inform us how the gentleman purified his sandwich box. Few fungi, however, approach the stink-

horn in the intolerably foetid nature of the odour exhaled. Some are certainly unpleasant, having the odour of onions or garlick—to an Italian this would be delightful—some are rather fishy; others resemble tainted meat. Some, as our common mushroom, give forth an odour which tempts the appetite; others ‘have the scent of tarragon, of new-mown hay, of anise, of walnuts, of new meal, &c.’

Fungi in some form or other are found almost everywhere; in fact it is difficult, as Mr. Berkeley has said, to point out any substance or situation where conditions exist capable of supporting vegetation in which fungi in one or other of their forms, may not be developed. The general notion is that fungi are essentially the creatures of decay; but this notion arises only from a very limited apprehension of the objects comprised under the name; for not only do we find them on putrescent logs or vegetables, but they occur sometimes on bare flints, on glass—as on our window panes and the lenses of microscopes—or even on smooth metallic surfaces; but they establish themselves also in the most poisonous solutions, and in fluids where no decomposition has at present taken place. But more than this, they are found on living structures, whether animal or vegetable, at whose expense they grow. It is a well-established fact that the most healthy tissues may be affected by fungi, though they rapidly become diseased under their influence. The *Coprini*, the rapid rate of whose growth is most marvellous, are not very uncommonly found on amputated limbs; and surgeons, we are told, are in consequence sometimes very unjustly charged with negligence by persons who are not acquainted with the speed with which a *Coprinus* may pass through every stage of growth, from the spore to the perfect pileus.* Nevertheless, the fungi with which ordinary observers are more or less familiar are very partial to decaying vegetable matter, as rotten stumps and dead leaves. Such a locality is described by Shelley in the decay of the garden of the Sensitive Plant:—

‘And plants at whose names the verse feels loath,
Filled the place with a monstrous undergrowth,
Prickly, and pulpous, and blistering and blue,
Livid, and starred with a lurid dew.

And agarics and fungi with mildew and mould
Started like mist from the wet ground cold.
Pale, fleshy, as if the decaying dead
With a spirit of growth had been animated.’

* Outlines of British Fungology, p. 28.

The extraordinary growth of some kinds of fungi, under circumstances apparently the most unfavourable, is well illustrated in an instance recorded by Schweinitz of a certain blacksmith who, having thrown on one side a piece of iron which he had just taken from the fire, was called off to some other business, and on his return in the morning was astonished to see on this very piece, lying over the water in his smith's trough, a mass of fungus (*Æthelium*) two feet in length! It had crept from the iron to some adjacent wood, and not from the wood to the iron. This immense mass had grown during the space of twelve hours.* The puff-balls, so common in the early autumn months, and which everybody as a matter of course destroys as worse than useless, are another instance of the extraordinary rapidity of development which obtains amongst many of the fungi. The *Lycoperdon giganteum* frequently grows to the size of a man's head, and sometimes to double that size. It is said that it will attain the size of a pumpkin in a single night; Dr. Lindley has estimated the growth of its component cells to multiply at the astonishing rate of sixty millions in a minute. Those who know how marvellously rapid is the increase of the cells of the yeast plant will not perhaps have much hesitation in accepting Dr. Lindley's computation. Another instance of rapid development has been noticed by an eminent cryptogamic botanist, Dr. Greville, as occurring in the *Polyporus squamosus*. This fungus attained a circumference of seven feet five inches, and weighed thirty-four pounds, after having been cut four days. It took four weeks in attaining to that size, thus acquiring an increase of growth equal to nineteen ounces a day.

Who would ever imagine that a soft pulpous thing like a toadstool would be able to uplift the pavement in a street? Such an instance of expansive power resulting from the rapid growth of the soft cellular tissue of a fungus is recorded by Dr. Carpenter.

'Some years ago,' we quote Mr. Cooke's words, 'the town of Basingstoke was paved, and not many months afterwards the pavement was observed to exhibit an unevenness which could not easily be accounted for. In a short time after, the mystery was explained, for some of the heaviest stones were completely lifted out of their beds by the growth of large toadstools beneath them. One of these stones measured twenty-two inches by twenty-one, and weighed eighty-three pounds, and the resistance afforded by the mortar which held it would probably be even a greater obstacle than the

* Cooke's British Fungi, p. 5; and Berkeley's Introduction to Cryptogamic Botany, p. 236, note.

weight. It became necessary to repave the whole town in consequence of this remarkable disturbance.'

Mr. Cooke notices a similar incident as coming under his own notice. A large kitchen hearthstone had been forced up from its bed by an undergrowing fungus, and had to be relaid two or three times, until at last it reposed in peace, 'the old bed having been removed to the depth of six inches, and a new foundation laid.' There is another very extraordinary story told of a certain fungus which had a predilection for wine. Sir Joseph Banks, it is said, had a cask of wine which had been deposited for the space of three years in his cellar; at the termination of that period 'the wine was found to have leaked from the cask, and vegetated in the form of immense fungi, which had filled the cellar and borne upwards the empty wine-cask to the roof.' Speaking of wine-cellars reminds us of a certain fungus which may often be seen hanging about the walls in black powdery tufts: this is the *Antennaria cellaris*; it is peculiarly attached to wine-cellars, and is the pride of the merchant, as it coats the port-wine bottles in the oldest and choicest bins.

Fungi are one of the great instruments which keep up the balance between animal and vegetable life.

'No sooner does death take possession in any vegetable than a host of fungi of various kinds are ready to work its decomposition. This is at once evident in all softer structures, which are soon reduced to humus by the combined action of putrescence and fungi; the one, in fact, being frequently the handmaid of the other. The hardest wood, however, yields, though more slowly, to the same agent, and indeed far more rapidly than it would do under the action of mere climatic conditions. A stump of one of our largest trees, if once attacked by fungi, will in a short time present a mere mass of touch-wood, which is nothing more than woody tissue traversed and disorganised by mycelium. The same stump, if merely left to the action of the weather, might be half a century before it was fairly decayed. The appearance of such a fungus as *Polyporus squamosus* is the sure harbinger of speedy decay. Nor is the case much mended, supposing vegetation still to exist in the stump; for though the mycelium cannot prey on cells full of vital energy, life is so depressed by the presence and contact of tissues already diseased, that the healthiest soon fall a prey to the spreading mycelium. There are, indeed, hundreds of fungi of the most varying size, form, and appearance, which more or less speedily accomplish the same end; and there is sometimes a host equally fatal to some individual species.'*

* Berkeley's Introduction to Cryptogamic Botany, p. 239.

The destructive effects of fungi are thus summed up by the late Dr. Badham, an enthusiastic admirer of many of the edible fungi:—

‘For the single mushroom that we eat, how many hundreds there be that retaliate and prey upon us in return! To enumerate but a few, and these of the microscopic kind (on the other side are some which the arms can scarcely embrace): the *Mucor mucedo*, that spawns upon our dried preserves; the *Ascophora mucedo*, that makes our bread mouldy (mucidæ frustra farinæ); the *Uredo segetum*, that burns Ceres out of her own corn-fields; the *Uredo rubigo*, whose rust is still more destructive; and the *Puccinia graminis*, whose voracity sets corn laws and farmers at defiance, are all funguses! So is the grey *Monilia*, that rots and then fattens upon our fruits; and the *Mucor herbariorum*, that destroys the careful gleanings of the pains-taking botanist. When our beer becomes mothery, the mother of that mischief is a fungus. If pickles acquire a bad taste, if ketchup turns ropy and putrifies, funguses have a finger in it all! Their reign stops not here; they prey upon each other; they even select their victims! There is the *Myrothecium viride*, which will only grow upon dry agarics, preferring chiefly for this purpose the *Agaricus adustus*; the *Mucor chrysospermus*, which attacks the flesh of a particular *boletus*; the *Sclerotium cornutum*, which visits some other moist mushrooms in decay. There are some Xylomas that will spot the leaves of the maple, and some those of the willow exclusively. The naked seeds of some are found burrowing between the opposite surface of leaves; some love the neighbourhood of burnt stubble and charred wood; some visit the sculptor in his studio, growing up amidst the heaps of moistened marble-dust that have caked and consolidated under his saw. The *Racodium* of the low cellar festoons its ceiling, shags its walls, and wraps its thick coat round our wine-casks, keeping our oldest wine in closest bond; while the *Geastrum*, aspiring occasionally to leave this earth, has been found suspended, like Mahomet’s coffin, on the very highest pinnacle of St. Paul’s. The close cavities of nuts occasionally afford concealment to some species; others, like leeches, stick to the bulbs of plants and suck them dry; these (the architect’s and ship-builder’s bane) pick timber to pieces, as men pick oakum; nor do they confine their selective ravages to plants alone; they attach themselves to animal structures and destroy animal life. The *Onygena equina* has a particular fancy for the hoofs of horses, and for the horns of cattle, sticking to these alone; the belly of a tropical fly is liable in autumn to break out into vegetable tufts of fungous growth, and the caterpillar to carry about on his body a *Cordyceps* larger than himself. The disease called muscadine, which destroys so many silk-worms, is also a fungus (*Botrytis Bassiana*), which in a very short time completely fills the worm with filaments very unlike those it is in the habit of secreting. The vegetating wasp, too, of which everybody has heard, is only another mysterious blending of vegetable with insect life. Lastly, and to take breath, funguses visit the wards of

our hospitals, and grow out of the products of surgical disease. Where, then, are they not to be found? Do they not abound, like Pharaoh's plagues, everywhere? Is not their name legion, and their province ubiquity?*

Several kinds of fungi exhibit phosphorescence; this phenomenon is occasionally seen in our own country, but in countries nearer the tropics, we are told, it is not at all an uncommon occurrence for fungi to give out a kind of phosphorescent light sufficiently intense to enable the traveller to read his letters or write his journal. The coal mines of Dresden produce a kind of fungus (*Rhizomorpha*) which 'emits a light similar to a 'pale moonlight.' Dr. Hooker speaks of the phenomenon as common in Sikkim, though he was never able to detect the species to which it was due. Mr. Gardner, in his travels in the interior of Brazil, gives the following interesting account of a luminous fungus:—

'One dark night, about the beginning of December, while passing along the streets of the Villa de Natividade, I observed some boys amusing themselves with some luminous object, which I at first supposed to be a kind of large firefly; but on making inquiry, I found it to be a beautiful phosphorescent fungus, belonging to the genus *Agaricus*, and was told that it grew abundantly in the neighbourhood, on the decaying leaves of a dwarf palm. Next day I obtained a great many specimens, and found them to vary from one to two and a half inches across. The whole plant gives out at night a bright, phosphorescent light, of a pale greenish hue, similar to that emitted by the larger fire-flies, or by those curious, soft-bodied marine animals, the *Pyrosomæ*; from this circumstance, and from growing on a palm, it is called by the inhabitants "flor do "coco;" the light given out by a few of these fungi in a dark room was sufficient to read by. It proved to be quite a new species, and since my return from Brazil, has been described by the Rev. M. J. Berkeley under the name of *Agaricus Gardneri*, from preserved specimens which I brought home.'†

It is time to turn our attention to the edible nature of fungi, for it is a great mistake to suppose that the common mushroom alone is good for food, though in our humble opinion there are few other agarics superior in flavour to it. But we are

* Badham's *Esculent Funguses*, pp. 9, 10.

† Dr. Collingwood has recently given an account of a luminous fungus from Borneo. He writes: 'Mr. Hugh Low has assured me 'that he saw the jungle all in a blaze of light (by which he could see 'to read) as, some years ago, he was riding across the island by the 'jungle road, and that this luminosity was produced by an *agaric*.' Mr. Currey is of opinion that this species is identical with the Brazilian fungus alluded to above. (*Journal of Lin. Soc.* vol. x. p. 469.)

reminded of the old proverb, '*De gustibus non est disputandum*,' and forbear further remarks. Let us first, however, refer back to ancient times, and see, if possible, whether any kind of fungi entered into the food-lists of our ancestors. There appears to be no allusion in the Bible to any kind of fungus, unless perhaps, as some have not unreasonably suggested, the leprosy of walls in houses was a fungoid growth of some kind or other. In some of the Talmudical treatises, however, mention is made of fungi; they were known by the Chaldee words כַּמְהִין (*kamhin*) and פֶּפֶקוּיִין (*phapkuin*), and were allowed as food. In one of the treatises the question is asked, With what blessing are fungi to be consecrated before being eaten? We are told also that, if a person was under a vow not to eat of the fruits of the earth, this did not prevent him from eating fungi, as such things did not derive nourishment from the soil, but from the viscid matter of trees.* That fungi derived their nourishment from trees was believed by Pliny, who says, '*Fungorum origo non nisi ex pituita arborum*.' Fungi were certainly eaten by the ancient Greeks, as may be seen from Athenæus, who quotes from various authors on the subject. He says there are not many kinds which are good to eat, and that the greater part of them produce a choky sensation, whence Epicharmus says, 'You will be choked like those who waste away by eating mushrooms.' Cases of poisoning by eating unwholesome fungi were doubtless not uncommon in classic times. Eparchides says that Euripides the poet was once on a visit at Icarus, and that a case of poisoning occurred to a whole family who had been partaking of some fungi. This gave occasion to an epigram by the poet:—

᾽Ω τὸν ἀγήραντον πόλον αἰθέρος ἤλιε τέμνων,
 ἄρ' εἶδες τοιόνδ' ὄμματι πρόσθε πάθος;
 μητέρα παρθενικήν τε κόρην δισσούς τε συναίμους
 ἐν ταύτῳ φέγγει μοιριδίῳ φθιμένους.

Numerous allusions occur in Latin authors to various kinds of fungi. '*Boleti*' were in special favour; and, according to Martial, truffles ('*tubera*') were next in esteem. So exquisite were the former that it was not safe to send them anywhere by a messenger, for he would be sure to eat them on the way. You might send silver or gold, but not '*boleti*':—

* There are also other Chaldee words, as פִּיתְרָא (*phitrâ*) 'a boletus,' and אַרְדָּא (*ardâ*) 'a fungus.' In one of the treatises it is said, 'The people went out into the fields, and gathered for themselves fungi and boleti.'

‘Argentum atque aurum facile est, lænamque togamque,
Mittere : boletos mittere difficile est.’ *

Especial vessels (*boletaria*) were used in which to cook the ‘boleti.’ Martial represents one of these as complaining of a degraded use to which it had been applied. It was designed for cooking mushrooms. Alas! it now cooked cabbage-sprouts :—

‘Cum mihi boleti dederint tam nobile nomen
Prototomis (pudet heu) servio cauliculis.’

A dish of ‘boleti’ disguised the poison which Locusta administered to Claudius, in memory of which event, Dr. Badham says, the ‘boletus’ in question is now called *Amanita Cæsarea*.

Large numbers of various fungi are still consumed in modern Rome; an official inspector (‘Ispettore dei Funghi’) attends the market, and laws have been passed regulating the sale of them. The following decisions were passed in 1837 by the Government:—

- ‘1. That for the future an “Inspector of Funguses,” versed in botany, should be appointed to attend the market in place of the peasant, whose supposed practical knowledge had been hitherto held as sufficient guarantee for the public safety.
- ‘2. That all the funguses brought into Rome by the different gates should be registered, under the surveillance of the principal officer, in whose presence all the baskets were to be sealed up, and the whole for that day’s consumption sent under escort to a central dépôt.
- ‘3. That a certain spot should be fixed upon for the fungus market, and that nobody (under penalty of fine and imprisonment) should hawk them about the streets.
- ‘4. That at 7 o’clock A.M. precisely, the inspector should pay his daily visit and examine the whole, the contents of the baskets being previously emptied on the ground by the proprietors, who were then to receive, if the funguses were approved of, a printed permission of sale from the police, and to pay for it an impost of one baioccho (a half-penny) on every ten pounds.
- ‘5. That quantities under ten pounds should not be taxed.
- ‘6. That the stale funguses of the preceding day, as well as those that were mouldy, bruised, filled with maggots, or dangerous (*muffi, guasti, verminosi, velenosi*), together with *any specimen of the common mushroom (Ag. campestris)* detected in any of the baskets, *should be sent under escort and thrown into the Tiber.*
- ‘7. That the Inspector should be empowered to fine and imprison

all those refractory to the above regulations; and finally, that he should furnish a weekly report to the Tribunal of Provisions (*Il Tribunale delle Grascie*) of the proceeds of the sale.*

Dr. Badham, from whose book the above rules are taken, calculates the yearly commercial value of fungi to be nearly four thousand pounds, and this in a single city which is by no means the most populous in Italy. 'What then,' he asks, 'must be the net receipts of all the market places of all the Italian States? and why should such important and savoury food be, from ignorance or prejudice, left to perish ungathered?' But not only in Italy, France, and Germany are fungi extensively used as food; enormous quantities are consumed in Russia, many being preserved in vinegar and salt for use in the winter. Mr. Berkeley is of opinion that the Russians preserve them almost indiscriminately, with the exception perhaps of a few which are acknowledged to possess narcotic principles. For instance, they would scarcely preserve such a fungus as *Agaricus muscarius*. The fungus referred to is not uncommon in the woods of this country. It has a white bulbous stem, and bright red or scarlet top (pileus) studded with yellowish warts—a truly beautiful species. The specific name of *muscaria* has been given to this fungus from the fact that a decoction of it is used as poison for flies. There is no doubt it is poisonous, although it has been said that in Kamtschatka 'it is used as a frequent article of food'—'o dura Kamtschatkorum ilia!' It is said to have cost the Czar Alexis his life; and it is on record that several French soldiers ate of it within the confines of the Russian dominions and became seriously ill. An allied species (*A. rubescens*), bearing some resemblance to *A. muscaria*, is unquestionably good and wholesome. We have ourselves eaten quantities of it. In China, in the Himalayas, in the Rocky Mountains, New Zealand, Australia, Terra del Fuego, certain species of fungi afford nutritious food.

'In Terra del Fuego,' we quote Mr. Berkeley's words, 'they are for several months the staple food of the country. One of the natives was here a few years ago, brought over by Captain Fitzroy, and he was asked what they had to eat there. He said, "Plenty of fish and too much summer fruit"—the summer fruit being *Cyttaria Darwinii*, which is a parasite on the evergreen beech, and which is found in Terra del Fuego to a very large extent. This fungus has a curious habit, because it grows up in the same manner as the

* We are unable to say to what extent these rules prevail at present in Rome.

gelatinous parasites on different species of juniper, year after year. When dried it looks very much like a piece of dried cowheel, and I have no doubt is extremely nutritious. During the late unfortunate war between the Northern and Southern States of America, when in the latter part of the time the people in the Southern States were very much pressed for food, they found fungi of very great importance to them.*

If then, as is clear, many fungi are perfectly wholesome and nutritious and form the staple article of food during certain portions of the year in some parts of the world, how is it that in our own land, which is very rich in esculent fungi—there being upwards of thirty species abounding in our woods and fields—so much ‘manna for the poor’ remains ungathered? No doubt prejudice has a good deal to do with the question, but it must be admitted the knowledge that certain kinds are eminently poisonous in a great measure prevents fungi being more often used as an article of diet. Again, occasionally a poisonous species may be found growing with a wholesome one, to which it sometimes bears some little resemblance. This is the case with the true and false champignon *Marasmius oreades* and *M. urens*. A confirmed fungus-eater, Mr. Worthington G. Smith, nearly poisoned himself by eating in mistake of this latter species:—

‘I think,’ he says, ‘that I was once poisoned by it in Bedfordshire. I well remember, on my way home late one evening, gathering a quantity of champignons for supper; as it was dark, I imagine I gathered both species. I did not cook them myself, neither did I examine them after they were taken from the basket; but I noticed at supper time they were unusually hot, and I thought the old woman who cooked them had put too much pepper in the stew. I never suspected the fungi. In about half an hour after partaking of them, my head began to ache, my brain to swim, and my throat and stomach to burn, as if in contact with fire. After being ill for some hours, a terrible fit of purging and vomiting set in, which appeared soon to set me to rights; for after a day or two, I was no worse for it.’†

Of course if adventurous gatherers collect fungi promiscuously in the dark, they must expect to suffer. The same gentleman nearly killed himself by partaking of a very small portion of another fungus, the *Agaricus fertilis*. He did not eat a twentieth part of the specimen gathered, not so much as a quarter of an ounce, yet nearly forfeited his life thereby. Then again when we are told that Dr. Badham ‘was always

* Journal of the Society of Arts, vol. xvi. No. 808, p. 467.

† Mushrooms and Toadstools, p. 63. .

‘getting into scrapes of one kind or another with fungi,’ and when we remember that some species are not very readily discriminated, except by those who have studied the subject, and that a few are ‘furiously poisonous,’ we shall cease to wonder that fungi do not attract more consumers. Dr. Badham once gathered some of those fly-agarics of which we have already spoken, and sent them over to a friend’s house, unfortunately without any instructions. He did not intend them to be eaten, but that a decoction should be made of them for the purpose of killing flies :—

‘The gentleman of the house was unfortunately from home; but there were two ladies there—his wife and his sister. When they saw them, they thought they were nasty, poisonous-looking things, but said, “Dr. Badham would never have sent them here if they were not wholesome; we will have them dressed and served up for breakfast.” Accordingly they had some of them dressed and ate them, and in about a quarter of an hour they began to get very ill, and in a very short time they were both carried up to bed in a state of deep intoxication.’*

Of the virulence of some of the fungi Dr. Badham himself had once unpleasant proof. ‘He was made very ill one day in a very curious manner from a very small quantity of fungus—so small a quantity that you would have thought it utterly impossible that he could have been at all poisoned with it. He got one of those large milky fungi, *Agaricus velleus*, and laid it on a plate to collect the spores. He simply put his finger in his mouth, wetted it, passed it through the spores, and then licked them off, and to his great surprise was ill in consequence.’ On another occasion the sufferer was his schoolmaster, who being certainly in this case ‘abroad’ with respect to fungi, ate of *Agaricus euosmos*, which he mistook for *A. ostreatus*. Some of these cases are no doubt the result of extreme carelessness or thoughtlessness, and it is certainly unfair to place nearly the whole fungus tribe under a ban because some people are rash. Mr. Berkeley, whose name stands so deservedly high as a cryptogamic botanist, gives us an instance of how valuable fungi may be.

‘Our schoolmaster,’ he says, ‘was a person of some scientific information. He had made a nice little collection of entomology, and was employed as amanuensis by Mr. Baker when he commenced his “History of Northampton.” You will see by this that he was a man a little above the ordinary level. At a time when he could not afford to buy meat, he told me himself that he kept his family for several months upon different species of mushrooms. He was a

* Journal of Society of Arts, No. 808, p. 469.

person who was able to distinguish between that which was good and that which was bad, and he collected them himself.*

It is perfectly true that in the immense majority of cases fungi are harmless; it is the same with fungi as with serpents, the poisonous are the exception to the rule, but unfortunately the modes of distinguishing them are not always reliable; perhaps *experientia docet* is the only reliable test. 'The abominable fœtor, the nauseous overwhelming odour,' given out by the stinkhorn, the trellised chathrus, the fetid leather-fungus (*Thelephora palmata*) one would suppose would proclaim aloud to the most adventurous experimenter 'noli me tangere;' but Mr. Worthington Smith tells us that people have actually eaten of the stinkhorn, as also of several other offensive and dangerous fungi. Some poisonous kinds, again, yield no smell, and are moreover free from any external indications of the danger they conceal within their tissues. Those which, when cut, give out a milky juice, of whatever colour, ought as a rule to be avoided, but there are exceptions. The *Lactarius deliciosus* (orange-milk mushroom), a great favourite with fungus-eaters, and not uncommon in fir-woods, exudes, when cut, a bright orange-coloured blood in enormous quantities, and this soon turns green. What can look more suspicious? Nevertheless this species is perfectly wholesome, and, we think, one of the greatest of fungoid dainties. But many poisonous kinds neither change colour nor exude any milky juice; and some might lure us into a false security by a deceitful appearance, as the spring agaric (*Amanita verna*), whose flesh is of a tempting snowlike whiteness. We shall therefore be inclined to accept Dr. Badham's advice, that 'as it is a safe rule rather to condemn many that may be innocent than to admit one that is at all suspicious to our confidence, we should, till intimacy has made us familiar with the exceptions, avoid all those the flesh of which is livid, or that, chameleon-like, assume a variety of hues on being broken or bruised.' Some people tell us it is unsafe to eat such fungi as run rapidly into deliquescence, but the most rapidly deliquescent fungi known are perhaps the *Agaricus* (*Coprinus*) *comatus* and the *A. (C.) atramentarius*. The former is quite wholesome, and often eaten; we have ourselves partaken of this species, which in its young state is certainly palatable, though we do not agree with Miss Plues that it is 'one of the most delicious of all the edible fungi.' Both species afford large supplies of ketchup. It was a conceit among the ancients that certain trees gave

* Journal of Society of Arts, No. 808, p. 468.

origin to good, others to injurious species; but there is no truth in it; the same trees support both kinds. It is a conceit among cooks of our own day that a silver spoon is a safe criterion whereby to determine the nature of a fungus; if the spoon be tarnished after contact, then it is supposed the juices of the fungi are injurious. On this Dr. Badham remarks that it 'is an error, which cannot be too generally known and exposed, as many lives, especially on the Continent, have been and still are, sacrificed to it annually.' We have already observed that our common mushroom (*Agaricus campestris*) is excluded from the Roman markets, it being there considered an undoubted poisonous species. What a curious circumstance this is! Is it the result of ignorance and prejudice, or has the fungus so generally wholesome and so plentifully consumed in England changed its nature in Italy? But even *Agaricus campestris* is said occasionally to prove poisonous to persons in this country. Mr. Berkeley says—

'At home we sometimes meet with reports of cases of poisoning from it. There was one which happened last year to the family of an Italian warehouseman in London. There was one death, and, I believe, several members of the family were very ill in consequence of partaking of the fungi. A particular friend of mine was at a party last year, and ate a portion of some *entrées* in which there were some mushrooms, apparently *Agaricus campestris*. He was taken most seriously ill, and very nearly died in consequence. But there is one thing to be considered, and that is that we must look upon these things in the same measure as idiosyncrasies. There was a case at Stratford a few days ago, in which a person was taken most seriously ill from eating a crab which had been just boiled. There was no question about its condition; it had been alive in the morning, and was only just boiled, and yet the person became most seriously ill afterwards. I know a person who cannot take anything that has the least particle of egg in it. Some time ago he told me himself that he was in Kent, and went to dine at a friend's house. He is always extremely cautious as to what he eats. There was an apple pudding, and he thought it was utterly impossible that there should be any egg entering into its composition. He ate some of the crust, and was taken very seriously ill, and on inquiring, he found that there had been an egg put into the crust. These cases however, are, I believe, pure idiosyncrasies.'*

The poisonous property of fungi is supposed to be amanite, but we do not know its chemical constituents. There can be no doubt that sometimes heat will extract the deleterious properties; salt and vinegar in some cases act in the same way.

* Journal of the Society of Arts, p. 467.

If it be true that *Amanita muscaria* is eaten in Russia, we can only account for the fact by supposing that some condiment is used with it which has the effect of destroying its poisonous properties. The poison exists in different degrees of intensity in different species. A few grains of a fresh-gathered *Amanita verna* are sufficient to kill a dog, as Vittadini has shown. The same author ate largely of *Agaricus emeticus*, a species no doubt unwholesome, without any ill result. Mr. Worthington Smith gives the following account of the sensations experienced after having eaten of the poisonous *Agaricus* (*Entoloma*) *fertilis* for luncheon:—

‘About a quarter of an hour after luncheon I left home, and was immediately overtaken by a strange, nervous, gloomy, low-spirited feeling, quite new to me. Soon a severe headache added its charms to my feelings, and then swimming of the brain commenced, with violent pains in the stomach. I had now great difficulty to keep upon my legs at all; my senses all appeared leaving me, and every object appeared to be moving with death-like stillness from side to side, up and down, and round and round. More dead than alive, I soon returned home, and was horrified to find two others (whom I had invited to partake of my repast) in exactly the same condition as myself. At this moment, and not before, I thought of *Agaricus fertilis*. These two others had suffered precisely as I had done, and we all three were apparently dying fast. They, however, were attacked by fearful vomiting, which, I imagine, helped to hasten their recovery; for after a few days of sickness and nausea (with medical assistance), they got well; but it was not so with me; for although I had first the inclination, I had not the strength left to vomit. During the latter part of the first day I was, however, so continually and fearfully purged, and suffered so much from headache and swimming of the brain, that I really thought every moment would be my last. I was very ill for the next four or five days; suffered from loathing and lassitude, fell into deep sleep, long and troubled; at times found all my joints quite stiff; at others, everything would be swimming before me; and it was not till a fortnight had elapsed that every bodily derangement had left me.’*

Surely after such ‘confessions’ of a fungus-eater, it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the caution necessary to be observed. The poison of fungi has a narcotic effect. In Siberia the *Amanita muscaria* supplies the people with their craving for narcotic indulgences. This fungus is collected during the hot months, and hung up in the air to dry, or left in the ground to ripen and dry, after which it is gathered. It is steeped in the juice of the whortleberry, to which it imparts the flavour of strong wine. Sometimes it is eaten fresh in

* Mushrooms and Toadstools, p. 54.

soups and sauces; it is more generally rolled up into a bolus and swallowed whole. One large or two small fungi are a common dose to produce intoxication for a whole day.

‘If water be drank after it, the narcotic action is increased. The desired effect comes on in the course of an hour or two after the dose is taken. Cheerfulness is first produced, then the face becomes flushed, giddiness and drunkenness follow in the same way as from wine or spirits; involuntary words and actions succeed; and sometimes the final effect is an entire loss of consciousness. In some it provokes to remarkable activity, and stimulates to bodily exertion. In too large doses it induces violent spasms; upon some individuals it produces effects which are very ludicrous. A talkative person cannot keep silence or secrets. One fond of music is perpetually singing; and if a person under its influence wishes to step across a straw or small stick, he takes a stride or a jump sufficient to clear the trunk of a tree.’ *

The chemistry of fungi has not hitherto received much attention, and there does not appear to have been any recent analysis. According to the late Mr. Johnston, two active principles have been recognised in such of the fungi as possess poisonous properties. When distilled with water they yield a volatile acrid principle which has been little examined; and when extracted by water and alcohol, a brown solid substance is obtained, to which, on the supposition that it is the active principle of the genus *Amanita*—the name of amanitin has been given. But neither the chemical relations nor the specific action of these substances on the human body have as yet been investigated. The fumes of a burning puff-ball, which in its young state is quite wholesome, was once employed for the purpose of stupefying bees when the honey was wanted from the hive. Similar effects result from their application to other animals; but as no amanitin has been detected in puff-balls, the narcotic properties must be ascribed to the empyreumatic oil which the fungus yields when burnt. The nutritious properties of the eatable fungi depend on the large quantity of azote or nitrogenous matter which they contain, so that of all vegetables the wholesome fungi come nearest in their chemical composition to the flesh of animals; hence their great value as food. Mushrooms and all other edible fungi ought to be eaten fresh, and care should be taken to reject old magotty specimens; fungi, when old, are much infested with the larvæ of many kinds of flies and minute beetles which riddle them through and through. Parasitic fungi, too,

* Johnston's Chemistry of Common Life, vol. ii p. 701.

of the genus *Hyphomyces*, sometimes attack the gills and consume them. In this state mushrooms are, doubtless, unwholesome. Mr. Berkeley says he has seen mushrooms dressed in which the larvæ of insects were not killed by cooking, and thinks that were they to gain admission into the stomach they might produce very unpleasant results. The same authority considers there is nothing specially indigestible about fungi. 'If you swallow great lumps, of course they become like so many pieces of sponge; but properly masticated with bread, I do not think they are indigestible.' A celebrated botanist of the last century, Carl Ludwig Willdenow, determined to make the experiment how far he could live on fungi, and so he went into the woods and ate nothing but fungi with the black bread which they have in his country, and enjoyed the whole time the most excellent health.

Let us now see what particular kinds of fungi are undoubtedly wholesome and palatable, and therefore to be safely recommended as food; whether we shall alike subscribe to the attractive accounts of their gastronomical charms is, of course, after all, a matter of taste, as to which opinion must be forever divided. Englishmen are unanimous as to the excellence of the common mushroom, gathered in the green fields of the south; but on this side the border our Northern countrymen do not always agree in this verdict. Prejudice against fungi is extremely common in Scotland. 'I have spoken to people there,' Mr. Berkeley says, 'very sensible people, and naturally without any great prejudices, who would not, on any account, venture to eat any kind of fungus. I am not certain even that they would make an exception for *Agaricus campestris*.' The large horse-mushroom (*Agaricus arvensis*) is looked upon with grave suspicion by most people. This species is closely allied to the common mushroom; its gills are nearly white at first, then assume a pale livid brown; it grows in fields and woods, and is quite wholesome, though we think decidedly inferior in flavour to *A. campestris*. It makes excellent ketchup.* We have often noticed it in Covent Garden Market, where it appears to be the one most commonly sold; if bruised, it turns into a brownish-yellow, being in this way readily distinguished from the common mushroom,

* *A. pratensis*, the large *A. villaticus*, and the pale-gilled *A. silvicola*, are varieties of the common mushroom, and are wholesome. Dr. Badham gives a caution against the variety called in some counties the 'hedge-mushroom,' as liable to produce disorder of the stomach.

which turns red when bruised. Still, again, caution is necessary here, because there is a variety which grows under hedges, a very handsome plant, of an intense yellow when bruised, which Mr. Berkeley thinks is poisonous.

‘Some time ago,’ the same writer adds, ‘I was at the table of a friend in my neighbourhood, and an *entrée* was handed round to me in which I saw some of these intensely yellow mushrooms. I tasted one of them, and the flavour was so rank that I thought it was far better to give my host a hint on the subject, than from false politeness to allow his guests to be poisoned, as, I believe, they inevitably would have been if they had eaten them.’

As to *Agaricus* (*Tricholoma*) *personatus*, a tolerably common fungus in some parts of England, readily distinguishable by its bluish stem—hence its popular name of ‘Blewits’—opinions differ. Mr. Worthington Smith says it is ‘a most substantial and delicious species, and should be better known.’ Mr. Cooke says, ‘it does not deserve to stand in the first class of our indigenous species, and the ketchup it affords is poor.’ Dr. Badham says, ‘when not water-soaked, it is a fine firm fungus with a flavour of veal;’ but adds, ‘the more highly seasoned it is the better.’ It has, moreover, the character of being occasionally poisonous. Mrs. Hussey and Sowerby speak of this species being sold in Covent Garden Market. Other observers, however, have never seen it there; of its gastronomic claims we ourselves cannot speak in very favourable terms; it has far too strong a flavour, and though we have found it perfectly wholesome, we do not much recommend it. There is a tall spotted scaly fungus, not uncommon in fields, on shady hedge-banks, and in woods, which must be familiar to most people; this is the ‘parasol’* agaric (*Agaricus* [*Lepiota*] *procerus*). The stem is long and bulbous, the pileus or top scaly, the gills are of a pale flesh colour, or nearly white, the ring is moveable. ‘When the stalk is removed, a large hollow socket remains—just the place to insert a large piece of butter in the broiling process; when, with pepper and salt, it forms a dish that, if once tried, must please the most fastidious.’ This excellent and perfectly wholesome fungus may be found in the summer and autumn. It inhales a fresh meal-like odour: but

* The similarity of the agaricini generally to parasols or umbrellas is sufficiently obvious. The common name for an agaric amongst the natives of India is *chotah chatah*, i.e. ‘little umbrella.’ We have been informed by a gentleman who has lived many years in India, that the natives seem to eat fungi promiscuously, chopping up the different species together, without any ill effects.

odours, as we have seen, are not to be trusted, for the deadly *Agaricus fertilis*, which nearly killed Mr. Worthington Smith and his friends, is represented as smelling like meal. The parasol agaric is highly esteemed on the Continent; in Italy it rivals the celebrated *Amanita Cæsarea*. We think it superior to the mushroom, and give it the first place amongst fungi; it is said to be not unfrequently seen in Covent Garden Market. There is an allied species, *A. rachodes*, that has a smooth unspotted stem, and which turns red when bruised; there has been some little doubt about this species being wholesome, but it is no doubt edible. Mrs. Hussey says, ‘If *Agaricus procerus* is the king of edible funguses, *Agaricus rachodes* is an excellent viceroy.’ Another fungus which may most safely be recommended is the Chantarelle (*Cantharellus cibarius*), of a brilliant yellow colour, and fleshy solid irregular top, having a stem tapering downwards. It is found in the autumn, and is abundant in some districts; the gills are reduced to thick swollen veins, the pileus often assumes a misshapen and irregular form; its odour has some slight resemblance to that of a ripe apricot. Subjoined are a couple of receipts for dressing this fungus.

‘1. Cut the mushrooms across and remove the stems; put them into a closely covered saucepan, with a little fresh butter, and sweat them; take them out, wipe, and stew in gravy, or fricassee till tender at the lowest possible temperature—a great heat always destroys the flavour.’—*Mrs. Hussey*.

This mode of cooking we can thoroughly recommend.

‘2. Pick and wash the chantarelles, put them into boiling water, then stew in fresh butter with a little olive oil, chopped tarragon, pepper, salt, and lemon peel. When they are cooked, allow them to simmer gently over a slow fire, for fifteen or twenty minutes, moistening them from time to time with a little beef gravy or cream. When about to be served, thicken the stew with yolk of egg.’

It may, perhaps, be necessary to utter a caution, for there is an unwholesome fungus (*Agaricus aurantiacus*) of an orange colour which might be mistaken for the true chantarelle. The veins are thinner and more crowded than they are in the edible species; the stem too is often rather black towards its base, and the top is covered with down. Like the true chantarelle this false kind is found in lofty situations. Of course to a botanist the distinguishing marks are sufficiently obvious, but we can easily understand how by an eye unaccustomed to mark the differences a mistake might be made; but then we do not advise anyone with an unpractised eye to venture on eating

any fungus. The fungi belonging to the genus *Russula* are generally to be avoided; there is, however, one species (*R. alutacea*), with a reddish top and thick yellowish gills, which is said to be particularly agreeable and mild. This fungus has a stout whitish stem, and is not uncommon in some of our woods in the early autumn. Although Dr. Badham thought it better to avoid this species, Mr. Berkeley and Mr. Cooke pronounce in its favour. We have never ventured on a trial ourselves, bearing in mind the advice of Dr. Badham, who says, 'I would advise no one to try this species, especially when there are so many others the good qualities of which are known.' Though the *Russula alutacea* ought never to be confounded with the poisonous *R. emetica*, whose gills are always pure white, and which is, moreover, distinguished by other differences, we can understand how an unfortunate mistake may be made by persons unaccustomed to fungi.

There is a very common and excellent little fungus that grows in pastures, often in rings, coming up during many months in the year, especially after rain, with a rather tough fleshy top and solid stem; the top or pileus is at first buff-colour becoming lighter when old. We allude to the fairy-ring champignon (*Agaricus* [*Marasmius*] *oreades*). Of this species Mr. Berkeley says, 'It is the best of all our funguses, yet there is scarcely one person in a thousand who dare venture to use it. With common observation no mistake need be made with regard to it. It has an extremely fine flavour and makes perhaps the very best ketchup that there is.' We endorse this opinion of the excellence of *oreades* ketchup, having tasted some made from a receipt of Dr. Bull of Hereford. When dried, which may be done by exposure for two or three days to the air, this species may be kept for years without losing any of its aroma or goodness. In this way it imparts a rich flavour to soups and gravies, care being taken that the aroma is not dissipated by over-cooking. The dried champignon is more extensively used on the Continent than it is in England. The odour of *Agaricus oreades* is very pleasant, quite equal, we think, to that of the common mushroom, though we consider the flavour of the latter to be superior to that of the fairy-ring champignon.

There are kinds that have been mistaken for our wholesome little champignon, as *Agaricus dryophilus* and *A. peronatus*. Dr. Badham speaks of a gentleman who intending to gather champignons took home *A. dryophilus* by mistake, and was rendered very ill by the repast. *A. oreades* has distinguishing marks, it is true, which separate it from *A. dryophilus*; in the

former case the stem is solid, in the latter hollow. *A. dryophilus* grows in woods, the champignon never grows in woods. Such mistakes ought never to occur.

Of the esculent properties of the Boleti we ourselves have not much experience. We can, however, testify to the excellence of one species, the *Boletus edulis*, which, however, appears to be rather scarce. In some parts of England, Mr. Berkeley tells us,

‘It is abundant, particularly about Tunbridge Wells, and it is now very much used there, in consequence of Dr. Badham having brought it into notice. I had some cooked last year in Sussex, and everybody pronounced it excellent. But there are many species of *Boletus* which are acknowledged to be poisonous, and should be carefully distinguished. The grand distinctive character of *Boletus edulis* is the reticulated stem, which is accurate enough when comparison is made with its own immediate allies; but in the poisonous group distinguished by the mouth of the tube being red, and the flesh becoming blue, when broken, the stem is sometimes reticulated; and there are other instances. *Boletus felleus*, for example, might be very easily indeed mistaken for it as regards external appearance, though its bitter taste ought to distinguish it; people, however, do not always taste fungi when they get them. Mr. Salter, indeed, who was formerly attached to the Geological Survey, informs me, that when at a distance from places amongst the mountains, where he could not obtain food, he made use of various species of *Boleti*, and found them an excellent substitute for meat. Unfortunately we have no accurate information as to the particular species.’

From what Mr. Worthington Smith says, it would appear that many other species of Boleti, besides *B. edulis*, are perfectly wholesome. He says before he properly knew *B. edulis* he ate all sorts of Boleti in mistake for it, notably *B. chrysenteron*. Others have testified to the merits of *B. æstivalis*, *B. scaber*, *B. impolitus*, which last-named species is described as having the taste of sprouting walnuts. *B. Luteus* is no doubt harmless, but it would be pronounced too mucilaginous by most eaters. The genus *Boletus* includes a large number of species, many of which are rare. Some of the epithets applied to Boleti, such as *satanas*, *luridus*, *felleus*, are enough to frighten the most enthusiastic lover of fungous food.

There is a very large species of fungus, common in woods and in the open fields late in autumn, growing amidst dead leaves and generally in rings, which must have frequently attracted the notice of our readers: we allude to *A. (Clitocybe) nebularis*. It has a pileus sometimes five or six inches across, sometimes waved or lobed; it is smooth and sticky so that leaves adhere to it, grey in colour, with very thick white flesh and

cream-coloured gills, and a stem sometimes four inches high and an inch thick; there is an immense quantity of floccose down round the lower part of the root. The odour we consider pleasant, it has been compared to curd cheese. It has the character of being lighter of digestion than any other kind. Professor Sanguinette says, when ‘properly cooked it is equal to any of our funguses, rivalling not only the *Ag. prunulus*, but even the *Cesareus*; it seldom finds its way, however, into the Roman market.’ According to Dr. Badham, the *A. nebularis* requires but little cooking; a few minutes’ broiling (à la Maintenon is best) with butter, pepper, and salt, is sufficient. It may also be delicately fried with bread crumbs, or stewed in white sauce.

We must say a few words about puff-balls, which of course every mushroom-hunter thinks it his positive duty to kick up whenever he meets with them. How often, as we must all remember in our childhood, has the disappointing puff-ball with its snowy whiteness enticed us away to different parts of the field, in expectation of adding another treasure to our basket! Of course we always retaliated by crushing the deceiver under our feet; of course we always regarded puff-balls as poisonous in their young state, and blinding to the eyes in their powdery form. Of the various species belonging to the genera *Bovista* and *Lycoperdon*, probably all are wholesome, and some are really very good. The small round *Bovista plumbea*, common in every pasture during the summer and autumn months, the mighty *Lycoperdon giganteum*, to which we have already alluded, are both to be commended. The genera *Bovista* and *Lycoperdon* may be distinguished from each other by the bark of the former at length shedding off, while that of the latter is persistent, breaking up into scales or warts. We are able to testify to the merit of these puff-balls; of course it will be understood that they are to be gathered when young, when they can be cut up into compact white slices; when they begin to assume a yellowish colour and spongy consistency they must be avoided. Mrs. Hussey gives the following receipt for puff-ball omelette, which we have found to be pleasant food:—‘Slice them half-an-inch thick; have ready some chopped herbs, pepper and salt, dip the slices of puff-ball into yolk of egg, and sprinkle the herbs upon them; fry in fresh butter and eat immediately. They are lighter and more wholesome than egg omelettes, and resemble brain fritters.’

Mr. Cooke is alive to the excellency of the giant puff-ball, and thus expatiates on it:—

‘A gardener brought us a large puff-ball, equal in size to a quartern loaf, and which was still in its young and pulpy state, of a beautiful creamy whiteness when cut. It had been found developing itself in a garden at Highgate, and to the finder its virtues were unknown. We had this specimen cut into slices of about half an inch in thickness, the outer skin peeled off, and each slice dipped in an egg which had been beaten up, then sprinkled with bread crumbs, and fried in butter with salt and pepper. The result was exceedingly satisfactory; and finding this immense fungus more than our family could consume whilst it remained fresh, we invited our friends to partake, and they were as delighted as ourselves with the new breakfast relish; to them and to us the first, but we hope not the last experiment upon a fried puff-ball.’

Vittadini, the great Italian authority on Fungi, recommends that where convenient, one slice only at a time should be taken from the ‘giant,’ care being taken not to disturb its position. He adds, that this not only ensures the continuance of growth, but prevents decay, and thus a person may enjoy a fine fritter off the same puff-ball every day in the week.

We ourselves notice every year magnificent specimens of *Lycoperdon giganteum*, growing on a grassy slope of a canal-bank. In vain we bid the rustics not to kick them into the water, but to cook a few slices and put them into their mouths.

That curious red tongue-shaped mass sometimes found on old oak trees, and known to botanists as *Fistulina hepatica*, has been termed a vegetable beefsteak. We cannot speak very highly of the gastronomic merits of the Liver Fungus; but possibly the cook did not do it justice. Mr. Worthington Smith says he has ‘seen it in immense quantities on the ‘ancient oaks of Sherwood Forest, while at other times oak ‘districts appear to be singularly free from its visit.’ Mr. Berkeley says, ‘it is one of the best things he ever ate, but it ‘was prepared by a skilful cook.’ Schœffer called this species ‘the poor man’s fungus.’ In his country it must have been common; the title would not apply to British specimens.

‘The best way to cook it is to slice and macerate it, add pepper and salt, and a little lemon, and minced eschalots; then strain and boil the liquid, which makes most excellent beef gravy. Mrs. Hussey does not recommend the solid part for eating. Though she says it may be made palatable and nutritious when mixed with minced veal. . . . It resembles meat more closely than any other of the tribe. Dr. Badham says, that if gathered young, its substance may be stewed and eaten; and even in that stage it so abounds in juice, as to be well able to furnish its own sauce. Sometimes it attains a very large size; but the width across does not often exceed eight or ten inches by three or four in length. In France they scald, then

stew it with herbs, pepper and salt, or grill it. In Vienna they employ it in salad, as we use beetroot, adding a dressing of lemon-juice or cream. The gravy can be bottled and preserved by pouring the liquid into the bottle to the shoulder, and then filling to the top with spiced spirits of wine *not* to be shaken.*

The *Fistulina hepatica* generally grows on oak trees, occasionally also on chestnuts; its culinary merits are not affected by the locality in which it is found. There is a smallish fungus common enough in meadows in the autumn months, growing sometimes in rings, or in groups, or solitary, with a surface as smooth and soft as kid, and its borders rolled inwards towards the gills when the plant is young; it is known to botanists as *Agaricus* (*Clitocybe*) *prunulus*, and has a very delicate flavour; it may be safely eaten, and ought not to be mistaken for any other unwholesome kind. It has a peculiar odour, which some think resembles meal. Dr. Badham is reminded of the smell of cucumber rind or syringa leaf; the fungus does not remind us of either of these odours, nor can we say what it does resemble. We eat it whenever we can get it, and recommend our readers to give it a trial; it may be broiled or stewed, or fried with egg or bread crumbs. It is excellent in whatever way it is dressed. We must not forget to mention the *Agaricus gambosus*, or St. George's mushroom, which may be found in the spring and early summer before mushrooms make their appearance. Dr. Badham speaks of this fungus under the name of *A. prunulus*, a term which by other botanists is applied to the fore-mentioned species. Prof. Balbi thus speaks of this fungus:—‘This rare and most delicious agaric abounds on the hills above the valley of Strafora, near Bobbio, where it is called Spinaroli, and is in great request. The country people eat it fresh in a variety of ways, or they dry and sell it for from twelve to seventeen francs a pound.’ It has a thick fleshy top which is frequently cracked. Dr. Badham says he has picked specimens measuring six inches across, and weighing between four and five ounces; he has obtained from a single ring in a field in Kent from ten to twelve pounds weight of the St. George's agaric, and in another field from twenty to twenty-five pounds. He adds that the farmers generally destroy them as injurious to the grass-crops, being quite ignorant of their value. ‘The odour of this species is so strong, both in the matured state and in the earliest stages of its growth, as to become oppressive and overpowering. Workmen employed to root them

* Selection of the Eatable Funguses of Great Britain.

‘out are said to have been so overcome by the odour as to be ‘compelled to desist.’ Mr. Berkeley compares the smell to that of *Polyporus squamosus*, no recommendation certainly. The best mode of cooking this fungus is, according to Dr. Badham—we have not eaten this species ourselves—either in a mince or fricassee with any sort of meat, or in a *vol-au-vent*, the flavour of which it greatly improves; or if prepared with butter and salt and pepper, it constitutes a ‘most excellent dish.’ The same authority figured this fungus first in his series of plates as being the most savoury with which he was acquainted. We have been assured by Dr. Bull, of Hereford, who has considerable experience of the edible nature of many fungi, that the *Agaricus gambosus* is most delicious.

Agaricus (Amanita) rubescens, a noble species, not uncommon in woods in summer and autumn, may safely claim a place amongst edible fungi. It has received its specific name from its flesh assuming a reddish hue when rubbed. Mr. Berkeley adds after his description of this fungus, ‘quality doubtful.’ Dr. Badham, Miss Plues, and Mr. Worthington Smith report well of it, and it is stated by Cordier to be one of the most delicate mushrooms of the Lorraine. Mr. W. Smith says:—

‘This species is one of the most beautiful, as well as valuable, of all the British agarics; when prepared for the table, if care be taken to select young and fresh specimens only, it will prove a very light and delicate addition to any meal. Mr. Berkeley does not subscribe to the excellence of this species; but as far as my own experience and that of my friends go, I well know it to be delicious, and perfectly wholesome, as I have not only eaten it myself, but have known it to be eaten largely by amateurs.’

The blushing agaric* has a brown top with thick white warts or patches and fine white gills which run a little way down the stem. The young plants are like speckled balls. The species is not uncommon in woods of oak and chestnut; we recommend it most thoroughly.

Opinions differ about the merits of the *Agaricus ostreatus*. This species may not unfrequently be seen in the spring as well as late in the autumn growing in clusters out of the bark of dead trees especially the elm. The stem when present grows from the side and not from the centre of the pileus; this expands on the contrary side and turns over so as to resemble the upper shell of an oyster. The gills and spores are whitish,

* This blushing property—it is no blush of shame, but one unconscious of its gastronomic charms—is scarcely perceptible in young specimens; it is however readily seen in matured individuals.

the former run down the stem; the top is pale grey, which becomes darker as the plants get older. Mrs. Hussey reports well of the oyster-fungus, and a Herefordshire gardener, we are told, has recently tested the excellence of this mushroom in the following manner:—

‘He procured young plants in their tenderest stage; these he placed under a bell-glass, in front of a very hot fire. As the mushrooms became heated, they gave out their juice, and the dish being turned from time to time, in forty minutes they were thoroughly cooked. Then the gastronomic gardener added butter, pepper, and salt to his savoury mess, and declared that, with the addition of a good supply of bread, his dinner was as enjoyable, and he believed as nourishing, as if he had had half a pound of fresh meat. The good man was shy in acknowledging to this novel use of his bell-glasses, and could at first only bring himself to speak of a Dutch oven; but as he warmed to his subject, he declared that nothing could so preserve the aroma of the mushroom as the bell-glass method of cooking.’*

Mr. Worthington Smith has eaten this species, but never thought well of it. The flesh possesses a certain amount of firmness, and produces an abundant and savoury juice, but he is inclined to place it as the species of least value for culinary purposes. Dr. Badham recommends ‘the oyster’ to be cooked leisurely over a slow fire, as the flesh is ‘rather over-solid’ and ‘tenacious.’ We have never eaten this species ourselves. The fleshy, irregular-shaped *Hydnum repandum*, with the awl-shaped spinous *hymenium*, characteristic of the genus, is readily recognised, and may be gathered fearlessly, as there is no other fungus with which it is likely to be confounded. Probably, indeed, all the species belonging to this group are harmless. The *Hydnum repandum*, or hedgehog fungus, occurs principally in woods of pine and oak; according to Mr. Worthington Smith, it is sometimes ‘most abundant in the few woody places remaining at the north of London, and may often be found on shady roadsides in the humid weather of autumn.’ Dr. Badham says that, in Italy, this fungus is brought into the market and sold promiscuously with the chanterelle, to which in colour and smell and in some other respects it bears a resemblance. Vittadini thought the *Hydnum* the most delicate of the fungi of Italy. The gastronomic qualities of the hedgehog mushroom are certainly of high value; its taste when raw at first not unpleasant, but afterwards saline, bitter, and somewhat peppery; Dr. Badham thinks the smell resembles that of horseradish. The *Hydnum*

* Selection of the Eatable Funguses of Great Britain.

is rather tough and somewhat deficient in moisture, nevertheless when carefully stewed it is an excellent dish, and has a flavour of oysters. No mean recommendation we think. Let the hydnum be cut up into pieces about an inch in size, and stewed slowly in white sauce. The resemblance of the flavour to oyster sauce is very striking. Mr. Berkeley says the hydnum should be previously steeped in hot water and well drained in a cloth, in which case there is not a more excellent fungus. Other species of this genus are eaten on the Continent, but they are not of common occurrence in this country. The morel (*Morchella esculenta*), conspicuous for its curious irregularly honeycombed pileus, occurs but rarely in this country. Mr. Worthington Smith speaks of a wood in Bedfordshire called 'Morel Wood,' where in the spring this rare and delicious fungus abounds. From the complaint that Dr. Badham makes, that in England this fungus is only known as an article procurable at the Italian warehouses, Miss Plues argues that the worthy doctor had not been brought up among the thrifty housewives of Yorkshire:—

‘In the kitchens of that county—at any rate of the northern and western divisions of it—a string of morels, pendent from the ceiling, is as familiar an object as a branch of sage twigs, or bundles of thyme; and the heads of the household complain of the cook’s neglect if she omits the morel flavour in certain sauces. As children, we knew the plant at sight, and brought it home whenever we encountered it in our walks; and the poor knew it also, for ever and anon the women who gathered cowslips for the wine-brewing, would bring a few in the corner of their baskets, and plead for an extra shilling for the “Jew’s ears,” as they were pleased to call the morel.’*

This fungus is imported into this country from the Continent, in a dried state, and is used as a seasoning for soups and gravies. The morel prefers a locality abounding in wood ashes; and so great was formerly the demand for it in Germany that it became a regular system to burn down annually a portion of the forests in order to secure a crop of morels. Legislative enactments put an end to the practice. Mr. Berkeley says, the morel grows abundantly in the neighbourhood of Margate, and that the people make ketchup of it. There are various ways of cooking the morel. The hollow top, well stuffed with minced veal and dressed between slices of bacon, is said to be a dish of rare and exquisite flavour. A large species (*Morchella crassipes*) discovered by Miss Lott,

* Selection of the Eatable Funguses of Great Britain.

in South Devonshire, a year or two ago, which attains enormous dimensions, is also highly recommended for flavouring sauces.

We are led by a natural step from the morel to the *Helvella*, a fungus which is evidently allied to the *Morchella*, and which it closely resembles in flavour. Mr. Cooke says of the two British esculent species of *Helvella*:—

‘For all purposes to which the morel is applicable, these species may either of them be substituted. They impart an excellent flavour to gravies and soups, and in establishments where they have been once introduced and tested, will, we doubt not, for ever afterwards hold equal sway with the more aristocratic morel. Unlike the *Agarics*, there is no necessity for the *Helvellas* to be used as soon as gathered; and for this reason—superadded to an experience of their excellent qualities—one can but feel surprised at their absence from our markets, while the truffle and morel obtain at times most extravagant prices.’*

The *Helvella* is a singular fungus with a black irregularly lobed top or pileus and a wrinkled stem. In some localities it is very abundant. Mr. Berkeley calls both species (*H. crispa*, and *H. lacunosa*) common. According to our own experience, *Helvella* is very local. As we know nothing of the culinary merits of the various species of *Clavariæ*, a curious and interesting group of fungi, not uncommon on lawns and hedge-banks, we shall transcribe Dr. Badham’s receipt for cooking *Clavaria coralloides*.

‘Having thoroughly cleansed away the earth which is apt to adhere to them, they are to be sweated with a little butter, over a slow fire, afterwards to be strained, then (throwing away the liquor) to be replaced to stew for an hour, with salt, pepper, chopped chives and parsley, moistening with plain stock, and dredging with flour occasionally. When sufficiently cooled, to be thickened with yolks of eggs and cream.’

On the Continent the *Clavariæ* are plunged in boiling water, dried, and pickled for winter use; we can easily believe they would be very good as a pickle.

The curious and highly prized family of truffles of which Mr. Berkeley enumerates about forty species, demands a short notice. The truffle, as everybody knows, is a subterranean fungus, and we all remember certain stories about pigs and dogs being trained for truffle-hunting. The *Tuber æstivum*, the ordinary truffle of the markets, is abundant in Wiltshire and some other parts of England; probably from its subter-

* A Plain and Easy Account of British Fungi, p. 109. •

anean habits it escapes observation, though occurring, it may be, in various parts of the country. We transcribe Mr. Cooke's remarks on the truffle.

'So long since as the time of Pliny and Dioscorides, the truffle seems to have been known and appreciated. There are numerous species, and several of these are indigenous to Britain. In form and habit they differ considerably from the majority of fungi, having the appearance of rough, dark-coloured warty nodules, occasionally nearly as large as the fist, and which are found buried beneath the surface of the soil.

'The ordinary method of searching for mushrooms will not succeed in this instance, and therefore dogs are trained to hunt for truffles by the aid of their peculiar odour, which makes itself evident to the acute canine sense of smell. In some of the continental countries of Europe, where these fungi are found, pigs are employed as hunters. Kromholz gives the following instructions for the benefit of those who would undertake the search:—"You must have
" a sow, of five months old, a good walker, with her mouth strapped
" up, and for her efforts, recompense her with acorns; but as pigs are
" not easily led, are stubborn, and go astray, and dig after a thousand
" other things, there is but little to be done with them. Dogs are
" better; of these select a small poodle." The truffle most commonly obtained in Britain is *Tuber æstivum* (the *T. cibarium* of some authors); but the ordinary truffles of the Parisian markets are much larger and better flavoured. They are, doubtless, much more common in chalky districts than has been supposed. Our native supplies are obtained chiefly from the downs of Wiltshire, Hampshire, and Kent. From the Continent we import them sliced and dried; but in this condition one can have but a faint idea of the true truffle flavour, to appreciate which they must be cooked fresh. Lovers of a dish of truffles protest also against the barbarity of paring them, by which process much of the delicious aroma is lost. Like other fungi, these cannot be eaten too fresh, and amateurs speak with delight of fresh truffles cooked in the embers. Inferior as the dried truffles are, they ordinarily realise from fifteen to twenty shillings per pound in the London market.'

The following account of the truffle-hunting dog may be read with interest:—

'The truffle dog is a small poodle (nearly a pure poodle), weighing about fifteen pounds. He is white, or black and white, or black, with the black mouth and under lip of his race. He is a sharp, intelligent, quaint companion, and has the homing faculty of a pigeon. When sold to a new master, he has been known to find his way home for sixty miles, and to have travelled the greater part of the way by night. They are mute in their quest, and should be thoroughly broken from all game. These are essential qualities in a dog, whose owner frequently hunts truffles at night—in the shrubberies of mansions protected by keepers and watchmen, who

regard him with suspicion. In order to distinguish a *black* dog on these occasions, the hunter furnishes this animal with a white shirt, and occasionally also hunts him in a line. They are rather longer on the leg than the true poodle, but they have exquisite noses, and hunt close to the ground. On the scent of a truffle (especially in the morning or evening, when it gives out most smell), they show all the keenness of a spaniel, working their short cropped tails, and feathering along the surface of the ground for from twenty to fifty yards. Arrived at the spot where the fungus lies buried some two or three inches beneath the surface, they dig like a terrier at a rats' hole; and the best of them, if left alone, will disinter the fungus and carry it to his master. It is not usual, however, to allow the dog to exhaust himself in this way, and the owner forks up the truffle, and gives the dog his usual reward—a piece of bread or cheese; for this he looks, from long habit, with the keen glance of a Spanish gipsy. The truffle-hunter is set up in business when he possesses a good dog; all he requires besides will be a short staff, about 2 ft. 5 in. long, shod with a strong iron point, and at the other end furnished with a two-fanged iron hook. With this implement he can dig the largest truffle, or draw aside the briers or boughs in copse-wood, to give his dog free scope to use his nose. He travels usually thirty or forty miles on his hunting expeditions, and with this (to use a business term) inexpensive plant, keeps a wife and children easily. We know personally one blue grizzled dog of the old truffle breed, which supports a family of ten children. The truffle dog is a delicate animal to rear, and a choice feeder. Being continually propagated from one stock, he has become peculiarly susceptible of all dog diseases, and when that fatal year comes round which desolates the kennel in his quarter, many truffle-hunters are left destitute of dogs, and consequently short of bread; for they will not believe (as we believe), that any dog with a keen nose and lively temper may be taught to hunt and find truffles. The education of the dog commences when he is about three months old. At first he is taught to fetch a truffle, and when he does this well and cheerfully, his master places it on the ground, and slightly covers it with earth, selecting one of peculiar fragrance for the purpose. As the dog becomes more expert and keen for the amusement, he buries the truffle deeper, and rewards him according to his progress. He then takes him where he knows truffles to be abundant, or where they have been previously found by a well-broken animal, and marked. Thus he gradually learns his trade, and becomes (as his forefathers have been for many generations) the bread-winner for his master and his master's family; unless he is so fortunate as to become *attaché* to some lordly mansion, or possibly to a royal palace, in which case he is a fortunate dog indeed.*

Considering, then, that a large number of fungi are both wholesome and delicious, does it not seem a pity that so much

* The Dogs of the British Isles, pp. 135, 136.

food should be allowed to run to waste? But how is prejudice to be overcome? How are we to 'educate' the British mind that it may learn to appreciate the value of fungi and to discriminate between the wholesome and unwholesome kinds? This can only be done by good drawings and models, and by offering prizes for the best collection of edible species. The works whose titles we have given at the head of this article contain many figures of fungi; but some of the books are very expensive and out of the reach of most people. Mr. Worthington Smith's tables of fungi, published by Mr. Hardwicke, will be found very useful. In addition to these figures and to a number of drawings in the South Kensington Museum, Mr. Smith has also executed coloured drawings of about 300 species of fungi, and, judging from the specimens which this talented draughtsman has shown to us, we should say they are of very great merit. We trust they will soon be published. But we do not consider the drawings in any of the works whose titles are placed at the head of this paper of the highest possible order—though certainly Mrs. Hussey was an excellent artist; sometimes they are too highly coloured, and sometimes important characteristics are either omitted or very imperfectly represented. We will take one instance: the *Boletus edulis* has a very distinct netted stem; this character is entirely overlooked in the drawings of this fungus in the tables published by Mr. Hardwicke, in the book edited by Dr. Hogg and Mr. Johnson, as well as in Dr. Badham's and Mr. Cooke's works. Mr. Berkeley's figure has a faint attempt at the representation of this reticulated structure. With a view of bringing the subject of edible fungi more prominently before the public, two special prizes were offered by Lady Dorothy Nevill and Mrs. Lloyd Wynne for the best collection of these plants. The exhibition took place at the general meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society last October. Four collections were sent in. The first prize was taken by Dr. Bull of Hereford, who delivered an admirable lecture on the subject, Mr. Worthington Smith carrying off the second prize. Three of these collections were very large and interesting.

We do not think there is much force in the objections which are urged to fungi as an article of diet. As to the uncertain wholesomeness of some species depending on a variety of circumstances, we are of opinion that such instances are extremely rare; a freshly gathered fungus which is wholesome at one season is normally wholesome at another. Even the *Agaricus campestris*, as we have seen, is occasionally, but

very rarely, unwholesome, yet no one would eschew mushrooms on that account. Very exceptional also are the personal peculiarities or idiosyncrasies, which render fungi unwholesome to some people; of course where these peculiarities exist, people must eschew this kind of food; but it would be as unreasonable to lay a stress on such an argument with respect to fungi as it would be to warn people against eating eggs, because, as we have seen, some peculiarly constituted individuals cannot eat eggs without being made ill. The objection that the variable and uncertain supplies of fungi are an obstacle to their use amongst the poor, is simply met by the fact, that various edible kinds are common enough in their season, and by no means uncertain; at any rate, the same argument would apply to mushrooms. With the exception of the *Coprini*, fungi generally are not more evanescent, or more liable to become maggoty, than the common mushroom; and as to the cooking of several kinds, the amount of culinary skill required is not more than is needed for cooking mushrooms. We allow that extreme caution is necessary to prevent mistakes; still, after deducting all fair objections, we are strongly of opinion that the poor may easily be taught to discriminate certain undoubted wholesome species without fear of making the slightest mistake. Such species as *Lepiota procera*, *Amanita rubescens*, *Cantharellus cibarius*, *Lactarius deliciosus*, *Marasmius oreades*, *Coprinus comatus*, *Hydnum repandum*, ought never to be mistaken for others, *if care be taken to point out to the learner, from specimens, the characteristic marks of each kind.* The specific differences of many other edible fungi are readily seen, and could be soon taught; but even the few kinds named would prove a boon to the poor man, and serve to supply him with a savoury condiment if nothing more; nor do these require expensive adjuncts to make them palatable. Let us hope, then, that in the course of a few years we may see abolished much of the ignorance and prejudice which prevail against a nutritious and generally abundant article of food. The unsavoury ill-cooked meals of the lower classes in this country are a standing reproach, yet we see—and how frequent is the spectacle—an article of diet which might be gathered without trouble or expense, and used as an agreeable and wholesome addition to the poor man's table, either altogether passed by or trodden under foot and recklessly destroyed.

ART. III.—1. *Exposition Universelle de 1867. Rapports du Jury International.* Introduction par M. MICHEL CHEVALIER. Paris: 1868.

2. *Reports of the Paris Universal Exhibition, 1867.* Five volumes. Presented to Parliament. London: 1868.

3. *La Liberté Commerciale et les Résultats du Traité de Commerce de 1860.* Par M. WOŁOWSKI, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: 1869.

THE ephemeral interest of the Universal Exhibition held in Paris two years ago has already passed away; and like every other event in history, all that now remains of so much ingenuity and splendour, and so many millions of visitors, is to be found in a few pages of a book. The completion of the record necessarily follows at a considerable interval after the termination of the event; and consequently these laboriously compiled Reports are likely to obtain less attention than they deserve. Yet these volumes contain all that is permanent or worthy to be preserved of that costly and colossal display. From them alone we may appropriately ask and briefly answer the inquiry, What are the lasting results of this multitudinous gathering? What fuller light shines upon our various competitive achievements? What industrial lessons do we learn from the whole exhibition in the different branches of manufactures and arts?

Unfortunately the bulk of the Reports renders them almost inaccessible. The French Commission has printed no less than twelve enormous volumes; and about half that number have been presented to the British Parliament by the indefatigable zeal of Mr. Cole. It is a melancholy reflection that no human being will ever explore the whole extent of these vast collections; and the most undaunted reviewer may well shrink from the attempt to penetrate into such a labyrinth. We feel therefore extremely indebted to M. Michel Chevalier for having presented to us, in the more compendious shape of an introduction, in one octavo volume, the cream of the more ample Reports which were prepared and published under his superintendence. We shall place ourselves principally under his guidance while we endeavour to show and explain what were the leading results of this last pitched contest of national industries, what are the chief indications of progress in the last ten years, and above all, what may be learned from this evidence with reference to the laws of capital and labour. M.

Chevalier is, as all the world knows, a valiant champion of freedom and free trade, a sound economist, and a sensible man. But he knows very well that the cause to which he has devoted his life is not yet won. The results of experience, and the arguments of science, have not yet dispelled the illusions of protection. Free trade is still abhorred in America and dreaded in France; nay, even in Manchester voices have been heard to murmur heresies which were supposed to have become extinct in England; and we are not sure that free traders have not still many a hard battle before them.*

To compare the existing state of the industry of nations is therefore a work of considerable importance to their future relations and welfare; and the only real value of Exhibitions like those which we have witnessed in the last eighteen years, is that they enable this comparison to be made, though not with entire fairness or accuracy, because one country is apt to be more fully represented on such occasions than another.

* The Treaty of Commerce between England and France was concluded in 1860 for ten years. At the expiration of that term it may be denounced by either party. Hence a cry has already been raised against it by the French Protectionists, and the question will be warmly agitated at the approaching general election. The appearance of the volume by M. Wolowski, which we have placed at the head of this article, is therefore extremely opportune, and we recommend those who would know what the results of the Treaty really are, to study the Tables it contains. The evidence is peremptory and demonstrative. We can only afford space here for a brief summary of the leading facts.

In 1860 the imports of France from England were valued at 308 millions of francs; and the exports of France to England at 598 millions. In 1866 the imports were 652 millions; the exports 1,153—an augmentation of 100 per cent. The whole increase in the trade between France and England in the first six years was 40 millions sterling. The trade of France has increased with England in a much larger proportion than with any other country. Even in the manufactured articles in which we compete most closely with the French, they have held their ground. In woollen goods their exports have risen from 180 millions to 301 millions; in cotton goods from 21 millions to 81 millions. The iron trade is loudest in its complaints; but in 1866 France imported 30 millions worth of unwrought iron, and exported 125 millions worth of manufactured iron. No branch of the iron trade has suffered except that of iron made with charcoal, which has of course been superseded by the increased produce of furnaces burning coal and coke. The value of the French exports to England is nearly double that of the English exports to France—an argument which has no weight with us, but which will be regarded with satisfaction across the water.

Great Britain was certainly very imperfectly represented at Paris in 1867; the United States were not fully represented in London in 1851. But we shall endeavour to supply this defect from other sources of information.

In this rapid survey of the industrial arts we must necessarily confine ourselves to some leading manufactures and fabrics; and we naturally commence with the most indispensable and abundant of all metals—iron. All the gold now current might disappear from the world to-morrow, and society would still exist and be civilised; but without iron it would speedily relapse into hopeless barbarity. The collection of iron and steel exhibited at Paris was the most complete and instructive representation of iron metallurgical processes and produce ever brought together in one place; and the rapid progress made in these manufactures during the last few years, together with the transitional means by which it was advanced through great and sweeping innovations, contributed to render this department one of the greatest practical interest.

Of the three principal sorts of iron, commonly known as cast-iron, wrought or malleable iron, and steel, cast-iron is the most fusible, and the most easily run into different shapes, while at the same time it is the most brittle. Wrought or fused iron is slower to melt, more ductile, more fibrous, and less liable to sudden fracture; and therefore in all respects more suitable for hammering and working. Steel is to some extent intermediate between cast and malleable iron, but is distinguished from both by acquiring very considerable hardness when heated and suddenly cooled, and by becoming soft again when heated and allowed to cool slowly. If raised to a white heat, and then immersed in cold mercury, steel acquires a degree of hardness nearly equal to that of the hardest white cast-iron, and even of the diamond; but it is then also extremely brittle. By heating such hardened steel again, and allowing it to cool gradually, it becomes softer and less brittle, and it is in virtue of these capabilities that various degrees of hardness may be communicated to it by the operation which is called tempering. The distinctions between steel and cast and malleable iron are by no means absolute, but consist chiefly in the degrees in which considerable hardness is associated with tenacity and malleability. There are, therefore, numerous varieties of steel, more or less approximating to cast and malleable iron. The closer the approximation to malleable iron the smaller is the amount of carbon in steel, and the reverse. Its capability of being hardened and tempered is combined with the maximum tenacity, when the carbon contained amounts to about 1·6 per

cent. In relation to proportions of carbon, a large proportion gives us a hard strong steel, but a less proportion gives a tougher quality of steel of less tensile strength.

This preliminary knowledge of the comparative qualities of the three sorts of metallic iron ordinarily presented to view, is essential to the understanding even of the elementary relations between them. By the hardness of tempered steel, it arrives at a mechanical mastery over other sorts of iron, and acts upon them with sharpness and certainty. It will file, bore, plane, and cut other iron with irresistible force. If without iron society would rapidly relapse into barbarism, without steel it would speedily relapse into its simple iron age.

Not to dwell on the revolution effected in iron-work by the discoveries and applications of Dudley and Cort—by Dudley in respect of fuel, by Cort in the invention of the rolling-mill and the puddling-furnace; nor on the important economy of fuel obtained by Neilson's application of heated air to the blast-furnace; all of which, together with the steam-hammer, have shown their effects in previous International Exhibitions, we may advert particularly to the more recent discovery that iron-rolled plates, by reason of their toughness, are superior to those of hammered iron in resisting shot. It is said that this discovery was made by Mr. Sanderson, of Park Gate Works, in 1855; be that as it may, the idea has been wonderfully developed, and was wonderfully illustrated at Paris. The armour-plates made by Sir John Brown and Company of Sheffield are gigantic proofs of its successful application. One of these plates weighed $11\frac{1}{4}$ tons, and the same Company exceeded even this effort by exhibiting a portion of another armour which is $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, 14 feet long, and 6 feet wide, and weighs 20 tons. Later it is said that the same Company have rolled armour-plates each weighing 25 tons. In fact the iron-work of resistance has been compelled to keep pace with that of attack; and while the gun-makers have been building up wrought-iron in the form of ordnance possessing almost incredible powers of penetration, the iron workers have been rolling plates to resist and defy modern cannons. This rivalry between attacking and resisting power has led to trophies of iron-work of which men of a past age never dreamed, and before which men of the present may well stand astonished. A visit to the great British and foreign forges is like an introduction to the homes of Titans; and were not weight an impediment, a more striking display than even that at Paris could be made by the combined efforts of the gigantic forges now at work in Europe.

As a contrast to the great thickness of these huge armour-plates, it was striking to observe the work of a French company consisting of an iron plate 10 feet long, and 3 feet 3 inches wide, which had a thickness of only one-fortieth of an inch; so that extreme variety in thickness is as attainable as variety in strength and breadth.

In relation to cast-iron bridge work, we noted the drawings of several of the remarkable constructions of M. Georges Martin, one of the most successful constructors of cast-iron bridges on the Continent. He has erected about ninety arches of cast-iron, amongst which are to be found some of the largest spans ever adopted. His bridge of St. Louis now erected at Paris, is his *chef-d'œuvre*, and consists of a cast-iron arch across the Seine, in one single span of 210 feet. The proportions and dimensions of this bridge make it one of the boldest of its class. The arch is formed of nine parallel cast-iron principals, connected laterally by bearers of cast-iron which distribute the load between the different arches. The whole width of the bridge is 52 feet 6 inches, and the total cost of the entire structure was 27,360*l*.

A complete set of cast-iron water-pipes for Paris was shown, which ran in their diameter from a *mètre* downwards. They were cast in great lengths, a huge pile of which stood inside each other, and out of each of the pipes an elliptical piece was cut so as to display to the eye at once their uniformity of thickness on the whole, their relative thickness, and their perfect cylindricity. Not only, however, were such plain and useful castings as these exhibited, but others likewise, of a purely ornamental character. Castings in iron were shown of statues of various, and some of colossal size. There were copies from the antique, and figures of animals; pedestals, panels in *basso relievo*, open-work scroll grilles, ornamental columns, balusters, and innumerable smaller objects, in most of which admiration was equally divided between the taste of the artistic designer, the choice of the iron, and the workmanship of the moulder. Nearly the whole of these castings stood untouched and just as they came from the casting sand. Nor was the material objectionable on account of colour or roughness, for its surface or skin displayed a beautiful sanguine blue and singular smoothness of texture.

In delicacy and finish in the art of casting metals, the French, and we might say the Parisian workmen, are far ahead of all other nations. They keep to themselves the secret of their nice and scientific processes; and, we believe, that all the finest bronze art-casting, even in Birmingham or London, is done by

workmen trained in the French school. It has always appeared to us discreditable and surprising that the trader of this country engaged in working metals should be so inferior to some of our continental rivals in taste and execution.

As a token of rapidity of metallic industrial progress nothing can surpass that of steel, as now made public to the world. Whoever may have inspected the same department in the London Exhibition of 1851 and that of Paris in 1867, and have compared the kind, quality, and number of articles made of steel which were shown in both, will admit that in no metallurgical processes has the advance been more conspicuous than in those of this form of iron. In the intervening sixteen years the employment of steel has increased and spread in various directions, so that whereas it was once principally limited to cutlery and other small articles, it now becomes the component of axles, of railway wheels, of shafts of the heavy working parts of steam-engines, of steam ships, of large plates, of projectiles, and even of the rails upon long permanent ways. Hundreds of large boilers have been made of Bessemer steel, and tested, and are now under steam with satisfactory results, although not long since it was thought that steel could not be safely so employed. Only a comparatively few years ago we held its chief implements in our hands, or carried them about us with ease. To-day the steam-engine has or may have arms of steel and a boiler of steel; the wheel which it moves is of steel, and the rails on which we are rapidly rolled are also of steel. Best, or worst of all, it has entered into the ordnance of war, and none who saw it will forget that gigantic weapon in cast-steel which attracted the attention of all the visitors to the last French Exposition, and which was known as Krupp's steel gun. If not the wonder of the peaceable world, it is the wonder of war, and with its ponderous mass of upwards of 50 tons, stood forth as a striking proof that no manageable weight and dimensions would henceforth impose a barrier to the employment of this invaluable metal.

Herr Krupp is in himself an indicator of the progressive advance of the industry of steel, for in the Exhibition of 1851 he exhibited a mass of cast-steel weighing 2,000 kilogrammes; in that of 1855 he showed another mass weighing 3,000 kilogrammes; in that of 1862 he advanced to 20,000 kilogrammes, and that mass was declared to be the ultimatum of attainment; but in 1867 he actually doubled this weight, and exhibited in the Champ de Mars a block weighing 40,000 kilogrammes, that is, 40 tons, which was 56 inches in diameter at its widest part. Thus in the course of sixteen years he

increased his power of producing massive steel no less than twenty-fold.

The vast size of this famous block of cast-steel, and of his great steel gun, overshadowed several of his smaller but perhaps more useful exhibits. His weldless steel tires for wheels are and will be far more useful than his mortar gun and massive block. By these tires he has become widely known. They are made from a solid block of crucible steel, which is split up and then hammered into a ring, and this is rolled in the tire-mill to any desired size. For railway wheels they are of great value, as may be supposed from the fact that no less than 40,000 of these tires are sent out every year from Krupp's works, and of this number 13,000 are sent to this country and to America. A pair of locomotive driving-wheels, cast solid and beautifully finished, were shown by Krupp, their weight along with the shaft exceeding three tons. It may be inferred that whatever can be demanded in the application of steel may be prepared in the establishment of this celebrated iron-worker, whose works cover an area of 310 acres, and employ 8,000 workmen in the interior, and 2,000 in the connected collieries, where 1,000 tons of coal are burned daily, and 63,000 tons of steel produced in one year; and where finally there are 120 boilers and 15 miles of railway, over which run six locomotive engines and 150 waggons. The works at Essen are indeed a great metallic exhibition in themselves.

Not that Herr Krupp was the iron king of all he surveyed in the Champ de Mars, for the Bochum Company, in Rhenish Prussia, were his active and closely-competing rivals. It is doubtful, indeed, whether they did not send to Paris the best steel castings, if not the largest. Amongst other articles in this metal, they showed some very large cast bells, all sending forth a fine clear sound—itself an audible proof of the soundness of the casting. Of these the largest was affirmed to weigh fifteen, and a smaller one nine, tons. They transact a large business in railway wheels, which are highly esteemed by engineers, and are said to be capable of running 60,000 miles, under an ordinary load, without requiring to be turned. It appears but a small price where only thirty shillings per pair is charged for such wheels, complete with steel axle, and weighing more than 16 cwt. They also exhibited a string of twenty-two disc-wheels, all connected to the same axle, and cast in one mass, which weighed 18 tons. This was an extraordinary single casting, and in the making must have demanded great attention and skill.

Confining ourselves for the present to steel, it may be

affirmed without doubt that the discovery by Bessemer of what is now familiarly known as the Bessemer process, has mainly contributed to the present large employment of steel.

By simply forcing atmospheric air in numerous jets upward through five tons of molten pig-iron, for a period of sixteen or twenty minutes, the iron is converted into fluid cast-steel; the oxygen contained in the air, uniting with the superfluous quantity of carbon present in the pig-iron, produces an intense combustion, and raises the temperature of the metal to the extremely high point necessary to retain the steel in a state of complete fusion, without the employment of any additional fuel. The fluid thus obtained, when poured into moulds, forms a solid homogeneous mass of cast-steel, entirely free from scoria or other mechanically mixed impurities. By thus burning out the carbon in a separate vessel, every description of steel and refined iron can be produced. Facilities are thereby afforded to obtain new combinations by the introduction of measured quantities of carbon into the converting vessel; so that, according to regulation, we may secure steel and homogeneous iron of every known quality.

The Jury Reports of the Exhibition of 1851 show that the entire annual production of steel of all kinds in Sheffield, at that period, was 35,000 tons, of which about 18,000 tons were cast-steel; this amount being equal to 346 tons per week. Adding something for a few other small cast-steel works, the entire weekly production of cast-steel of Great Britain in 1851 must have been nearly 400 tons. At the same time, a 'monster ingot' of steel was exhibited, and supposed to be the largest mass of cast-steel made in England. This wonder of the day weighed 24 cwt. So signal is the present advance, that, by means of the large Bessemer apparatus erected in the works of Sir John Brown and Company, in Sheffield, a mass of cast-steel weighing 24 tons could with ease be produced every four hours. Here then in Sheffield the increase of power has likewise enlarged twenty-fold, being precisely in the same ratio as with Krupp in Prussia.

Reckoning the number of extensive Bessemer-steel works at present in Great Britain as seventeen, we can arrive at an estimate of their total produce. The works of the Barrow Steel Company can conveniently turn out 1,200 tons per week of finished steel; and upon the completion of their new converting-house, comprising twelve more five-ton converters, the contemplated produce of these extensive works will be from 2,000 to 2,400 tons of cast-steel per week. Further, no less than sixty converting vessels are at present erected, or in course

of erection in England, each capable of producing from three to ten tons at a single charge. In full or regular operation, these can turn out quite 6,000 tons of steel weekly, being fifteen times the entire amount of cast-steel made in Great Britain before the introduction of the Bessemer process. Such is the astonishingly rapid increase of steel-producing power. The average selling price of this steel is at least 20% per ton less than it was at an earlier period. Connecting this reduction with the enlarged producing power, a saving may be effected in Great Britain alone of no less than 6,240,000% per annum. This economy will of course be proportionate to the extent of the manufacture.*

Such was the estimate of Mr. Henry Bessemer, and since it was announced, the Barrow Steel Works have completed their converters, and we find that the fifty-two converters now in operation in England can collectively produce 6,000 tons of steel *per week*, which gives our country a decided pre-eminence in this branch of metallurgy. According to a recent report of M. de Billy, inspector-general of mines, there are now in Europe (excepting Italy and Russia) 128 converters in use for making Bessemer steel, and these are capable of producing in all 555,000 tons. About 20,000 tons were made in France in the year 1867, and 35,000 tons in 1868. If to the above European total we add 45,000 tons for America, we shall have a total annual Bessemer steel produce of about 600,000 tons per annum.

The finest specimens in quality of Bessemer steel shown at Paris were made at the Neuberg Works in Austria, and at Fagersta in Sweden. The raw materials used in both these works consist of the purest known European ores, these being smelted with charcoal, and the liquid iron runs directly from the blast furnace into the converters; a somewhat different process from that in Sweden is required for the inferior ores of England. The extraordinary steel castings from Rhenish Prussia we have previously spoken of; but other new and highly promising processes have been brought to notice which are of great interest to metallurgists, but exclusively of a technical character. The leading inference from all these displays of steel is that in the ten or twelve years during which the Bessemer process has been in operation, results so remarkable have been obtained and an impulse so powerful has been given to experimenters, that the applications of steel alone formed the measure of an amazing metallurgical advancement. In

* Mr. Henry Bessemer's Paper, read to the Institution of Civil Engineers.

this country we have now several great establishments capable of the fullest power of steel-making. Besides those at Barrow and that of Sir John Brown and Company at Sheffield, there are at the latter town the extensive 'River Don Works' of the Messrs. Vickers. A little more than a year since they had power to melt 50 tons of steel daily, and to melt, pour, and forge single castings up to the weight of 25 tons. Now, in the language of steel-makers, they possess 336 holes, each hole taking two crucibles of either 60 lbs. or 100 lbs. weight of contents, as may be desired; and 576 crucibles, containing 57,600 lbs. This may be converted into common language by saying that 25 tons of steel might be successively poured into a single casting, and poured, if required, twice a day in these works alone.

Since Bessemer first announced his principle of conversion, important changes have been made which seem to indicate the arrival of a new epoch in metallurgy, and the probable production of a metal which shall in most cases possess double the strength of iron. By using Siemens's furnace (to which we shall presently advert) Berard makes his 'acier à gaz' direct from pig-iron, and of this he showed very fine samples. By using the same furnace Messrs. Martin of Sireuil have also produced steel of excellent quality, and can use old iron rail and similar material for their purpose. Mr. Siemens himself projects great improvements in the manufacture of steel. Some foreign establishments do not employ Bessemer steel, and some envelop their practice in secrecy. The advocates of Bessemer steel affirm that as respects hardness on the one hand, and ductility and great dynamic excellence on the other, it is unsurpassed. They add that in all first-class Bessemer works every 'blow' is tested, and the made-steel carefully classified for rails, or for forgings, or for plates, according to the included percentage of carbon, which may always be regulated to less than one-tenth of one per cent. At the time of our writing these pages, a new process of steel-making has been announced by Mr. Heaton, which, if really practicable, as professed, would in another year or two add at least ten millions to the value of the iron now made in Great Britain. It has already become the subject of keen professional controversy, into which we cannot enter.

It is easy to predict even a still more remarkable development of the industry of steel than we are now witnessing. Its ultimate substitution for iron in the rails of all our principal railways is nearly a certain consequence of its known superiority for that purpose. It has been estimated that in the

vicinity of great railway stations, like those in and around Paris, an iron rail is not safely serviceable beyond four years from its first fixture, while its valid duration over a whole line as frequented as that running from Paris to Lille, or from Paris to Marseilles, does not exceed eight or ten years. Only replace the iron by steel rails, and you may count on a safe service of thirty or forty years. The experience of our own country has shown that rails made of Bessemer steel last nearly twenty-four times as long as similar rails of iron; and not only are steel rails far more enduring, but they are on that very account far safer. Not requiring to be taken up and replaced, the rapid trains are not endangered by repairs and dislocations of rail; and the chances of safety are still greater, because steel rails do not exfoliate, or easily suffer damage, like those of iron. Such advantages have been longer recognised in England than in France; but now the Company of the Paris and Lyons and Mediterranean line have decided to lay steel rails along the whole length of their line from Paris to Marseilles. This change will require 137,000 tons of Bessemer steel. By the ship-builder, steel is now known to be a valuable and available metal, which by attention can be made to have greater ductility, both when hot and when cold, than the best wrought-iron, in combination with a tensile strength superior by 50 per cent. to that of iron. For plates, therefore, as well as for angles and rivets, steel has recently been largely adopted, and may for such uses ultimately displace iron. Mr. Reid, indeed, points out some dangerous peculiarities of steel, in his new book on 'Shipbuilding in Iron and Steel;' and declares that there is ample experience to show that ships built of steel platings may be weaker both structurally and locally than ships built of iron on the same scantlings, and with precisely similar arrangements of framing and fastening.

That steel bridges will in course of time partly take the place of bridges of iron may be fairly expected, since they possess the same solidity with less weight. Joret's Bessemer steel bridge on the Quai d'Orsay at Paris is an example of this kind of structure which may be considered experimental. It has not sunk at the crown, as once erroneously stated. We find also that steel girders have been used for a railway bridge in America.

The principal check which we anticipate to the future large adoption of steel, is the limited amount of iron ores suited to its manufacture. The facilities and the establishments for making it may increase, as they are now increasing in France

and elsewhere; but even in Austria, Sweden, and Germany, where suitable mineral is known to occur, the quantity is perhaps nearly as limited as in our own country. The quality may be locally higher, whilst the quantity is not much greater. In France, where they desire to introduce the Bessemer process on a large scale, they find little appropriate ore, and are compelled to import it from Algeria and elsewhere, in order to obtain that kind of pig-iron which their home mines do not largely yield. In the form of rails our price of steel will, in all probability, gradually advance; for the hæmatite iron, the highly carburetted pig (Spiegeleisen), and the coke, which form the materials of Bessemer steel, have all been for some time rising in price.

Amongst the steam-engines exhibited at Paris there was a very remarkable one, which is a result of the invention and ability of two Americans and one Englishman and hence called the Allen Whitworth Porter Engine. This professes to perform four times the work of an ordinary engine of the same size by the adoption of great vertical speed in the piston. It starts at a piston speed of 800 feet per minute, which is four times the normal speed, and thereby produces a startling effect. Some of its reciprocating parts move faster than the eye can follow them. Whatever may be the work a common engine of a given size will execute at the common speed, this engine will do four times as much work, since with equal force it covers four times the space. The construction is adapted to this speed, for of course an ordinary engine would soon derange itself at such a rate. Can it endure its severe strain in working? ‘I have no hesitation,’ says Mr. Scott Russell, who reports upon it, ‘in saying, that for a long time such an engine will require to be watched with skill, knowledge, and care. Intelligence, education, and training beyond our ordinary level of skill and knowledge, will be required both in the construction and in the use of these high speed engines; but so it is with most modern improved machinery. . . . But come how it may, this engine is certainly a steam-engine of the future.’

The great marine engines of Indret, which pumped water from the Seine into the lakes of the Exhibition, were fine examples of marine engines. They obtained the approval of such eminent inspectors as Mr. Scott Russell, who in concluding a brief report on this class of machines, makes these observations:—

‘It is thus that in all departments of French engineering, education and science are everywhere visible; and if it be required of me to account for the greater rapidity of progress of the French in

matters of engineering during the last ten years, I can see no other reason for it than their superior organisation for technical education, as part of which they have as much as possible of practical knowledge communicated to them, in addition to their scientific attainments. I do not think our nation inferior to theirs in technical ability, personal energy, or in the skilful use of our hands; it is only in the want of organised education that I can indicate any cause of our inferiority or any remedy for it.'

Locomotive steam-engines for railways have come to be in great and constant demand, co-extensively with the development of railways in Europe and other quarters of the world. We may draw the inference from the number in use by our own principal railways. The London and North-Western Railway Company recently had 1,443 of these engines in stock; the Great Western had 842 at the same time; the North-Eastern, 851 engines; and the Midland Railway Company, 623. The stock of locomotive engines owned by the twelve leading British Railway Companies (including the above-named), at the close of the year 1867, was no less than 6,595 in number. Assuming the prime cost of each of these to be on the average 2,500*l.*, the prime cost of the whole would amount to 16,267,500*l.* Assuming further, the average length of each engine with its tender to be thirty-five feet, the whole number of locomotives and tenders just named would, if placed end to end, form a train of about forty-four miles in length. Reckoning wear and tear, it may be estimated that about one thousand engines will be annually required to keep up the stock on British railways; and we have thirty or more large factories which could probably altogether supply about one thousand five hundred new locomotives annually. Besides models and drawings, the locomotives exhibited at Paris were thirty-two in number. Of these France contributed eleven passenger and goods engines, and two small truck-engines for tramways; Belgium sent five; Prussia, two; Würtemberg one; Bavaria, one; Austria, three; the United States, one; and Great Britain, three passenger engines and two contractors' tank-engines. Mr. Fell's engine for the Mont Cenis Railway was added to these.

A comparison of these engines clearly showed that many of the Continental ones were fully equal to those made in England; and the work of some foreign firms, scarcely before known to the public, came into distinct view. Borsig of Berlin, for instance, sent to Paris his two thousandth engine; and we learn that subsequently he has completed four hundred additional engines. The workmanship of his engines is supe-

rior, and they are on the whole better than those of the French and Belgium engines. Much of the steel which he so largely employs is of his own manufacture; and he gives high polish to many parts of the engine which are neglected or merely painted by other makers.

M. Schneider and Co., of the Creusot Iron Works, exhibited a remarkably well-finished express-engine for our Great-Eastern Railway; and it was the sixteenth out of an order for forty engines, which he had obtained from the same Company. Fifteen of these have been delivered over to and accepted by the Company, the period allowed for warranty having expired. It is significant that these engines were built from English drawings and specifications; and that another locomotive, also built from English drawings, was exhibited by Kiessler, of Esslingen, which was in like manner an instalment of an order given by the East Indian Railway Company for twenty engines. These two engines afforded incontestable proofs that English designs can be executed abroad as well as at home, and at a cheaper rate.

English locomotive-makers have been reluctant to admit, but are now compelled to own, this unpleasant truth. We observe, in evidence recently given before Commissioners of the Trades' Union Inquiry, that Mr. John Robinson, of the Atlas Works, Manchester, a firm eminent in this branch of trade, has expressed his conviction of the fact, and has entered into statistical proofs of the disastrous effect of foreign competition. He has shown that the amount of engines supplied by his own firm since 1865 to foreign countries has been constantly diminishing as compared with the number supplied to England. Hence he thinks it certain that foreigners are excluding us from neutral markets. Mr. Robinson remarked, in reference to the engines made at Creusot for the Great-Eastern Railway Company:—‘I believe that Mr. Schneider is
‘able to make his engines quite as satisfactorily as English
‘firms; and I know to my own cost that last year, when negotiating a contract for forty engines for Russia, when I
‘thought that I had the thing in my own hand, Mr. Schneider
‘walks in and takes it off.’ In answer to further questions, this witness replied:—‘It has just arrived at this point: sup-
‘posing that we can make an engine for 2,000*l.*, and that
‘foreigners can make it for 1,980*l.*; anything that contributes
‘to the fact that ours cost us 20*l.* per engine more, gives them
‘a facility in competition; and in the list of these things is
‘wages.’ Mr. Robinson estimates that about the sum of 400*l.*
out of the 2,000*l.* paid for a locomotive engine must be the

cost of the wages expended in making it. Supposing that two thousand men are working at Creusot, this witness averaged their wages at two shillings and elevenpence per man for every day of eleven hours, while in the Atlas Works the pay of each man averaged four shillings and sixpence a day, less by one farthing. The case is unhappily too clearly against us. 'If,' concluded Mr. Robinson, 'we do not get foreign orders, we must close our shops.' This is the inevitable result of the combination amongst British workmen to maintain wages at a rate far above the wages of their foreign competitors, and which the foreign trade of this country cannot sustain.

This then is the prospect before our great locomotive manufacturers, who once had half Europe for their customers, and expected to have Russia, America, and India. We cannot ascertain how far these works are in full employment at present, but we are informed that several foreign makers are busy and prosperous. Sigl, of Vienna, is said, at the time we write, to have orders for locomotives which will occupy his works for three years to come, and was therefore compelled to refuse a recent American order, which had been divided into lots of six, and distributed amongst three or four English firms. Borsig, of Berlin, is also busy with locomotives. Hartmann, of Chemnitz, in Saxony, who now employs 1,800 men and boys, and is constructing machinery of many kinds, has lately built an erecting-shop to receive thirty-five locomotives in a single row; and this building may be computed as upwards of five hundred feet in length. There are the large railway workshops of the six great French railway companies, and the numerous great engineering works in France and Belgium, which include locomotive-engine building as a part of their business; and many of them, we hear, are well employed. The truth seems to be undisguisable that the home-market will ultimately be the principal one on which our locomotive-makers can reckon.

In the machine-tools for working metal, from simple and complex lathes up to planing-machines of all kinds, filing, mortising, and drilling machines, cylinder-boring, rivet-making, forging, punching, shearing, and numerous similar machines, tools great and small, there has been considerable increase in number, and also much improvement in make, within a few years. The same remark applies to the less numerous tools for working wood in various forms; to rules, squares, trusses, chisels, and the like. Machines for crushing, pressing, mixing, sawing, and polishing, all come under the same denomination of machine-tools, whether intended for working upon iron or wood; and all show marked excellence. Within the last twelve

years, more solidity and greater simplicity and perfection of construction, with more frequent adoption of automatic motion, have characterised these articles. In metal-working machines, some have been introduced which allow of several operations being performed on the same piece without dismounting it, as in universal drilling and planing-machines working horizontally and vertically. In wood-working machines, portable and locomotive machinery for sawing wood in the forest, and other kinds for the cutting of round timber, deserve particular mention.

The production of machine-tools at large in France is now valued at about twelve millions of francs. It is observed that, although the price of the raw materials entering into the construction of machine-tools has been considerably reduced since the Treaty of Commerce came into force, the selling price of the articles has remained almost stationary, in consequence of the increasing dearness of labour, and the constant augmentation of the weight of the machines for the purpose of simplifying the arrangements for their formation and of diminishing vibration.

The display of machine-tools made by English firms at the Great Exhibition of 1851 took some spectators by surprise; for the French, German, and even the American engineers were unprepared for such refinement of power combined with such solidity of construction and precision of fittings, all ruled by simplicity of arrangement in every detail, as they then witnessed. The effect of this display was visible in the Paris Exhibition of 1855, where it was manifest that a great change had taken place, and symptoms of French and German rivalry with us then appeared. A still greater movement occurred between 1855 and 1862 in this class of machinery, both in Britain and the entire manufacturing world. A very vigorous effect was made by many of the leading firms for the Exhibition of 1862; and it was then manifest that the advance did not so much consist in new inventions as in the approximation of the second class of tool-makers towards the point reached by the first class at preceding Exhibitions; still there was a marked difference in the style, fitting, and finish of the various houses, whilst, as a rule, the highest rank in 1851 continued in the same position in 1862. The most memorable feature in the displays of 1862 was the notable progress of other countries, especially France, Prussia, and America.

In the Exhibition of 1867, our leading English makers appear to have been lethargic, and not anxious to make effects comparable to those made by them on previous occasions.

The French, on the contrary, put out their strength, and their tools were characterised by a great similarity to the best British ones. They seem at length to understand that a well-finished tool becomes serviceable in proportion to weight of metal, and perhaps they have rather overdone some of their machines in respect of solidity. On the whole, however, the display of French machine-tools was extremely fine. Large lathes carefully wrought, and planing, slotting, and drilling machines, chiefly in the English style, came from Mulhouse, and Périn of Paris showed a variety of good machines in connexion with the working of wood. In 1855 he brought out the endless hand-saw, and he was still the largest exhibitor of such articles in 1867. It was, however, from the Royal Carriage Department at Woolwich that the greatest advance in this tool came, viz. in a Périn's saw applicable to metal.

One of the most remarkable tools in this Exhibition was made by Messmer of the Graffenstaden Works, for drilling and slotting the wrought-iron framing for locomotive engines. This attracted much attention from those who were able to criticise and estimate its value. The Ocean Company made a surprising show of first-class tools, especially two machines for vertical planing, one of which had a vertical stroke of 14 feet, and was provided with a small steam-engine placed in the rear of the framing. We do not particularise any of the tools from Creusot, because in the building in front of the French Machinery Annexe, which was devoted to the products of this vast establishment, there was the largest display of engineering tools of the highest class for machinery and smith-work, as well as of samples of iron, ever made by a single firm. In truth this class of work was perfectly epitomised by their exhibition, and it would be needless to specify examples of excellence where all was so good, and so painfully suggestive of successful rivalry with our greatest establishments of the same kind.

The very useful tools called steam-hammers, and their great power and easy management, are probably known to most readers; but in their ordinary form they will only accomplish certain direct results, and are inapplicable to the requirements of general smith's work; in which, therefore, hammermen have still employment. Inventive talent has, however, been directed to this class of machines with a view to make them generally applicable, and the consequence is that we now possess a still more remarkable tool than the original steam-hammer, bearing the name of the 'Oliver,' or the 'Steam Striker.' In one of these the arrangements allow the hammer itself to be so placed

as to strike at any desired angle, which is a matter of prime importance in smith's work. In another, a bracket can be turned round so as to bring the hammer upon any one of four anvils disposed around a cylinder, and thus this tool becomes equal to a powerful hammer. In the British department one of these useful tools was provided with an oscillating cylinder, and worked the hammer with great facility, and at considerable speed. Another, invented by Mr. Davis of South Wales, showed some slight improvements in details. These effective instruments possess much of the agility of the human arm, and of its adaptation to irregular and intricate forms of work, and at the same time they combine superior power and economy of steam.

Of ordinary steam-hammers the largest in the Exhibition was shown in the Belgian department: its head weighed about 4 tons. Amongst British machinery Messrs. Thwaites and Carbutt exhibited a wrought-iron standard steam-hammer with a head of 2 tons' weight and a stroke of 3 feet 9 inches. The patent Duplex hammer of Mr. Ramsbottom is very ingenious. The horizontal steam-hammer was, indeed, one of the leading novelties in this department. In this machine steam is applied directly to each hammer in such a manner as to admit of all the variations of the ordinary steam-hammer. Instead of a hammer falling upon a stationary anvil, two hammers approach horizontally and expend their whole force on the mass between them; so that the shock which would otherwise have been given to the foundation, is thus received and absorbed by the article under treatment; and this principle is original and plainly very effective, while all the details are ingeniously wrought out. A 10-ton Duplex hammer is erected at the Crewe Engineering Works.

In the large and important department of which we are now treating, it ought to be said, that we should not be discouraged by foreign competition, for the best tools are still made in our two great centres of machinery, Manchester and Leeds. The Whitworth Company retain their old supremacy, and they did not neglect to assert it by their display at Paris. The Exhibition did not receive from our country the machine-tools which would fairly represent our largest makers. There are, for example, tool-makers in Scotland who supply the extensive demands of Scotch marine-engine builders and ship-builders, and these are able to show satisfactory specimens of their own peculiar productions. These are not generally known because unexhibited. The largest slotting-machine in Scotland, and perhaps in the world, is now in operation in the shop of Messrs.

Robert Napier and Son. Its total height is about 25 feet, and it contains nearly 100 tons of iron. The same firm also possess one of the largest existing planing machines, which was made at Manchester. This carries four planing tools, and is capable of planing 30 feet in length, 10 feet 6 inches in width, and 9 feet in depth, so that a huge mass of metal can be submitted to its action.

Economy in fuel, without loss of heat, is a constant aim amongst machinists and manufacturers; and few have done more to realise it than Mr. Siemens, by his regenerative gas furnace. The small collection of models of gas furnaces which he exhibited at Paris were distinguished with the 'grand 'prix' of the International Jury. And although he has not materially altered his furnace within the last six years, yet it is within that period that it has been most appreciated and extensively introduced in many important branches of manufacture. In England the glass-makers were the first who adopted it, and they were followed by some of the Continental steel-makers, a Styrian crucible steel-maker having first used it in metallurgy on a large scale. He erected ten of these furnaces, which proved completely successful, and enabled him to make crucible cast-steel by the use of cheap and inferior lignite instead of costly coal. At the present time all the larger Bessemer steel-makers in England adopt the Siemens' furnace; and it is rapidly gaining favour in France, as may be inferred from the fact that twenty of his furnaces are in course of erection at Creusot, under the personal superintendence of their inventor.

Mr. Siemens proceeds upon two distinct principles in his furnace; he applies gaseous fuel, and he regenerates heat by means of piles of bricks, over which the waste gases are made alternately to pass, and by causing the gases to enter the furnace before their combustion. So perfect is this regenerator, that it enables the manufacturer to maintain a carefully regulated temperature in a furnace of any size, and to use inferior fuel to produce the heat. Thus it attains the chief desiderata in furnace agency. It would seem applicable to many branches of manufacture in which we have not yet heard of its adoption. Our English makers of crown, sheet, plate, and flint-glass have extensively used it. In France it has been found successful in the making of flint-glass, but not in sheet-glass, bottles, or common table-glass. And here we may appropriately glance at the display of Glass in the Exhibition.

The display of English glass was very incomplete. In crown and sheet-glass there was only one exhibitor: in plate-

glass there was not even one; and even in flint-glass we were very inadequately represented, although the English flint-glass that was shown was more brilliant than that exhibited by other countries. This superiority is attributable partly perhaps to the composition of the glass, but mainly to the higher polish given to it. The English exhibitors of flint-glass confined themselves almost entirely to pure white crystal, while in coloured flint-glass foreigners stood alone, and displayed commendable variety, taste, and ingenuity. In the eight sections, including eight separate processes of glass-manufacturing, there were numerous objects of interest. In crystal-glass, with a basis of oxide of lead, for table services, lustres, candelabra, and ornamental and fancy glass, very showy and serviceable specimens of French manufacture were displayed; and as machinery performs a very secondary part in this manufacture, the good taste and fine workmanship of French workmen were readily traced. In plate-glass, where alone machinery is indispensable, we have proved our equality with France, which, however, makes it to the value of twelve or thirteen millions of francs per annum. The annual production of flint-glass in France has risen since the year 1862 from nine millions to about eleven or twelve millions of francs; and the importance of ordinary table-glass, which is also extensively manufactured in France, is at least equal to that of flint-glass.

Of window-glass, the extent in point of area annually made is set down as from five millions to six millions of square mètres, and the value is estimated at twelve or fifteen million francs. One hundred million at least of bottles were finished, at the value of eighteen millions of francs; and the conclusion is that the glass trade in all its branches is flourishing in the French empire. The whole glass industry attains to a value of about seventy-five millions of francs, one-third of which amount represents the salaries of thirty-five thousand men, women, and children.

In textile fabrics our own country still stands, as heretofore, at the head both in quantity and quality. England makes two-fifths of the entire produce of Europe, and the value of her cotton goods alone stands at the proportion of 57 to 100, in relation to the total European value. Thus she is the textile queen of all the world; and it is worthy of particular notice that while her textile mechanism possesses the highest excellence, her workpeople in this branch of industry gain higher wages than in other countries. But it was not her display at the late Exhibition that leads to a conviction of her textile sovereignty, as will be manifest from the following results of observations made in particular textile departments.

In Cotton Goods, the English display sank into insignificance by the side of the splendid show made by the French cotton trades, which greatly exceeded ours in fulness of representation and in excellence of arrangement. The whole were arranged in a succession of six large connected open courts, so that while each was distinct and marked by its particular character, an impressive general view was presented. To provide these articles, no less than two hundred and ten French manufacturers sent their products, besides two general district exhibitions, and a dozen exhibitors under Algeria. Against these we had but about thirty exhibitors to compete with the splendour of the dress and furniture fabrics of France.

Among the eighty exhibitors of yarns, representing the 6,250,000 spindles of the French cotton trade, there were some especially in what are termed low numbers, whose samples closely resemble our ordinary makes, but the average was cleaner, harder, and finer in material. Their produce in cloth generally in all weights, is harder in feel, purer in appearance, and therefore so far superior to similar counts and weights of English make. Some of the grey calicos, representing makes of shirtings and linings, so fine in material, even while heavy in style, that we have nothing to match them in our current productions. In respect of their price, it is not higher than ours, allowing a proportionate increase for the difference in material and make.

To account for such improvements as this, it must be explained that the French manufacturers did not observe our superiority in cotton goods in 1855 without a determination to equal us; and they have now laid down new machinery, with all the modern improvements, in almost every mill in France; so that their two or three hundred thousand looms can now produce goods almost, if not quite, as cheap and marketable as ours. So strong is their present position, that while they export nearly thirty-eight million francs' worth of their own calicos, they do not take more foreign calico than amounts to the value of two million of francs. The French bleached calico still appears almost invariably with a hard gritty finish, which, however, the market seems to prefer to any variety of ours. In the styles required in their markets in dyeing, printing, or finishing, they make as cheaply as we do, and have no need of the heavy protecting duty they have established against us. So busy is one of the leading makers in these goods, that although he gets through 600,000 pieces a year, he regularly keeps three months' work before him.

The very fine displays in the Rouen and Mulhouse Courts

attracted much attention, although in the heavier goods for the multitude there was necessarily a close resemblance to our Manchester fabrics; but the muslin and lighter prints decidedly surpassed anything of the same kind produced in England, perhaps because we have not given our thoughts to such gay, fanciful, and changeful elegancies. At all events, the large French producers exhibited such a dazzling array of printed muslins, reps, muslins de laine, and other tissues, in dresses, furniture, and shawls, as to lead the observer to conclude that they had disregarded cost, and concentrated all the national taste in these fabrics. In the Tarare Court there were beautiful embroidered curtains of white and coloured muslins, of grenadines and tarlutans, gauzes and tulles. These costly stuffs, bold and soft contrasts and elegant designs, all proving that the French have no need of any protecting duties.

These fabrics were for the easy and well-provided classes; but France also thinks of her artisans and her poor, and provides a stuff for the universal blouse which we do not equal. The coutils for these, and for shirts and trowsers, as well as stays and mattresses, are uncommonly serviceable, and come from an industrial centre devoted to them at Flers, in Normandy. There three hundred manufacturers employ some twenty-eight thousand hands, and fourteen thousand looms, in the production of from two hundred thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand pieces annually, the total value of which amounts to from twenty-five millions to thirty millions of francs.

Of prints and grey and dyed cottons, Switzerland had forty-nine exhibitors, chiefly from Zurich and St. Gall, and of what are known as Turkey-red prints, the display was confusingly showy, and certainly the finest in the building. A conjunction of favourable circumstances, as cheap labour, abundant pure water, and determined industry, have given the Swiss undoubted pre-eminence in this branch. It is worthy of note, that while the Swiss are unprotected, they can equal, and sometimes surpass, the protected French in grey muslins and prints; while their woven-coloured collars, and sewed muslin curtains from St. Gall, fully come up to the similar products of France.

We have confined our observations to the principal present competitors with England in cotton goods; but though others do not yet succeed, it is remarkable that every European country is now endeavouring to make the cotton trade a branch of national industry. We do not remember one European nation which has not attempted to establish it; and other

countries, such as the United States and Brazil, adopt it more or less successfully. France, Belgium, Switzerland, Rhenish Prussia, and Saxony, possess natural advantages, which enable them to compete with us in some branches of this trade successfully; but other countries have few or none of these natural advantages, and yet force the trade. The inevitable consequence must be injury to us, with no benefit, but probably certain loss, to them.

The observant reporter on Cotton Goods, Mr. J. O. Murray, in the third volume of the brief Official Reports named at the head of this article, makes some pertinent concluding remarks which are worth quotation:—

Few practical and reflective observers will glance even as hurriedly as we have done round these competitive displays of industrial ability in cotton manufacture, without feeling that however long or largely England may retain the leadership, anything like our exclusive empire, or undisputed sway in the cotton trade, is no longer possible. The superior education of Continental workmen in certain branches, or the better position of foreign merchants in regard to certain articles, reduces us to a secondary position in some respects. If in all countries as excellent a system of public education, and as independent a spirit prevailed as in Switzerland, our position would soon be menaced in many more directions. These exhibitions of the rapidly developing powers of so many rival centres of production, must quicken our efforts—by education, by political discussions, by co-operative interest, by every means in our power—to bring every latent energy of our population to bear in maintaining our position. While we are hovering round the question of national education, and hesitating over the petty interest of parties in regard to it, the industrial sceptre is imperceptibly slipping away from us, and with practical obtuseness we shall refuse to see it till the fact is accomplished, and it is too late to mend.'

Refraining from any details on kindred subjects, which would lead us too far, we may bestow one passing glance at the Woollen Fabrics, which form so considerable an element in our manufacturing prosperity. Every Exhibition has shown that with increased population, woollen manufactures become more and more extended, and more generally adopted for the clothing of both sexes. The enlarged supplies of wool from our Colonies, and the use of second-hand material, have enabled us to meet the great demand at reasonable prices. New materials, new and improved mixtures of components, and new and beautiful dyes have strongly marked this manufacture within recent years. France now shows a very varied and superior description of woollens, and still maintains her position in twist and fancy goods, and in all fancy styles where the minutest

attention to spinning and twisting is required. She stands unrivalled for her remarkable productions in velvet piles and naps, which have a beautiful softness derived from a new invention. Among her novelties is velvet cloth interspersed with glass, opaque steel and gold beads, and also brass shavings.

In common trowser material France is rather backward and dear, while Belgium is forward in these and in plain and medium cloths. In fancy trowsering she has greatly improved. In superfine cloths England is still foremost, but Prussia approaches nearly to her in finish and in dyes. The West of England is superior in superfine cloths, and Huddersfield and Leeds are far better than was their representation at Paris. Batley and Dewsbury are unrivalled in heavy goods. The chief cause of British superiority in low-class woollens, both as to quality and price, is the recent utilisation of material which was formerly rejected as waste. Regarding the great woollen trade as a whole, the verdict of competent inspectors of this Exhibition, if not unanimous yet from a large majority, is that we are not keeping pace with our sagacious and industrious rivals. If we are still superior in the products mentioned, we are no longer so in others. Were we to judge only from what was shown, we should say that in weight, strength, quality, and substance, closeness or fineness of texture and length of spinning in the immense mass of fancy woollen fabrics exhibited at Paris, we must award the preponderance of merit to our foreign competitors. What is said of this department is much the same as might be predicated of several other large manufactures.

The case is the same, though it comes before us in the several courts of the several trades. We speak of our manufactures as more or less ingenious or backward, but we must also include the instruments they operate with, viz. their workmen and their technical competitive ability. We have undoubtedly the most enduring and able-bodied workmen in the world. In woollen or cotton, or other textile fabrics, we have good and industrious workpeople, and though we pay them more than their fellows get on the Continent, still we are apt to suppose that under an improved and well-adapted system of mental culture, their physical ability would fully counterbalance the difference of wages. But at present these people are as prejudiced as they are capable; and since their knowledge of their art is acquired more by rote or habit than instruction, and since their beliefs do not arise from science or knowledge of principles, they undergo much toil which might be saved,

and continue many habits which should be changed. Our operatives, as a body, abhor innovations, and look suspiciously on improvable machinery and systems of working. They believe that our woollen trade is in advance, and others believe the same of their trades; but a careful study of this and other departments in the Paris Exhibition would have awakened their solicitude if it did not dispel their illusions.

The cattle plague attracted universal attention, and was the topic of universal conversation. Meanwhile a desolating disease affected certain worms, of which the great world took no heed; yet the silkworm disease has considerably affected the industry of nations, and thereby exerted an influence even on the Exhibition at Paris. So extensive, indeed, has the injury been in France, that it is even now contemplated, as regards this disease, to adopt the same remedies that were applied to that of cattle. Nevertheless, there was a striking display of silk goods at Paris, for the silks of China, Japan, India and Siam have come largely into use, and have effected a revolution in the imports of the raw material. In this department the silk-cocoon was well illustrated, and many questions arose as to the kinds of silk-producing worm, their increased number, and their improved culture. Many questions also require consideration as to make as well as material. Raw silk was sent by France, Algiers, Italy, Austria, Spain, Portugal, Russia, Turkey, India, Victoria, and other countries. Italy, notwithstanding all obstacles, seems to be the privileged home of the finest description of raw and organised silk; and in her long-expected and much-desired manufacturing revival, it is to be hoped that the spinning of silk will more and more become a national industry.

More than ever is manufactured silk now distinguished for richness of hue and beauty of design. While new colours obtained from aniline and other chemical products have supplied a greater variety of tints than could be obtained from vegetable sources, the genius of the artist is conspicuous; so that a good design is combined with excellent execution. As art-designing is an important industry in Paris, manufacturers have recourse to French artists to produce attractive novelties in their tissues, shawls, ribbons, embroidery, and brocades. Schools of design are likewise established in the great centres of manufactures, where science and art are not regarded as luxuries but as necessities of manufacturing industry. Though the highest inspirations of invention, taste, and elegance emanate from Paris, the chief towns, particularly Lyons, are well furnished with national and other art schools. The Rhenish

Provinces of Prussia, Belgium, Würtemberg, and Switzerland also abound in art schools; so that their several triumphs of design and execution displayed in the great show were indications of the skill and energy which all these peoples are now exerting in the arts of embellishment and luxurious clothing.

Lyons and St. Etienne, as would be expected, produced the most striking specimens of silk manufacture. From their clever and enterprising firms came sumptuous tapestry or damask silk, of taffeta brocaded silk with lace patterns relieved by wreaths of flowers, of taffeta silk with velvet representing birds and feathers to the very life. In one *broché* silk robe large centre flowers represented a novel feature in silk-weaving, for they were raised so as to represent velvet by a new process, the velvet being raised after the weaving of the silk. Another piece had been woven in the loom to imitate hand-embroidery, representing natural flowers on a satin ground, and this was intended for chair-seats, pillows, or screens. Brocaded silks with gold and silver, satin with feather ornaments, and numerous other *tours de force*, were isolated instances of perfection too costly and too gorgeous for general application; and we find that the English house of Messrs. Grant and Garth are the exclusive purchasers of many of the most superb and expensive robes made at Lyons. However unfavourable the conditions for procuring the raw material, the French have triumphed in their rich silk fabrics over all difficulties, and have not abated in the least their taste and their industry.

Switzerland exhibited some exceedingly light and cheap low-class silks which are sure to command a ready market; and Zurich, the great centre of the tissues, with Bâle, the chief source of the ribbons, fully maintained the great reputation they have acquired in foreign markets. Extreme beauty of colour, with the lightest and most delicate tints, altogether unaffected by the touch of the hand and atmospheric impurities, distinguish many Swiss silks. Austria showed tapestry silks of great beauty; Spain some fine Valencia and Barcelona fabrics; Tunis good tissues of silk and silver; Russia excellent silks from Moscow; and Prussia and the Zollverein not a few noteworthy silk velvets and ribbons. Why then did Britain exhibit less and less remarkable specimens in this branch? Why, while her *moiré* antiques and plain and *glacé* silks were excellent, did she exhibit so few examples of beauty and design? One kind of fabric was indeed singular—that which displayed the interweaving of what we consider the most brittle of materials, viz. *glass*, with the finest silk. Yet so flexible is the glass thus used, that it is combined with the silk, and from the

union of both is produced a lustrous and beautiful material which has been largely employed in the adornment of public buildings and palaces. This *Tissu de Verre* is adapted to form curtains, couches and chair-coverings, and may be seen in Oxford Street.

A notable decrease in our silk trade as compared with France alarms British manufacturers; and while the exports of British manufacture have decreased, the imports of French and other foreign manufactures have greatly increased. This is partly explained by the abolition of import duties and by certain financial adversities; but referring to circumstances which are not temporary, it may be said that a brighter atmosphere especially favours France, and also Germany and Switzerland. France in particular stands out as the leader of fashion, and to a large extent she produces her own material. It is not in the cost of the raw material, or in the processes of manufacture, that foreigners have much greater advantages than we have; and though the wages in this branch of labour are a little higher in England than elsewhere, they are everywhere very low. The principal and most pressing want on our part in this industry so light and delicate, is a higher and better educated class of workpeople, more refined in taste and more expert in the use of material and texture. The inferiority of British silks is not confined to those tissues in which design is the primary element, but even in the black corded silks the French are our superiors. Admitting that they have dexterously imparted to their plain silks an artificial weight which deceives the inexperienced in its worth and value, nevertheless France has attained a higher standard in every description of silks, and our manufacturers have to recover lost ground by every kind of exertion if they are not content to be ultimately outdone by their successful rivals.*

A piece of lace, it has been said, is really one of the most ingenious products of artistic skill, for the more we examine the extreme nicety of the operation, the fineness of the thread so well knit together, the fairylike web woven from it, and the beautiful figures of the pattern, the greater seems the marvel of the achievement. Indeed it seems too nice and delicate a fabric to be the result of mechanical agency; yet Nottingham

* This is the opinion of Professor Leoni Levi, who has made a detailed report on silk manufacture, which may be read with advantage by all who are interested in that subject. It is to be found in the third volume of the Official Reports, and we have availed ourselves of its information.

and Calais live by it, and make it by machinery for the world. Other kinds of lace, such as those made at Alençon and Brussels, are of so complicated a character that each process is assigned to a different lacemaker, who works only at her special department. At one time a piece of Alençon lace would pass to its completion through eighteen hands; but at present the number is less. Valenciennes lace is also of most elaborate workmanship, the pattern and ground being made together with the same thread on the same pillow. In one sample exhibited to show the lace in progress of make there were no less than 1,200 bobbins.

After dying out in its native city, the manufacture of the Valenciennes lace was transferred to Belgium, where it forms the principal branch of lace industry, and is fabricated throughout East and West Flanders. That made at Ypres is of the most elaborate workmanship and the finest quality; and one of the cases at Paris displayed a collective exhibition of all the manufactures at Ypres. Belgium altogether made a grand show of its varied lace fabrics, yet it did not surpass France, whose lace-workers not only give a singular finish to their work, but especially manifest that perfect taste which characterises French productions, and which is one of that country's chief causes of industrial prosperity. Messrs. Verdé-Delisle showed a flounce of ferns, iris, and various flowers beautifully shaded and on the finest ground, amongst the black laces of Bayeux, which in their kind formed the principal feature in the French lace exhibitions. Their black lace 'Pointe' may be placed by the side of that of Messrs. Lefébure for the perfect shading of the flowers, and the admirably light and well-composed grouping. Each of these houses has its own artist, and the pattern, when made, is the subject of criticism and consultation, in which the heads of the firm, the draughtsmen, and the workers all take part. Often it is the fruit of years of study, and hence its perfection. These patterns being the special property of each house, are not reproduced in ordinary and machine-made lace, which often follows from the practice of one artist working for many firms.

Amongst the attractive objects exhibited by Messrs. Lefébure, from their establishment at Bayeux, was a dress of Alençon point, consisting of two flowers and trimmings. The festooned border surrounding the groups of flowers and foliage was shaded, so as to have the effect of being fluted. The beauty of the design, the regularity of the ground, and the variety of the open stitches combined to make this an unrivalled fabric. Forty women were occupied for seven years

in completing it, and its price is 3,400*l*. The same house exhibited a half shawl, the pattern of which was entirely constituted of roses. The price is 400*l*., which was not excessive for the extraordinary beauty of the point and the pattern. The latter is just the deficient particular in our Devonshire lace. Our lace-makers work with great beauty and precision, but a lady (Mrs. Pattison) being judge, says, 'Their patterns are 'universally heavy and crowded; and when we see ostriches 'and giraffes introduced upon lappets, and lions and eagles 'upon cuffs and collars, we can say little for the amelioration 'yet effected by the establishment of schools of design.'

Embroidery has made advances of late years, and exquisite specimens were shown in satin-stitch from Nancy and Mirecourt. •A Prussian house exhibited a wonderful specimen of embroidery, being an infant's robe in the finest satin-stitch, the pattern having attachment to the muslin ground only by the stalks. In white embroidery France holds the first place, though Switzerland rivals her in the quality of the work, and both Saxony and Switzerland surpass her in cheapness. Neither country, however, equals her in elegance of design, or excels her in perfection of workmanship. In coloured embroidery the East is still most elaborate. Turkey sent a gorgeous collection, in the richest embroidery of silk, gold and silver upon velvet and other tissues: the Albanian costumes were one mass of gold. Egypt, Morocco, China, and India all contributed to glorify this department with admirable specimens of their several rich embroideries. Ecclesiastical vestments belonged more to France, and church embroidery of the finest kind was shown by French firms.

Amidst the great and engrossing industries of the various nations exhibiting their products, a number of smaller industries lay almost unregarded and unknown. Nevertheless, each of these possessed its special significance and circumscribed interest, while they showed the employment of numerous smaller sections of artisans. There were shirt-collars, for instance, which France produces annually to the value of from twenty-five to thirty millions of francs. Cut and sewn by machinery, as ready-made linen now is, it has gradually become lower and lower in price; yet more than ten thousand workpeople are living in Paris by assisting in making it; nor have their earnings descended in the same proportion as the selling price; for they earn on the average two francs, and the most active four francs, a day.

Women are found at work in lace-making; and it has been officially estimated that the entire number of females so em-

ployed is 240,000, of which no less than 60,000 are to be found in Normandy. The point-lace-makers of Alençon and Bayeux work in large ateliers, and the Alençon lace-maker earns from one to two shillings a day. Black lace-making, which is a much more important industry, is the occupation of the wives and daughters of the agricultural labourers in lower Normandy. It is essentially a home industry; and at the age of five or six years the little girls of the Norman villagers begin to learn an art which is both delicate and difficult, and which has not yet been aided by machinery. When the girls grow up, and become mothers, their lace-making profitably occupies them while their husbands are labouring in the fields; and they probably can earn a shilling for an ordinary day's work.

Hair ornaments, actually made of hair, and mounted in gold or jewellery, are made chiefly by women, who can earn between two and four francs a day; but the men, who are engaged as special art-workmen in this trade, can obtain from eight to ten francs a day. This is, of course, a rather restricted trade, while the hair-net trade is one of great extent, and has of late years increased surprisingly; so much so that it is estimated that there are now 15,000 French women and girls employed in it. France carries on a great export trade in hair-nets, mittens, &c. to England and to distant places, even to Havannah, Chili, and Brazil. Although hair-nets made by machinery are much cheaper than those made by hand, yet being so much inferior, the introduction of machinery has not up to the present time injured the hand trade. The Parisian workwoman can make two shillings a day, and the country net or mitten-maker about tenpence a day in this labour.

The Working Hatmakers' Association exhibited their hats, and are worthy of mention, as forming a combination of two hundred and twenty workmen, possessing a capital of 40,000 francs, while every workman holds at least a share of 100 francs in the undertaking. A Paris hatmaker generally earns about four shillings a day.

The Bronze-workers of Paris still command the markets of the world, not so much by superior merit as by inferior price. The principle of production is by dealing through overseers with skilled mechanics, who employ one or more journeymen or apprentices. Men of extraordinary skill command high prices in bronze-working as in any other trade, but the wages of 80 per cent. of the bronze-workers of Paris have been found not to exceed 3s. 7d. a day, while those of only 5 per cent. exceeded 5s.

Few persons know that there are a number of woodcarvers

in Paris, who are a highly paid and independent race, who work in shops, and therefore exhibited little at the Exhibition, and beside whose best work even the finest of Swiss carvings appear coarse and unnatural. Some work in chestnut and the close fine-grained pear-tree, while the mechanical carvers work in coarse woods. Their rate of pay is from 3s. 4d. at the lowest, to 6s. at the highest, for a day's work of eight hours.

In the vast array of exhibited objects such minor works as we have just noticed attracted little attention. Those, however, who minutely studied the neglected trifles of the great show discovered much to interest and instruct them. Amongst the models were several ingenious contrivances, and many little monuments of workmen's intelligence and patience, illustrating no system of labour and only that of earnest, thoughtful, and unknown artisans. One model, pointed out by M. Jerrold, was that of a locomotive engine made by a man who was for eighteen years a railway *employé*, but now, with his wife, is the manager of a shirt-making business. For twelve years did this man labour at odd times, and in many hours of the night, in constructing this highly-finished, compact, and well-adjusted model. Such was the fruit of lowly industry which M. Barat showed to an indifferent world. Nor was he alone in patient and private industry, for not far from him M. Battaille exhibited a beautifully finished model of a country-house, to which he had devoted the leisure hours of twenty-five years. Every description of costly wood had been used, and the balustrades and candelabra were of brass and steel. Highly finished marqueterie and mosaic work were introduced with excellent taste, while an imitation mosaic carpet in the salon was a rich bit of minute art work. There were thirteen rooms, and each room was a separate art study. The roof which covered the whole, was composed of six thousand little tiles carved in wood.

In our rapid glance over this great Exhibition we have mainly restricted our view to the most important products of the principal nations in commercial contact and in keen rivalry with our own country. The International fair is over, its toys and shows are gone, but the moral and commercial lessons are still to be gathered up in calmness and by calculation. Amongst these lessons we have alluded to a few, and now in conclusion passingly intimate others.

In whatever form an article of taste, and one intended for the wealthier classes, is fashioned, British manufacturers must remember that they have still much to imitate and equal in foreign hands. Taste and fancy are indigenous to France, and should be carefully cultivated in England. The standard

of foreign commercial art is now so high, that where cost is not material consummate talent must be brought into use. Our schools of art and design are effecting something, but they have much lost ground yet to overtake. Nor should cheap fabrics be unartistic; for both in the luxurious and the homely good taste and skill can be clearly if not equally displayed.

Another lesson is that Britain has been at every succeeding Exhibition, especially in the earlier ones, rather a loser than a gainer. In many particulars it might, we think, be shown how she has successively lost while others have gained. She has stimulated others more than herself. She has taught others more than she has herself learned. She has imparted knowledge, and thereby imparted power. In manufactures, the politically true maxim, *Divide et impera*, is reversed. Britain has been the textile teacher of Europe, and her scholars are now setting up textile schools of their own. There can be little doubt that while the several Exhibitions have been for the general good, that good has been realised more by others than by ourselves, principally because they are apter to learn and cleverer in imitation. Paris proved this to universal observation. Our wisdom now will consist in learning from others, and in rivalling their vigilance and activity. Especially should we recognise the fact that national success is founded upon individual enterprise. Before a nation can command the markets of the world, she must have nurtured individuals to command her own markets by particular skill, ingenuity, and enterprise.

The most momentous of all lessons is that as a manufacturing nation our continued progress depends upon the special education of our operatives in the principles and science of their several trades. In an article on 'Technical and Scientific Education'* we entered into this topic at some length, and we have now to add that our working nation at large is becoming indoctrinated with better views. The Whitworth Scholarships are noble fruits from this new seed of knowledge. A large conference of actual operatives have met and recently published reports of their deliberations, and many principal employers of labour have reluctantly opened their eyes to the light of that great truth which the Exhibition at Paris taught the world at large.

Very watchful eyes have inspected those great trophies in iron and steel, as well as other triumphs of skill, displayed

* Ed. Rev. No. cclx., April, 1868.

at Paris, and competent Englishmen have made private tours of inquiry amongst the great engineering works of France, Belgium, and Germany; and the result of all is, that while in relation to wages, food, and particulars of cost in general matters may in some measure right themselves, where comparative differences tend to produce an ultimate equilibrium, yet in point of technical knowledge and adaptation English workmen are unquestionably behind foreign operatives.

It is now an acknowledged fact, that amongst the managers of French mines and iron-works, far more frequently than with ourselves, there are gentlemen of considerable attainments in the physical sciences. English heads of iron-works are themselves admitting that, in this respect, our managers are sadly deficient. One of this class, Mr. J. Kitson, jun., of Leeds, observed at a professional meeting, that while he was ready to assert the general superiority of our operatives in iron-works over those of France, as well as the excellence of our own iron-manufacture as compared with that of the Continent, yet he confessed that he did not know a single English manager of iron-works in the West-Riding of Yorkshire who understood the science of chemistry. He found, however, no difficulty in obtaining from France a manager who was a good mathematician and a good chemist; a man who knew the theory as well as the practice of mechanics; and who was, moreover, a thorough draughtsman. Mr. Kitson naturally estimated this man so clever in chemical and mechanical knowledge, and so able as a draughtsman, as by so much a superior metallurgical manager. The value of such additional scientific knowledge is incalculable, in illustration of which it has been affirmed that it would be remunerative to the Birmingham jewellery trade to pay a certain eminent chemist a salary of 3,000*l.* a year to reside amongst and advise them. It should, however, be added, that some of the largest iron-works have now found it to their advantage to add a chemist to their establishments. Thus not only the Creusot Company in France, but also our Dowlais Company, and the Barrow-in-Furness Company, have each a chemist in their pay.

We are rejoiced to learn that a committee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science are considering how far the State can appropriately and effectively promote scientific education; and more particularly that some of the principal representatives of firms in the iron and steel trade have set on foot the 'Iron and Steel Institute for Great Britain,' which has for its object the advancement of a chemical, geological, and accurate knowledge of these prime factors

in our commercial pre-eminence. No happier combination can take place than that of our superior scientific minds with the practical and wealth-producing men who have at length resolved that the lessons of the late International Exposition shall not be lost to them and their country.

The practical conclusion from these observations is that neither the natural resources of this country, nor the genius and industry of its inhabitants, can secure to us any superiority in the struggle of labour; and that we are likely to suffer from two causes which retard our progress—the inferior education of our workmen, and the tendency of the working classes to enforce by trade combination an artificial rate of wages. The former of these evils will, we trust, be remedied. But the latter is even more fatal to our manufacturing prosperity; for we can only retain our position in foreign markets by prices regulated by foreign competition, and if British prices are raised in any department of manufactures by the excess of British wages, the only result will be the total extinction of that branch of industry.

ART. IV.—*Vie de Madame de Lafayette.* Par Madame de LASTEYRIE, sa fille. Précédée d'une Notice sur sa Mère, Madame la Duchesse d'AYEN. (1737–1807.) Paris: 1868.

WHEN on the 10th Thermidor 1794, the news of Robespierre's fall reached the prisoners in the various dungeons of Paris, where hundreds yet waited for the death which they had seen overtake so many of their companions, the first impulse of the wife of the celebrated Lafayette, who for seven weeks had endured all the horrors of that awful captivity at La Force with unflagging heroism, was to send an emissary to the Luxembourg to learn the fate of her nearest relatives. The answer of the jailer there was fearfully concise. Six days before, her mother the Duchesse d'Ayen, her grandmother the aged Maréchale de Noailles, and her sister Louise Vicomtesse de Noailles, had all been guillotined together. The blow was a crushing one; and for the time her own fate became matter of indifference to Madame de Lafayette. She was not set at liberty for many months, during which she wept for her dead, and found her only consolation in the visits of the faithful priest M. Carrichon, who had at his own imminent risk accompanied that fatal procession to the scaffold, to receive the last words of the victims and give them absolution. When she was released from *surveillance* in Paris, and had

obtained permission from the Emperor at Vienna to share her husband's prison at Olmütz, Madame de Lafayette employed herself in writing with a toothpick and a carefully hoarded fragment of Indian ink on the margins of the few books which they were allowed to retain, the memoir of her mother which fills the first hundred and fifty pages of the volume before us; pages which disarm all literary criticism when we remember how and by whom they were written. They give us a picture of a family in the most aristocratic circle in France, in which religion, love, and duty reign supreme. The corruption of one of the worst periods of French society has brought no taint on them. Father, mother, brothers and sisters, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law seem to live together in unity. 'Behold Thy servant and the children whom Thou hast given me,' seems ever the attitude of Madame d'Ayen, as one by one, for death or for life, she offers up her children to God. She educates them with the tenderest care, chooses husbands for her daughters at a very early age, and speedily gives to a second generation of grandsons and daughters the same pious, fervent, yet wise affection. We hear little of what goes on in the world, though that world was convulsed to its very foundations, and the framework of the society in which they lived was cracking beneath him. The births of children, their first communion, their marriages, their separations, when war and at last prison and the scaffold divide them, are the only events related. Politics are never alluded to; but then we must remember that both for her who wrote, and for those of whom she was writing, the world and the fashion thereof had truly passed away; to them the things of the spirit had become the only realities. For the daughter to record the history of a life so holy as that of Madame d'Ayen was a sacred task which brought with it strength to endure the pain of loss and separation, in contemplating the triumphs of a faith such as hers, and in looking forward to a glorious reunion. And the book is one that we can heartily recommend mothers, who usually shun French literature with only too good reason, to put into their children's hands, for it is simple and unaffected, and free from the unhealthy religious sentimentalism that attaches, as we venture to think, to that much over-praised work, '*Le Récit d'une Sœur.*'

The Duchesse d'Ayen, Anne-Louise-Henriette d'Aguesseau, was granddaughter of the celebrated Chancellor d'Aguesseau, and was born under his roof at Fresne, in 1737. Her mother, Anne Duprès, was a Norman heiress, and from her Madame d'Ayen (her only child) inherited a large fortune. At eighteen

she married Jean Paul François de Noailles duc d'Ayen, eldest son of the second Maréchal de Noailles, then two years younger than herself. Notwithstanding this disparity in age, and some in tastes, for he was a man of courts and camps, while she was grave and devout, their daughter bears witness to the attachment and happiness of her parents. They inhabited the Hôtel de Noailles with the old maréchal and his wife, who had long ceased to go into the world, so that even in the heart of Paris the bride led a very retired life. Her first child, a son, lived but a year, to the inexpressible grief of its mother, who afterwards gave birth to five daughters in succession. They were, Louise, who married her cousin the Vicomte de Noailles, and died on the same scaffold as her mother; Adrienne, Madame de Lafayette; Pauline, Madame de Montagu, whose name is affixed to a memoir of somewhat doubtful authenticity published three years ago; and two others, Madame de Thesan and Madame de Grammont. Last of all, and at great risk to her own life, came the long-wished-for son, received by the father and grand-parents with exultation, with fear and trembling by the mother, who after a few months of languishing saw his feeble life expire, with a resignation to the will of the Divine Giver not the less perfect that in her breast maternal affection had the strength of a passion.

To the care and education of her daughters, in the highest sense of the word, she devoted herself unceasingly. She read with them and talked with them as their minds ripened, and accustomed them to such perfect sympathy, that to the tie of mother and daughter between them was added that of the closest and rarest friendship:—

‘Her mind and heart,’ says Madame de Lafayette, ‘were alike upright, and the idea of regulating our life by the principles of virtue and duty apart from all considerations of interest became so habitual to us, not only from our mother’s lessons but from her example, and that of our father in the too rare occasions in which we had the opportunity of seeing him, that the first examples which we met with of a contrary conduct in many of those who are commonly called honest people, caused us a painful impression of surprise which it required many years of contact with the world to weaken in us.’

Madame d'Ayen began to prepare her elder daughters at the age of eleven for that great epoch in a young girl's life, her first communion, and before they were thirteen propositions of marriage for them were already under discussion. The Vicomte de Noailles, eldest son of the Maréchal de Mouchy, and consequently head of the younger branch of the Noailles family,

was offered to Louise the eldest, and the young Marquis de Lafayette, an orphan of fifteen, was spoken of for Adrienne the second. Both were accepted by the Duc d'Ayen, on condition that a year or eighteen months should elapse before the subject was mentioned to the young brides elect; but opportunities of meeting were arranged. Madame de Noailles married in the autumn of 1773, and six months later Adrienne, then only fourteen and a half, was united to M. de Lafayette, aged sixteen.

It is not our business here to review either the life or character of the well-known Lafayette, except in so far as they bear on those of the remarkable women whose biography lies before us. He has long since been judged at the bar of history. Disinterested and pure in aim, but a man of one idea, neither his temperament nor his talents were of the kind which could command success in such a chaos of madly conflicting forces as France had become in the tremendous year of '92. He lacked clearness of vision to perceive the course of action which should at once secure the Liberty which he worshipped, stem the rising tide of anarchy, and save a falling monarch, whose friend and counsellor he, the republican at heart, had become; or were any such course indeed possible to mortal man at such a moment, he most certainly lacked decision to pursue it. So the hero of two worlds drifted away into failure; laurels were no longer twined round his bust; soon even his name did not suffice to protect from arrest and insult those dearest to him. But through all the vicissitudes of fortune one faithful heart gave him for thirty-four years the most devoted and passionate affection, for from the hour that boy and girl they stood together at the altar, Adrienne de Noailles loved and revered her husband with a love passing the love of women, and proved it in the most critical moments of his career. They began life together so early under the sheltering care of her mother, who had adopted him as a son with all her heart, and who, much as she afterwards differed from him in matters of opinion, always recognised the nobility of his character and the purity of his aims; and at the Hôtel de Noailles, when the Marquis went to join his regiment, Madame de Lafayette was left; her head and heart alike troubled, for then, and to the end of her life, as she confessed on her deathbed, her passion for her husband was such that she did all she could to hide it, lest the expression of it should become wearisome to him; and while her noble nature forbade her the indulgence of a single jealous or exacting thought, she suffered acutely from his absences and the many

cares and distractions of his position. At fifteen, too, her soul was agitated by doubts on religion. It is hard to account for the malady in the daughter of the saintly Madame d'Ayen, but her eager reasoning mind had wandered into the regions of speculative doubt and difficulty even at twelve years old, and she was unable to share the first communion of her sister. The struggle was a long one, during which she prayed for light; and when some little time after her marriage she embraced fervently the faith of a Christian, we think it was not altogether because either maternal or priestly influence prevailed over her doubts, but because a nature so passionately loving as hers craves absolutely to rest in the highest Love, and in intimate and personal communion with Him, to find a guide through the storms and torments of this life. The decision laid upon her, however, the burden which so many pious and tender souls have to bear through life sorrowing—the pain of separation from their husbands in matters of faith: few support it with her exquisite tact and courage. Lafayette's testimony in writing to a friend after her death on this point is worth transcribing:—

‘It has been said that she preached to me a great deal. That was not her way. Her devoutness was something quite peculiar; during thirty-four years I may say that it never caused me one moment's annoyance. All her acts of piety were, without affectation, kept in the background where my conscience was concerned. Also I had the satisfaction of seeing my friends, who were professed unbelievers, received by her with the same courtesy, as much esteemed, as much loved, their virtues as completely recognised as if no difference in religion had existed.’

Madame de Lafayette had been married three years, had given birth to a first child, and was expecting soon again to become a mother, when in April 1777 Lafayette's project of sailing for America to join the hero of his youthful dreams, General Washington, in freeing the British North American Colonies from the authority of the parent country, startled and shocked his family. He had brooded on the idea for many months, and had taken secret measures in concert with Silas Deane, the American envoy in Paris, for purchasing and arming a vessel. A first attempt to sail from Bordeaux was prevented by the authoritative command of Louis XVI., accompanied by some very violent letters from his father-in-law. He was enjoined to repair to Marseilles, and there wait for further orders from the Court. But after setting out for Marseilles, he retraced his steps in disguise to Bordeaux, and effected his escape. The grief and anger at home may be conceived, but

Adrienne, feeling that the more she showed her misery the more her parents' indignation would deepen against the cause of it, bore up courageously and would not allow him to be blamed. She, too, became enthusiastic in the cause of American freedom.

Her second daughter, Anastasie, was born before letters reached them from the Far West; presently news came of battles, in one of which her hero was badly wounded; these things tried her, and before the good ship 'Alliance' had landed him safe at Brest, in February 1779, she had buried her firstborn. Lafayette had left France disobedient to his sovereign's wishes, and therefore a disgraced man; he returned covered with glory to find French sympathy with America at its highest pitch, and to be received at Court with marked favour. In a few months he started again to prosecute the war, which was brought to a termination by the defeat and capture of Lord Cornwallis, and January 1782 saw him arrive in Paris the bearer of fresh laurels and of the welcome news of peace. Two more children were born to him in the succeeding years—George Washington, as the parents were proud to name their only son, and a daughter, the author of the simple and unaffected memoir from which we quote. Sharing in all her husband's political interests, his efforts to obtain the abolition of the slave trade enlisted her warmest sympathies, and the same enlightened charity made her in 1787 heartily coincide with him in his earnest desire to see the civil disabilities of Protestants removed. The Revolution meantime was approaching with great strides. Lafayette in '89 received the onerous post of commandant of the National Guard, which in fact placed him at the head of a movement which was every day gathering fresh and more dangerous impetus, and of which it was impossible to foresee the results. His liberal opinions were so conscientiously hers, that she could bear the dislike and reproaches of aristocratic friends and kindred with comparative equanimity; but her anguish of mind at the sight of acts of arbitrary violence, mob-rule, and cruelty was intense. Her only consolation was in Lafayette's integrity, and in the power which he more than once exerted, at the sacrifice of his personal popularity, to quell and avert such violence. Once only did she take a different line from his, and here her religious scruples were paramount. She sided with the clergy who for conscience' sake refused to take the Constitutional oath, and when the new Bishop of Paris dined in state with the Commander of the National Guard, Madame de Lafayette marked her feeling by not doing the honours of her husband's table on the occasion.

After the Easter *émeute* in 1791, when Louis XVI. was foiled in the attempt to quit the Tuileries for St. Cloud, where he had hoped to pass the Holy Week, and avail himself of the services of some of the proscribed clergy, Lafayette, having pledged his word that he should do so, the General in deep disgust resolved to resign the command of a body which had so ill obeyed him. To avoid the solicitations that he knew would be made to him to continue in his post, he secretly left his house, deputing his wife to receive the Municipality and the sixty battalions, who were sure to come and entreat him to remain. Gladly she did so, replying to each with the fine tact that was natural to her, suiting her tone to the different chiefs of battalions, from the most respected and influential to the wretched Santerre and his compeers, whose misconduct and brutality had led to her husband's resignation. She fondly believed that he would now retire into the privacy she sighed for; but she was only allowed that hope for four days, when, yielding to the general wish, he resumed the command, and held it during six more stormy months, till he quitted Paris in the beginning of October, and joined the family circle at Chavaniac* for a short breathing space after the dissolution of the Assembly and the acceptance by the King of the Constitution. Some weeks of perfect happiness were enjoyed there in the society of Madame d'Ayen, but they were the very last which mother and daughter were ever to spend together. Amid all the din of her internal discords, France was listening for the first sounds of war on her frontiers, and was arming her population. The command of one of the three *corps d'armée* was assigned to Lafayette, who quitted Chavaniac in December. From this moment till the day when the door of his cell at Olmütz opened to receive her, 'la femme Lafayette,' as since the abolition of titles she was designated, was left sole head of the family, to face alone the dangers that menaced all *ci-devant* aristocrats, and they were not few. The nobles were emigrating fast, they and everyone formerly belonging to the privileged classes being looked on as traitors to their country, who were ready to incite foreign Powers to assist them in reimposing the fetters which France had shaken off. Some such fear no doubt existed in the minds of those who proclaimed the *loi des suspects*, and set the guillotine to work; but blood once tasted seemed to madden them like wine, and fear and cruelty went hand in hand in the perpetration of the

* Chavaniac was the small patrimonial estate of M. de Lafayette, near Brioude in Auvergne.

awful massacres that followed. In the provinces bands of lawless men went about proclaiming their patriotism by plundering and burning the houses of *ci-devants*. Madame de Lafayette made a bold stand against some of these at Chavaniac, and they contented themselves with running their swords through the canvasses of some family portraits on the ground that they must have been aristocrats. She had refused her husband's offer allowing her to join him at the camp at Maubeuge, fearing lest her presence might hamper his movements; she hoped, too, by remaining in France to be able to protect his property and interests, while to have quitted the country would have exposed her to the suspicion of emigrating, then a capital crime. Her heart glowed with pride as she read his celebrated letter to the Assembly against the Jacobins, and when she heard of his journey to Paris to enforce those sentiments at the bar of the Legislature, fruitless though that journey was, and destructive of his popularity not only in the capital but with the army. After the terrible 10th of August, his disaffected troops refusing to follow him, threatening rather to send him to Paris where a price was put on his head, he made his escape into Holland, soon to be taken prisoner by a Power which was making war on France in Louis Seize's behalf.

Madame d'Ayen, whose history we may now resume and follow to the bitter end, had meanwhile gone to Paris to attend on a dying sister. Soon the constant tumults in the neighbourhood of the Tuileries caused her to abandon the Hôtel de Noailles (it stood on the site now covered by the rue d'Alger) and take a small house in the faubourg St. Germain with her daughter Madame de Grammont; a step which led to her being summoned with the Duc d'Ayen to the Hôtel de Ville, to explain why they had quitted their usual domicile, to which they were recommended to return. Arrests became very frequent, and there was hardly one member of her family for whom Madame d'Ayen had not to tremble. Lafayette's departure from France was hailed by her with joy, little foreseeing that a foreign prison awaited him, and very soon she had the additional misery of knowing that Madame de Lafayette and her children were under arrest at Chavaniac. The winter of '92-93 was a very terrible one, for the death of the King made a deeper impression on loyal hearts than even the loss of kindred. The horizon was darkening round them on every side; the Duc d'Ayen found it necessary to escape to Switzerland; a separation which was cruelly felt by his wife, to whose lot it fell to close the eyes of the old

Maréchal de Noailles. Madame d'Ayen had with her eldest daughter, the Vicomtesse de Noailles, spent the last few months of the old man's life with him at St. Germain; from thence they had been in the habit of making frequent expeditions to Paris for the purpose of enjoying the consolation of religious services, which were now performed only in secret. After his death they finally quitted St. Germain; and bringing with them his widow, whose faculties were now impaired by age, they once more inhabited the family hotel, where in the month of November '93 they found themselves put under arrest. At first there seemed not much to alarm them, but greater severity followed; long and insulting cross-examinations hard to bear, and total confiscation of property. A few trifling ornaments which they had concealed they endeavoured to dispose of through the agency of M. Grellet the tutor, but the jeweller who took them died by the guillotine a few hours after, and without having paid for them. Their poverty was extreme; at last they were delivered from care for the morrow by being without any further pretext consigned to the Luxembourg. Two months were passed there, and they saw nearly all their fellow-prisoners depart for Fouquier Tinville's bar before their summons came to set out for the Conciergerie late on the night of 21st of July. They reached it faint and exhausted, and with only half a franc in their possession, and were thrust into a cell along with three other women, one of whom survived to describe their demeanour during that night. Madame d'Ayen felt their danger, but still had hope: 'they cannot condemn us for sharing in a conspiracy of which we are absolutely ignorant,' she said. Her daughter expected death, and refused to sleep. 'Courage, mother, there is but an hour; why rest when one is so near eternity?' were her words: she continued in fervent prayer. The old Maréchale slept at intervals. At nine that morning they went before their judges, with what result we know: the end is best told in the words of M. Carrichon, whose narrative we translate here:—

'Madame la Maréchale de Noailles, Madame d'Ayen her daughter-in-law, and Madame la Vicomtesse de Noailles her grand-daughter, were confined to their hotel from the month of November 1793 till the following April. The Terror was increasing as the victims became more numerous. One day I said to these ladies, as if from a presentiment, "If you should go to the guillotine I will accompany you if God gives me strength." They took me at my word and said eagerly, "Will you promise it?" "Yes," I replied after a moment's hesitation; "and that you may recognise me I will wear a dark-blue coat and a red waistcoat." They frequently reminded

me of my promise. The week after Easter 1794, they were all three taken to the Luxembourg. M. Grellet, tutor to the children of the Vicomtesse de Noailles, used to bring me constant intelligence about them. On the 22nd of July (4th Thermidor), between eight and ten o'clock in the morning, I was at home when I heard a knock; I opened the door and saw M. Grellet and his pupils; he looked pale and downcast. Taking me aside he said, "It is all over—the ladies are before the revolutionary tribunal—I am come to summon you to fulfil your promise. I shall take these unhappy children to Vincennes, and prepare them for their terrible loss." After some questions and answers I said, "Go: I will change my clothes, and do you pray to God to give me strength for the task." I changed my dress; I went to the Palace between one and two o'clock; no admittance possible; I asked some one coming out, if it was really the case, hoping that there might be some mistake; their answer left no doubt. I wandered about the streets in great agitation; at five o'clock I returned to the Palace; nothing indicated the departure of the condemned. I hung about the steps watching, yet fearing to see those for whom I watched. That hour seemed the longest I have ever known. At last I see a movement that tells me the prison is about to open. I place myself close to the *grille*; the first cart is filled, and comes towards me. There were eight ladies in it, seven unknown to me: the eighth, to whom I was quite close, was the Maréchale. A ray of hope crosses my mind for an instant, as her daughter-in-law and grand-daughter are not beside her. Alas! they are in the second. Madame de Noailles was in white, which she had worn since the deaths of the Maréchal and Maréchale de Mouchy; she looked not more than twenty-four. Madame d'Ayen, forty, in a *déshabille* of striped blue and white. Six men placed themselves beside them, but respectfully, leaving them as much space and liberty as was possible, which pleased me. The daughter was giving to her mother the most tender and loving care. I heard the spectators saying beside me, "See the young one, how agitated she is, how she speaks to the other." I seemed to hear her words, "Mother, he is not there." "Look again." "Nothing escapes me. I assure you, mother, he is not there." They forgot that I had told them it was impossible for me to get inside the Court. The first cart remains near for a quarter-of-an-hour; it advanced, and as the second passes I approach the ladies, but they do not recognise me. I follow them, separated by the crowd, but still always near. Madame de Noailles, though constantly seeking me, never perceives me. Madame d'Ayen looks troubled. I feel tempted to give it up. I say to myself I have done what I can, everywhere the crowd will be denser—there is no chance. I was just going to retire when a thunderstorm broke over us: in an instant the streets are as if swept—not a creature left except those in doorways and at windows; the procession is disordered, horse and foot go faster, so do the tumbrils. I had taken shelter on the doorstep of a shop; as they pass me an involuntary movement made me quit it, and approach the second cart. I found myself alone

beside them. Madame de Noailles perceives me and her smile seems to say, "Ah, there you are at last! How thankful we are! How we have looked for you! Mother, there he is." Madame d'Ayen revives; all my irresolution vanishes, I feel by the grace of God full of courage. Drenched with rain and sweat, I continue to walk alongside of them. On the steps of the church of St. Louis I perceive one of their friends full of respect and attachment seeking to render them the same service. His face and attitude show all he feels; with inexpressible emotion I touch him on the shoulder saying, "Bonsoir, mon ami." The storm was very violent. The ladies suffer from it, especially the old Maréchale, whose large cap is blown off uncovering her grey hairs, as she is shaken about helplessly by the movement of the cart, her hands tied behind her. Some spectators recognise her, and add to her torments by their insults. "There she is, the great Maréchale, who was such a great lady and rode in such magnificent carriages, in the cart now with the rest." At the entrance of the Faubourg St. Antoine, as the cart moved a little slower, I went forward—"Here," I said to myself, "is the best place to give them what they desire"—I turn round and make them a sign. Madame de Noailles understands me. "Mother, M.^r Carrichon is going to give us absolution." Immediately they bow their heads with an air of repentance, contrition, hope, and piety. I lift my hand and pronounce the form of absolution, then the words which follow very distinctly. They join perfectly; I shall never forget the picture. From that moment the storm of wind and rain ceases, and seems only to have occurred to give us our opportunity. I bless God. Their expression shows security, peace, even joy. At last we reach the fatal spot. What a moment! I behold them well and full of life, in a few minutes I shall see them no more. What an agony! yet not without its consolation in seeing them so resigned. The scaffold rises before me, the tumbrils stop: a crowd, for the most part laughing and jeering at the horrid spectacle, jostles the victims as they descend. Madame de Noailles seeks me once more with her eyes. What do they not express? I understood her looks though words cannot render them. Some near me said, "How happy that young woman is! how she prays! but what good does it do her?" Ah, the scoundrels! The last adieu exchanged, they stepped down from the cart. I could hardly support myself; I thanked God that I had already given them absolution before this dreadful moment. I approached the steps leading up to the guillotine; an old man was in the act of mounting; after him came a lady whose piety was edifying, but she was unknown to me; then the Maréchale, her great eyes fixed on vacancy; I had not forgotten to do for her what I had done for the others. I see Madame d'Ayen kneeling, noble, resigned, contemplating the sacrifice she is about to make to God through the merits of His Son, without fear, calm as I have seen her at sacrament. When the Maréchale had to lay down her head the executioner had to cut away the top of her dress to bare her neck. Six ladies followed her, Madame d'Ayen was the tenth. How pleased she seemed to

be to die before her daughter! The executioner pulled off her cap, which was fastened to her hair by a pin, which being rudely dragged I saw her features contract with pain. She disappears and her gentle daughter takes her place: as I looked at her youthful figure all in white, I thought I beheld the martyrdom of some holy virgin: the same calm, the same death. The rich young blood flowed abundantly from her head and neck. As they threw her body into that abominable heap, "Now she is happy," I exclaimed. It has been said that Madame de Noailles, like her mother, before dying exhorted their companions, particularly one young man among them whom she had heard blaspheming; as she mounted the scaffold she turned to him with a last appeal, "En grâce, Monsieur, dîtes pardon."

Such was the fate that in those days hundreds of high-born and delicately-nurtured women met with a courage that even in the most apparently frivolous never failed them in the supreme moment; while in those of whom we have spoken, it attained to the resignation and the fervours of Christian martyrdom. But we must return to Madame de Lafayette at Chavaniac eight months previous to the catastrophe of Thermidor, when on the 10th of September she found herself summoned to quit the Château by a commissary named Aulagnier, from Le Puy, who was the bearer of an order from the Committee of Public Safety to arrest her. She was conducted with her daughters to Le Puy, and insisted on being at once taken before the Council of the Department. Lafayette's letters had been taken from her; she demanded that they should be read aloud and copies of them taken before they were sent to Paris, 'because many lies are told in the Assembly.' Her frank and courageous demeanour so influenced the magistrates that they resolved to forward to M. Roland, then Minister for Home Affairs, her petition, that if it was considered necessary by the Government to retain her as a hostage, she should be allowed to return on parole to Chavaniac. She herself wrote from Le Puy to Brissot in the same sense. The letter is too long to transcribe, but the tone of it is remarkable. It is no humble petition, but rather a demand for justice written in a spirit so haughty that probably the angry patriot, who once said of her that the 'femme Lafayette was the very incarnation of all the pride of the Noailles,' had some grounds for his assertion. She concludes, speaking of Roland, 'I cannot tell what will be his answer; it is easy to see that if it is dictated by justice it will set me at liberty. If you will serve me, you will have the satisfaction of having done a good action towards one who has neither the wish nor the power to hurt you. I consent to owe you this service. NOAILLES
'LAFAYETTE.'

M. Roland's reply, when it came, permitted her to return to Chavaniac a prisoner on parole, and under *surveillance* of the authorities, but commented severely on the expression in her letter to Brissot, as savouring of the 'orgueil suranné de ce qu'on appelait noblesse.' Her parole was now her heaviest burden, for she had heard that Lafayette was to be sent to Spandau; so in spite of the breach of confidence on Brissot's part in showing her letter, her misery making her humble, she wrote again most urgently entreating to be released. Roland had pronounced against the September massacres; and overcoming her repugnance to address him, she wrote him a most touching appeal to be set free to join her husband. The Minister's answer was short but courteous: he had laid her appeal before the Committee, but he begged to observe that it would be very unsafe for a person of her name to travel under the present circumstances in France. But these circumstances might change, and she might rely on him to avail himself of a favourable change in her behalf.

During three months that she received no news of her husband, except rumours that he was being transferred from one prison to another, she wrote in turns to the Minister of War, to the Duke of Brunswick, and, at the suggestion of her staunch friend Mr. Morris, the American envoy, to the King of Prussia. Most of these letters were unanswered, and all were unavailing to obtain her liberty or his; but Roland was as good as his word, and gave her back her parole, though practically this was useless, as the *surveillance* of the *ci-devants* continued as rigorous as ever. The decrees of September brought fresh alarms, but through all these weeks of suspense and danger the courage and patience of this wife and mother never flinched in the daily life of the family, nor in performing acts of kindness to friends and neighbours, while she protested energetically against the injustice of the Administration in putting up her husband's property as that of an *émigrant* for sale. When Solon Reynaud arrived to put in force in the district the *loi des suspects*, she was one of the first to be arrested; and, separated from her children, she was confined at Brioude, in a house full of noble dames who had long hated her for her republican principles. Their common danger did not by any means soften their hearts towards her, and they received her with the most cutting impertinences, though before long her exceeding sweetness and heroism succeeded in conquering their aristocratic prejudices; indeed, the testimony of all who came in contact with her in this and in the still more terrible prisons of Paris to which she was soon

transferred, is the same; she was the friend, the consoler, the support of all the suffering and afflicted, whether delicate and high-born women or coarsest felons. During the winter's imprisonment at Brioude it was still possible to communicate with her children through the assistance of a friend; news, too, from the outer world of the arrests of her mother, grandmother, and sister reached her. In spring she learnt that she, too, must go to Paris, but not to share their captivity in the Luxembourg. On the eve of the celebrated festival which proclaimed the existence of the *Etre Suprême* to the Parisians she found herself in la Force among a mixed multitude who were waiting their summons to die. Many times here and at le Plessis, where she was moved later, did Madame de Lafayette think that her turn had come; the ordeal lasted fifty days, and during this time she composed the following testament for her children:—

‘I have always lived, and I hope by the grace of God to die, in the bosom of the Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church. I declare that it is in the principles of this holy religion that I have found my support, and in its practice my consolation, and I am confident it will sustain me in death. I believe in Thee, O God, and in all that Thou revealest to Thy Church; I hope all that Thou hast promised; I put all my trust in the merits of Jesus Christ's blood; I desire to conform my life to His; I join my sufferings to His sufferings, and my death to His death. I hope, my God, to love Thee above all things, and to all eternity. I accept without reservation all the means that Thou hast chosen to lead me to this blessed end. With all my heart I forgive my enemies, if I have any, my persecutors whoever they are, and even the persecutors of those whom I love. I pray Thee to pardon them as I pardon them. . . . I declare that I have never ceased to be faithful to my country, that I have never taken part in any intrigue that could disturb it, that my most sincere desire is for its welfare, that my attachment to it is unshaken, and that no persecution can alter it. One very dear to my heart is my example in this respect. I give to my children my tenderest blessing, and I entreat God to make them, what had my life been spared it would have been consecrated to do, to make them worthy to be His. Full of confidence in Thy great mercy, I leave these beloved children, and leave my soul in Thy hands. I know that Thou canst restore and reunite us by Thy power in the great day. In Thee, in Thee alone, is my hope. Have pity upon me, Oh my God.’

With the news that the Reign of Terror was over, came also, as we have seen, the knowledge that among its victims were those so dear to her in the Luxembourg. But she was not at once released. Her husband's name was still a possible danger to the new rulers of France, who considered it safest to detain

her. Her mental prostration was for a time extreme; gradually the visits of friends, the letters of her children, and the hope of rejoining Lafayette, restored the balance of her mind. The American envoy at last succeeded in obtaining her liberty in January '95. Through the assistance of the same attached and zealous friend, she nerved herself to send out her only son to the United States to the care of General Washington. For her two daughters she had another project, if, when they met, she found their courage equal to it. Her design was to present herself and them to the Emperor at Vienna, and there to implore permission to share her husband's prison at Olmütz. Some months elapsed before it was possible for her to put it in execution, but having obtained a passport for America in the name of the femme Motier and her daughters, they embarked at Dunkirk in a small American vessel which steered for Hamburgh. There she found friends who assisted her to reach Vienna, and there again she had interest enough among those to whom she discovered herself, to obtain the audience that she had come so far to seek. Her petition was granted by the Emperor, who seemed touched by her devotion, but said that the liberty of General Lafayette was not in his power to grant. It was on the 1st of October that the travellers first came in sight of Olmütz. 'Never,' says Madame de Lasteyrie, 'shall I forget the moment when we first saw the walls of the fortress, or the emotion of my mother.' The Commandant sent an officer to conduct them to the prison, through the long corridors till they reached the door of Lafayette's cell. No hint or warning had been given him of the joyful vision that greeted his dazzled eyes when it turned on its hinges that day and admitted those whom he had feared never to see in life more. For he knew this much, that a reign of terror had lasted in France for months which had spared neither age nor sex, and of whose victims there was no list. For a time he hardly dared to inquire the fate of the rest, or to believe that his wife and daughters were really to remain with him. They submitted to every condition of his imprisonment, and these were sufficiently rigorous. Their money was taken from them, also a few forks and spoons in their possession, which reduced them to eat their prison fare with their fingers. Relying on the kind expressions of the Emperor, Madame de Lafayette wrote begging for some relaxation of the rules in their favour, but was curtly refused by M. de Ferraris, Minister of War at Vienna. She and her husband shared one cell, the two girls an adjoining one, though they were allowed to be together during the day; they had no

woman to attend on them, they were deprived of air and exercise, of the services of religion, of the power of communicating with friends; they had only a few books and the society of one another. Then and afterwards Madame de Lafayette always said that she never was happier. Her daughter says:—

‘I cannot describe my mother’s happiness; you can only imagine it by remembering what was the ruling passion of her life from the age of fourteen, and how much she had suffered from the absences of my father, and from his incessant occupations and distractions, as well the great dangers to which he was exposed. She had passed three horrible years almost without a hope of ever seeing him again. Now she possessed him entirely, and every day she saw him revive in her presence, and she used to reproach herself for being too happy while he was still a prisoner.’

But spite of this happiness her physical frame could not bear up for ever under the severe trials to which she had been exposed, and protracted confinement produced symptoms of an alarming kind. For eleven months her sufferings, borne without a murmur, must have been even greater than she allowed those beside her to guess, and their liberation, in September 1797, perhaps only came in time to save her life. Lafayette had been five years a prisoner when the treaty of Campo Formio set him free. In all the towns through which they passed the greatest sympathy was expressed for the illustrious captive and his heroic companion. For a time the home circle drew together at Witmold, a château in Holstein belonging to Madame de Tessé, a near and dear relative of Lafayette’s. Their son returned from America, their eldest daughter Anastasie married the young Charles de Latour Maubourg, and the health of Madame de Lafayette improved. But they were advised not yet to re-enter France. After the 18th Brumaire had altered the face of affairs there, husband and wife set out for Paris, where they were met by an angry message from the First Consul to the effect that General Lafayette would have best consulted his own interests by remaining in Holland till his name should be effaced from the list of emigrants. Nothing daunted, however, Madame de Lafayette sought a personal interview with Bonaparte. ‘Je suis charmé de faire votre connaissance, Madame; vous avez beaucoup d’esprit, mais vous n’entendez pas les affaires,’ was the characteristic answer of the great man, who always bullied women; but she had spoken with such earnestness, courage, and tact that she gained her point, and they were once more free to set up their household gods on French soil, first at

Fontenoy, then at Lagrange, a property of the late Madame d'Ayen, near Paris. One other care she had, which was to gain a like permission for their faithful friends and companions in exile, and after many difficulties she accomplished this object.

‘The rest of that precious life,’ says her daughter, ‘was consecrated to us. Under the despotic sway of Bonaparte honour forbade General Lafayette to accept any post, and the life of private citizens, if it did not wholly satisfy his aspirations, more than fulfilled the dearest wishes of her heart. After so many fatigues and sufferings, to be united in peace to her beloved ones was the only joy that life could give her. Neither the greatness which for a moment had been theirs, nor the *éclat* which had attended their sorrows and reverses, had excited in her that disease of the imagination which forbids the sufferer the enjoyment of a tranquil and simple existence. Her heroism had shown itself equal to any trial, but the duties and emotions of an obscure destiny would have sufficed for her heart, for love filled it utterly.’

So far Madame de Lasteyrie, who married in these calm years, as did her brother George, and added grandsons and daughters to the happy circle. Death entered it, however, in the autumn of 1807, when low fever attacked Madame de Lafayette, to which after a few weeks her shattered constitution succumbed. The volume closes with a long letter written immediately after her funeral by the widower to his oldest friend M. de Maubourg. It is full of interest, minutely detailing the sufferings, the weakness, the angelic tenderness of those last days, reviewing a life all given to him, with much unconscious self-revelation on the part of the writer, but it is far too long for insertion here. She had no fear of death, and her husband says she never had believed in any hell for sincere and virtuous human beings of whatever opinions. ‘I know ‘not,’ she would say, ‘what will happen to them at death, ‘but God will enlighten them and save them.’ Such was doubtless her faith for him she had so ardently loved, and the low delirium of fever seemed to unlock only fresh treasures of affection towards him. All her life is summed up in her last words—‘What happiness to have been yours’—‘Je suis toute ‘à vous.’ No suspicion ever crossed the horizon of her mind that she who gave so richly was indeed, as we must think, far the superior of the thin, pedantic, self-sufficient nature which accepted all her homage as his due; and never in her sane moments would she have permitted herself the unconscious irony of the little sentence that so well described her idol, when in her wanderings having fancied that he had become a

Christian, she suddenly corrected herself—‘Ah no, I remember, you are *Fayettiste*.’ History or biography presents us, we think, with few women nobler, sweeter, or purer than Adrienne de Lafayette.

Before we take leave of this interesting woman, we are tempted to lay before our readers two unpublished letters addressed by Madame de Lafayette to Washington, during the captivity of her husband, and before she had joined him at Olmütz. These letters have been printed in French in the ‘Miscellany of the Philobiblon Society,’ but they are otherwise unknown both in France and England. Their authenticity is undoubted, for they are taken from the family papers of Mr. Dyson, formerly of Diss in Norfolk, who resided for some time in M. de Lafayette’s family, and who was employed, as Madame de Lafayette herself states, to transcribe them, as she was afraid to send them in her own hand-writing. Mr. Dyson kept a copy of the letters, which is still in the possession of his nephew, Thomas Lombe Taylor, Esq., of Starston Hall, Norfolk.

‘Chavaniac, Oct. 8, 1792.

‘SIR,—Without doubt you have learnt our misfortunes; you know that your disciple, your friend, has never ceased to be worthy of you and of liberty: you know that the attachment to the Constitution which he had sworn has gained him the hatred of the powerful faction which wishes to destroy it; that, proscribed by this criminal faction, accused at the head of his army, and wishing to spare his fellow-citizens the commission of a fresh crime, he has avoided the sanguinary fury that pursues the true friends of liberty, and was already on the way to neutral territory; from thence he was prepared to go to your country, there to offer up prayers that his own ungrateful land might find defenders who would serve it with as much disinterested zeal and love of freedom as he had done. His wish was that I and all our family should join him in England, to go and establish ourselves in America, enjoying there the consoling spectacle of virtues worthy of liberty; but before reaching this much-desired end—before even he had reached neutral ground—he had to traverse a small part of our enemies’ country; there he encountered them, and was taken prisoner. Since the 2nd of August he has been in their hands. He was first conducted to Namur, then to Nivelles, thence to Luxembourg: at last I learn (and that only from the newspapers) that on the 6th of September he was taken to Wesel in Westphalia, a town in the dominions of the King of Prussia, and that there he is to be separated from the three members of the Assembly who had hitherto shared his fate, and is to be taken alone to the citadel of Spandau, between Berlin and Potsdam. The motive and the design of such strange and cruel conduct on the part of the Allies are alike unknown to me. He is not permitted to write a single line. It was by the troops of the Emperor that he was arrested, now it is the King of Prussia who keeps him prisoner

in his dominions ; and while he is experiencing this inconceivable persecution from our external enemies, the faction which now rules us at home detains me as a hostage here at 120 leagues from the capital. Judge how far removed from him !

‘In this abyss of misfortunes, the idea of owing to the United States and to Washington the life and liberty of M. Lafayette comes to revive hope within my heart. I hope everything from the goodness of the people, from whom he learnt all those virtues and that love of liberty of which he is now the victim ; and I venture to say all that I hope, I venture to ask of them, through your mouth, that a vessel may be sent to demand him wherever he may be, in the name of the Republic of the United States ; also an envoy who, in the name of the Republic, may take all the engagements that may be thought necessary for detaining him in America, *even as a captive*. If his wife and children may be included in the terms of this happy mission, it is easy to judge what a blessing it would be for her and them ; but if such a stipulation were likely to embarrass or retard its success, we would defer the joy of our reunion, and when we knew him to be safe with you we should support with greater courage the pain of separation. I trust that my request is not too bold. Pray accept the feelings of attachment and deep respect which have dictated this letter, and with which I am, &c., &c., (Signed) ‘NOAILLES LAFAYETTE.

‘If the kindness of the United States could be extended to the companions in misfortune of M. Lafayette, it would indeed fill up the measure of their goodness ; but as these gentlemen are not persecuted with the same bitterness, I do not think I fail in delicacy towards them if I ask with regard to them, as well as to myself and my children, that care for their interests should not interfere with the speedy help which the position of M. Lafayette demands. M. Maubourg, M. Bureaux de Pusy, and M. La Colombe (who has had the advantage of having served the United States), deserve to be distinguished among the number. MM. Romeuf, Pillet, Masson, Curmeur, the two young brothers Maubourg, are prisoners, and merit from us the most tender interest, from their devoted attachment to M. Lafayette since the beginning of the Revolution.’

LETTER II.

‘Chavaniac by Brioude, Department of the Haute Loire :
‘March 13, 1793.

‘SIR,—The gazettes inform me that you are a second time elected President of the United States, and these happy tidings revive my courage a little, which has been sorely tried by the silence of the United States on the fate of M. Lafayette. During six months that he has been in captivity to our enemies, after the unheard-of proscription by his own country, I have heard but few expressions of interest, and those only from private American citizens.

‘I had the honour of writing to you, Sir, in the beginning of October 1792, when I was kept prisoner by the order of the Committee of Public Safety, which, after ordering me to come to Paris about

the time of the massacres, had permitted the Administration of the Department to keep me first under lock and key, and then to send me here under the surveillance of the municipality of my village. It was from this that I had the consolation of writing to you. I did not dare to sign my letter, nor even to send it written by my own hand: a young English agriculturist, Mr. Dyson, who had passed some time in our retreat, and who was returning to England, promised to get a copy conveyed to you. Did such a letter ever reach you? Or was it necessary to awaken your interest? I cannot believe it; but your silence, Sir, I confess, and the neglect you have for six months shown towards M. Lafayette and his family, is, among all our misfortunes, the one that I am least able to explain to myself. I hope it will not always continue, and if I have any earthly hope for him or for our reunion, it is still founded on your kindness and that of the United States. The public papers will have told you that M. Lafayette and his companions in misfortune were transferred from Wesel to Magdebourg towards the end of December, and when the French troops were approaching this citadel I was told that it was intended to remove him to Spandau. I was even for a moment given better hopes; but nothing has confirmed them. As for myself, I am no longer the prisoner of the municipality of the village. At the end of two months the orders of the Committee of Surveillance were revoked; but tyrannical laws which forbid us to quit French territory, and pronounce sentence of confiscation of property against all who do so (or who have done so since the 9th of February), condemn me to remain and to preserve, at least for our creditors, my small personal fortune, on which my children exist now that their father's property has been seized. I am obliged to keep them with me—not for my own consolation, which I would far rather sacrifice for him, but Providence meanwhile offers me this, of hoping that they will grow up worthy of him. But I am powerless to do anything for him; I cannot receive one line from him, or contrive to let him receive one by any means whatever. Certainly I will never take any step unworthy of him whom I love, nor of the cause to which he has never ceased to be faithful, and which his fellow-citizens have shown themselves unworthy to defend—unworthy also for a long time hence of being served by virtuous men. Believe, Sir, that in the present state of Europe we have everything to fear for Lafayette while he remains in the power of the enemy. I do not know how to urge you, I will only repeat that my confidence in General Washington, though rudely tried, still exists, and that I still venture to offer him the homage due to his character and virtue.

(Signed)

‘NOAILLES LAFAYETTE.’

It does not appear that any answer was made by Washington to this affecting appeal—or, at least, no answer ever reached Madame de Lafayette, though at a later period the good offices of the American Government were employed to a certain extent to obtain the release of her husband.

ART. V.—1. *State Papers concerning the Irish Church in the time of Queen Elizabeth.* Edited by W. MAZIERE BRADY, D.D. London: 1868.

2. *The Montgomery Manuscripts (1603–1706).* Compiled from Family Papers by WILLIAM MONTGOMERY, of Rosemount, Esq., and edited, with Notes, by the Rev. GEORGE HILL. Vol. I. Belfast: 1869.

MORE than once we have remarked that Ireland has never yet had a philosophical historian. Party rancour and religious animosity have always been at work to falsify and deface the record of past enormities and dissensions, and no Irishman with a genius for historical composition has yet risen superior to these partial and misleading influences. But the truth is that there is no adequate preparation for a great historical work of this kind, so long as the most ample materials are suffered to moulder in obscure repositories accessible only to a few intrepid annalists who have zeal enough to descend into the chaos and dust. There are at present in the Record Tower of Dublin Castle, as well as in the Record Offices of England, mounds of decaying state papers and manuscripts, out of which some future Hallam might raise a finished structure. Perhaps mean and unworthy influences had their share, in the days of Tory domination, in putting the seal upon all the fountains of Irish history, so as to hide from the world the unhappy excesses of English policy; but there can be no disposition now to prevent the publication of these mouldering records, or any reluctance to lift them out of a scandalous obscurity. We know how the magic wand of the Master of the Rolls has been at work for years steadily reducing into order the chaos of our English archives, bringing their hidden treasures slowly but surely into daylight. If a similar work were done for the sister-country, we should have ready and ample materials for the historians of both kingdoms, and remove at the same time the stigma long attached to the British Government of indifference to the national history and literature of Ireland.*

* Much progress has been already made in the arrangement and classification of the Irish records, but they still lie unprinted in their manuscript repositories. About sixty years ago a commission was appointed to examine them, and it left at the end of twenty years a large mass of MS. ready for the press, but much remained in the transcribers' hands and was irreparably lost.

But up to the present time we are mainly indebted to private enterprise for the printing of ancient Irish records, and especially those which bear upon the ecclesiastical settlement of the country. Such gratuitous labours are worthy of the highest commendation, for nothing but a love of letters and public spirit can account for the painful and obscure industry with which individuals have laboured in the dreary recesses of manuscript collections, to rescue the perishing memorials of history, and thus aid in sweeping away the mists that surround all the antiquities of the kingdom. It is only in the light of the original documents that we can read with any clearness or coherence the tangled maze of Celtic history. We have been too long treading upon quicksands; we want an intelligible basis of fact; and we cannot any longer allow uncertainties to be smoothed over by imaginary pictures or ingenious glosses. It is, therefore, with much gratification that we accept from Dr. Maziere Brady this instalment of historic materials, covering the largest portion of the reign of Queen Elizabeth,

The Parliamentary return of 'Record Publications' moved for by Mr. Pim, M.P. for Dublin, and ordered (December 2, 1867) to be printed, furnishes a catalogue of all the Record publications relating to Ireland. In 1867 an Act was passed for putting these Records into one common repository as in London, and several experienced archivists will shortly be employed in supplying such calendars and indexes as will furnish a ready access to the genuine sources of Irish history. These Records include State Papers, Irish Parliamentary Records, the Bermingham Tower Plea and Pipe Rolls, together with documents left by the Record Commission. We may add, that under Lord Romilly's commission, Dr. Russell, of Maynooth College, a well-known Celtic antiquary, and John P. Prendergast, Esq., the author of 'The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland,' have been engaged for a considerable time in selecting for transcription a mass of official papers in the great Carte collection at the Bodleian Library, which comprises no less than 200 folio volumes and about 40 quarto volumes, containing not only the papers of the Duke of Ormond during nearly all the years between 1641 and 1688, but collections from the Fitzwilliam Papers, and those of Philip Lord Wharton and Sir John Davies. Many of these valuable papers have been already transcribed, and separate copies deposited in the Public Record Office, London, and in the corresponding department, Dublin. It may be safely affirmed that in the course of a year or two, there will be a mass of material gathered for the illustration of Irish history during the past two hundred years such as has never been accessible before; and we trust that, at an early period, steps will be taken to print a number of volumes, chronologically arranged, with a clear abstract of their contents.

and elucidating in the most striking manner the character and spirit of the men by whom the Reformation was introduced into Ireland.

These State Papers consist of a hundred letters and records written by Anglican prelates, lord-deputies, and others, and describe what the editor, with an honest candour, represents as ‘the total failure of the Elizabethan Reformation in Ireland, in spite of the violent means—namely, fines, imprisonment, tortures and death, unscrupulously employed by ecclesiastical as well as civil agents in that alleged Reformation.’ The letters cover a space of about thirty eventful years, and end with the year 1593; but they serve to depict in a forcible manner the ecclesiastical and civil condition of Ireland before the reign of James I.

The other volume which appears at the head of this article is no State paper, but a curious family biography, with all the usual faults of self-adulation and minuteness. The Montgomery Manuscripts, however, throw a strikingly interesting light upon the history of the Plantation of the Ardes, a narrow and secluded peninsula on the coast of County Down, which was settled about the same period as the great Ulster Plantation in the reign of James I. They furnish a very simple and natural picture of the early settlers from Scotland, with notices of their agriculture and manufactures, their domestic economy of life, and their intense attachment to Presbyterianism, while they serve to revive forgotten customs, of which no trace is to be found, even in the abundant treasury of traditional lore. Mr. Hill has collected an immense mass of illustrative matter from ancient and modern sources to explain the Montgomery Papers, and supplies a most comprehensive index, which makes the work easy to be consulted for every purpose of use or curiosity. His minute researches will make its value considerable to genealogists, pedigree-hunters, and family historians, facilitating their harmless and sometimes useless labours; but we should be doing an injustice to the editor if we did not express our conviction that his labours have been signally successful in illustrating the character of Ulster civilisation in the most revolutionary and formative of Irish centuries.

The sixteenth century has been called the great watershed of European history, which turned into their modern channels the culture and destinies of all the great nations. But the seventeenth was the century of Irish change. It saw three great confiscations, which fixed the modern structure of Irish society, but not without leaving traces of anarchy in the native mind

which are barely rooted out at the present hour, while they deposited the seeds of almost incurable hatred between the two races which occupied the island. In fact, the key to the history of the people lies hid in the chaos of this period. The whole life of the nation in its social and constitutional development must be viewed from this starting-point of their progress, if we would have a just appreciation and correct knowledge of those apparently insoluble problems which ordinary rules of statesmanship are supposed to be wholly unable to solve. The origin of modern disaffection lies two centuries and a half behind us. Oblivion has usually engulfed the desolating feuds of other nations; but the misfortune of Ireland is that the memories of the ancient confiscations are still kept alive in the hearts of the peasantry. The civil convulsions of England left no such thunderscars upon the popular mind, simply because the progress of fair and equal legislation has long since obliterated every trace of the old animosities. It seems evident, then, that the only effective plan for putting an end to these deplorable traditions is by a course of wise and liberal statesmanship, which will secure at once to the whole people a perfect religious equality, a full reform of all abuses, and an equal and just administration of the law. We desire to turn public attention at the present moment to a comparatively unknown chapter of Irish history, especially as we have now evidently reached an epoch of transition in British statesmanship which must become the seed-time of great changes, and open—let us hope—a happier and brighter day for the sister-country.

We purpose, then, to describe the history and condition of Ireland in the seventeenth century, dwelling with some degree of minuteness upon that memorable settlement which is popularly known as the great Ulster Plantation, effected in the reign of James I., when for the first time English law and English tenures were successfully introduced into the country, the Protestant religion naturalised, and the foundations of Irish, or at least Ulster, prosperity laid. At the opening of that century, the civilisation of the country was undoubtedly at a very low point. We may sentimentalise at pleasure over the past of Ireland, with its heroic chieftains, its colleges of bards, its wise Brehons, its Tara assemblies, its Round Towers, and the great Psalter of its ancient glories; but no system deserves admiration or gratitude which keeps the masses of the people in penury and degradation, and hinders the full and rapid development of society. Prosperity was all

but impossible under the Brehon laws. The landed system of the country was most prejudicial to its social expansion and improvement; for there was no settled appropriation of property, and no law of inheritance, by which a father could bequeath his individual holding to his children. The lands were the property of the people themselves, and the chieftain was merely their elected president; and on the death of the chieftain, or even of a member of the sept, there was a fresh partition of all the lands; so that the Celtic cultivator of the soil might become successively the tenant of half a dozen different holdings. No peasant ever thought it worth his while to build a house which he might be called to leave in a few months or years; so he contented himself with the mean shelter of a hurdle-built hovel or a turf-built sheeling, without permanence or beauty. His house was, in fact, a mere encampment on the soil. Michelet may console us with saying that it is honourable to the Celts to have established in the West the law of equality, which was undoubtedly the principle of the Brehon law; but it was an equality that kept the people for ages on one common level of destitution and misery. If it had been desired to discourage agriculture and prevent civilisation, the means were singularly adapted to the end; for this system annihilated all the incentives to industry, and exposed the whole nation to the evils of indolence. The ancient Brehon law of partition by the custom of *Gavel kind* was afterwards abolished; but it still prevails, though with a restricted application, in spite of all outward interference, in the arrangement by which an Irish father divides his farm equally between his sons and his daughters. Another custom, though in one sense beneficial, as vesting in the people the election of their own chieftains with a corresponding power of deposition in case of the violation of Brehon laws, had a most injurious effect in splitting up the whole country into petty principalities, with all their constant dissensions, and thus rendered any great national movement impossible. This was the custom of *Tanistry*. Every sept elected its own chieftain, without regard to any established line of hereditary descent, and the *Tanist* was the heir to the chieftain chosen during the chieftain's life, and often his assassin, perhaps even in self-defence. Tanistry excluded the lineal heir. The regular descent of property to a legal representative of the estate and family, which is the corner stone of English society, was, therefore, altogether wanting in Ireland.

The Brehon law was the great cause of Celtic backwardness

and poverty. It ruled Ireland from the fifth till the seventeenth century. It had regularly established judges; it made the nation litigious, though impatient of legal control; and its abolition led to the establishment of those secret societies, with their machinery of agrarian outrage, which have for two centuries relentlessly enforced the sentences of these lawless tribunals. The Brehon statutes were a rougher bequest from antiquity than the more broad though confused system of law and precedent that prevailed in England; yet their compensations by money for injuries to life and property, their measuring offences against the purity of domestic life by a number of cows or a pecuniary mulct, are not, after all, very different in principle from our fines to the Crown and our verdict of damages. Had they admitted of some gradual development, they might have been sufficient for the purposes of civilised society; but the fact was that there were two conflicting codes of law in practical operation at the same time, and the civilisation of the country became thus all but impossible. The descent of property was in England regulated by laws essentially different from those of Ireland; and when the Anglo-Irish representative of the early settlers made his claim of tribute or ownership, there was the perpetual intervention of the English law, though he was equally ready to avail himself of all the subterfuges which either system suggested, to establish his claim to his new lands.

Notwithstanding all the efforts made by England before the seventeenth century to civilise Ireland by successive Plantations, it is questionable whether any progress whatever had been made in the social elevation of the country since the period of the first English invasion. The policy of all the successive swarms of settlers was to extirpate the native Celtic race; but every effort made to break up the old framework of society failed, for the new comers soon became blended with and undistinguishable from the mass of the people, being obliged to ally themselves with the native chieftains rather than live hemmed in by a fiery ring of angry septs, and exposed to perpetual war with everything around them. It is forgotten by Englishmen that the desperate contests carried on against Ireland for ages were not with the old Celtic races—which are hardly to be found anywhere at this hour except in some isolated mountain-districts,—but with the degenerate English who had been absorbed into the great Celtic mass, and had adopted Irish manners and names. These were the people who regarded themselves as injured by every new arrival from abroad, as certain to diminish the amount of their inheritance,

while they always proscribed and insulted the native inhabitants as an inferior race. For every portion of the soil there were thus two claimants: the native race, driven up into mountain-fastnesses, or lurking in the dense woods for the hour of their terrible revenge; and the representatives of the English settlers; both acting upon the supposition of the justice of their respective claims. If they had been neighbours, with boundaries dividing them from each other, friendliness, inspired as much by mutual fear as by a sense of mutual advantage, might have sprung up between them; but amicable relations, though possible, perhaps for a time, by a truce of temporary forgetfulness, and more possible still where the English settlers adopted the manners of their Irish neighbours, were impossible through the inextricable confusion of two codes of law that were still in constant operation regulating and limiting the descent of property. It is true that the ancient Irish again and again besought the Sovereign to extend to them the advantages of English law; but the jealousy of the Anglo-Irish was ever on the watch to see that everything liberal or conciliatory in the intentions of the monarch should be intercepted in its progress, or should reach them under some illiberal qualification. Thus, it will be seen how evidently the cause of Ireland's misery lay not only in her ancient constitution, but in her weakness, and in her long separation from England—for she was only allied, but not incorporated till the year 1800,—and how much she was degraded as well as oppressed by the unequal alliance. The English sovereigns were far more generous than their Irish deputies; they knew little of the atrocious cruelties practised upon the native race; and had the Union taken place a century or two earlier, instead of the long history of wars and confiscations and social disasters without parallel, which it has fallen to the lot of the historian to record, and the fierce and narrow vista of recollections through which the Irish peasant now views the events of the past seven hundred years, the country would have been not only rescued from the degradation of being subject to a provincial Parliament and a distant king, but the axe would long ago have been laid to the root of that system of oppression and misgovernment which has in modern times so seriously affected the honour of the English nation in the eyes of the whole world.

To comprehend the history of Ireland it is necessary to imagine the condition of the country in the year 1600. The wars of Elizabeth had left it almost depopulated; Lord Mountjoy gave it to his Queen—‘nothing but carcasses and ashes;’

the number of the peasantry was not formidable; their poverty and wretchedness were extreme; they were without leaders, without arms, without money, and utterly subdued. Three Spanish invasions in Elizabeth's reign had helped to ruin the country utterly; the Roman Catholic clergy left their cures; the churches fell into ruin, and the people were left without any adequate means of instruction, Roman or Reformed. Still, however, the abbeys and religious houses in Tyrone, Donegal, and Fermanagh—though nominally suppressed half a century before by Henry VIII.—were peopled with monks and nuns, and were the centres round which gathered such priests as remained in the country with other ecclesiastical persons. The Reformation had to this time never touched the soil of Ulster, for until the year 1605, the sees of Derry, Raphoe, and Clogher, which covered nearly the greater part of the northern province, had been occupied by Roman Catholic prelates. The accession of James I. inspired the ancient inhabitants of the country with new hopes. His collateral descent from Malcolm Canmore, and, consequently, his relationship to the blood-royal of Ireland, predisposed the Celtic chiefs in his favour. Besides, his first measures were conciliatory: he published an Act of Indemnity by which all offences committed against the Crown before his accession were pardoned. His next important act was to extend English law to the whole kingdom. Sheriffs were appointed in the great northern principalities of O'Neill and O'Donnell; judges of assize held their circuits in every quarter; and their visits, as Sir John Davies, the attorney-general, quaintly expresses it, were sweet and most welcome to the common people. The King also abolished the ancient customs of *tanistry* and *gavelkind*, and the English law of inheritance and English tenures were substituted in their stead. By the 'proclamation of grace,' as it was termed, the chieftains were invited to surrender the lands which they held under these old tenures, and to receive a fresh grant of estates of inheritance in them from the Crown.

It is generally supposed that the English law put an end to the feudalism of the Irish chieftains by the introduction of a new tenure more conducive to the freedom and comfort of the people. But the fact is, that feudal tenures never existed in Ireland till the reign of James I., and it was the English law that introduced them for the first time. The law of Tanistry made all the lands the common property of the sept, and gave the chieftain only a life-estate, so that in case of forfeiture by

treason, the lands of the sept could not be touched though the chieftain lost his position of honour and power. English policy effected a revolution of the most momentous description, the effects of which are to be traced in the disaffection and discontent of the present hour. For when the Irish lords surrendered their estates to the Crown, they received them again under English titles, which had the effect of conferring upon them the fee-simple of the estates; so that the effect of treason on the part of the new lords involved not merely the loss of their position but the confiscation of the land itself. In other words, the absolute ownership of the land was transferred by the King from the septs to their chieftains. It may appear fanciful to seek the causes of Irish disaffection in the nineteenth century in the landed arrangements of the seventeenth; but the fact is beyond dispute that this transfer of the old titles has never ceased to be lamented by the Irish people as a stupendous wrong and misfortune, that has never been reversed or repaired.

Probably we shall never know whether the plot ascribed to the leading Celtic noblemen of Ulster, Tyrone, and Tyrconnell was real or fictitious; but it served as an occasion for throwing nearly all the lands of the northern province into the hands of a new race, eager for their distribution, and capable of turning great opportunities to account. The flight of the earls left six counties of Ulster, with 500,000 acres of land, at the complete disposal of the Crown: they were Donegal, Tyrone, Derry, Fermanagh, Cavan, and Armagh, exceeding in their length and breadth the large counties of Yorkshire and Lancashire, and remarkable for their natural fertility and cultivation; but, at the period in question, as Leland says,—‘A tract of country, covered with woods, where robbers and rebels found a secure shelter, desolated by war and famine, and destined to be waste without the deliberate and vigorous intervention of the English Government.’

The Plantation of Ulster was a work in which James I. took the deepest interest, and he seems to have been at great anxiety to avoid the mistakes that had led to the failure of former experiments. He designed it for the benefit of the commonwealth, and founded it on a larger and more secure basis than had ever been attempted, in order that the kings of England might always possess, in the most important end of the island, a permanent garrison for its retention and defence as an appendage of the British crown. Lord Bacon drew up a plan of the proposed work; but the two great agents employed by James

to carry out the Plantation were Lord Deputy Chichester and Sir John Davies, the attorney-general. Sir Arthur Chichester—the founder of the present Donegal family—was in his earlier days a soldier who had served with distinction in the Irish armies of Elizabeth. He was, it must be confessed, a bloody and cruel soldier. It was in 1604 he became Lord Deputy of Ireland. He was a Puritan, a pupil and friend of the famous Puritan Cartwright, a man of singular sagacity and acuteness, better versed than any other man of his time in the tangled maze of Irish politics, and familiar with the temper and weakness of all the Celtic chieftains. Sir John Davies was a subtle and clever lawyer, possessed of many statesman-like qualities, and his ‘*Historical Tracts*’ supply the first real attempt ever made to grapple with the difficulties of the Irish question, and contain within a small compass almost everything that is worth reading upon the relations between England and Ireland since the English invasion in the twelfth century.

The nature of the Plantation project may be briefly stated. In the first place, the grants of lands made to the new settlers or undertakers, as they were called, were not to exceed respectively a thousand, fifteen hundred, and two thousand acres; and in order to make allowance for waste lands, bogs, and mountains, a new and more liberal mode of measurement, since known as the Plantation measure, was adopted. The grants were thus to be smaller in extent than those made under former plantations; for the King saw the wisdom of not assigning to any settler more land than he was able to furnish with people. In the reign of Elizabeth, the forfeited lands of the Desmonds in the south were divided in proportions so large—the largest being 12,000 acres—that the English holders, unable to obtain peasants to till their fields (for the natives were driven off through the confiscation of their property), either returned back to England in disgust or were obliged to fall in with the customs of the country and make terms with the natives. But the wealthier settlers, who had the largest proportions of land, and were able to pay the expenses of agency and protection, held their ground, and their descendants are now among the principal gentry of the South of Ireland. But the commissioners of the Ulster Plantation very wisely restricted the grants of land to more manageable proportions. It was determined that one-half of all the confiscated lands should be distributed in grants of 1,000 acres, while the other half should be equally divided between the two larger proportions. A distinct temporal provision, in addition to the tithes, was made for the support of the clergy, by the allocation to their

use of sixty acres in each grant or parish of 1,000 acres, of ninety acres in parishes of 1,500 acres, and of 120 acres in parishes of 2,000 acres; while free schools were endowed in the principal towns, and it was proposed to give to the College in Dublin more than a thousand acres at half the rent to be paid by the Scottish and English settlers. The archbishops and bishops claimed more than forty thousand acres in the various counties, but the King ordained as an equivalent arrangement that all the ecclesiastical lands—no matter how they had been alienated—should be restored to their respective sees and churches, and employed to maintain the state and dignity of the higher clergy.

It was resolved that the settlers on the confiscated lands should be of three sorts—viz. first, English and Scotch, who were to plant with tenants from their own countries; secondly, servitors in Ireland, that is, persons who had served the King in any civil or military capacity, and who were not restricted in the choice of either English or Irish tenants; and thirdly, the native Irish, who were all to be freeholders, and who should plant with those of their own nation and religion. Thus, the Plantation-project recognised the Irish among the landlords of Ulster; they had a place, though an inferior place, in the general scheme. All former projects really aimed at the extirpation of the native race; but the idea of James was different. Great care was taken, however, that the natives should be so disposed of and mingled among the mass of the foreign settlers that they should not be able to surprise or destroy them. It was the error of former projects to drive the natives off the rich and fertile plains up into mountain-fastnesses and dense forests; for often did they issue from their inaccessible retreats to destroy the settlements, burn the towns, drive off the cattle, and fall upon straggling parties with the avenging war-cries of their clans. It was therefore wisely resolved that the mountain-fastness should no longer be in the hands of the Irish: they were to be fixed in the open plain—in bog or marsh—under the eyes and the fortresses of the new settlers, who could thus easily watch and control them. This order was, no doubt, to some extent observed, but it eventually failed; and it is a curious fact, known to all Ulster people, that the mountain-districts of the province are to this hour peopled almost exclusively by the native Catholic population.

We now come to describe the orders and conditions of the new Plantation, and especially those affecting the native Irish. The new settlers were forbidden to alienate their property for five years after receiving their patents, and forbidden

to alienate at all to the Irish or to any tenant refusing to take the oath of supremacy. There were also very wise precautions against absenteeism. An annual rent from all lands was reserved to the Crown, the British settler to pay six and eightpence for every sixty acres, the servitor, ten shillings, and the Irish, thirteen and fourpence. The effect of this hard and unequal condition upon the native race was that in 1619, out of 200 landlords in the six counties, there were not more than ten or twelve Irish. Indeed, almost the only share they had in the Plantation was the privilege of paying exorbitant rents for limited interests and receiving miserably small wages for their labour. But the most important proviso in the whole scheme was that which referred to the creation of tenancies; it is as follows:—‘The said undertakers shall not demise any part of their lands at will only, but shall make certain estates for years, for life, in tail, or in fee-simple.’ Thus, none of all the classes of settlers were allowed to create tenancies at will, but were, by the very terms of their patents, bound to give substantial interests for a long term of years or for life. If they failed in this essential point, they rendered their own estates liable to sequestration and forfeiture at the royal discretion. Another condition of tenure—residence and building—led to the erection of houses built with stone and lime, and had a very important effect in promoting the tranquillity and comfort of the people.

The hardy settlers, who were the first to naturalise the Protestant religion in Ireland, and to plant the germs of law and civilisation in its most northern province, consisted of English Puritans and Scottish Presbyterians, but the mainstay of the plantation was Scotch. About this period the peninsula of the Ardes in County Down, already referred to, which is always visible on a clear day from the coast of Galloway, was settled by the Montgomerys of Braidstane. It is to this colony of Scotch that Adair, a Presbyterian clergyman, writing half a century later, refers in his ‘Narrative’:—‘In this time the parts of Scotland nearest to Ireland sent over abundance of people and cattle, which planted the country of Ulster next the sea; and albeit among these Divine Providence sent over some worthy persons for birth, education, and parts, yet the most part were such as poverty, or scandalous lives, or, at best, seeking better accommodation, did set forward that way.’ The descendants of these early settlers in the Ardes speak to this day in the purest dialect of the ancient Scots, and remain singularly faithful to all the traditions of the early Plantation. The English Puritans were then coming over from

Devonshire with Sir Arthur Chichester to settle in the neighbourhood of Belfast, Carrickfergus, Hillsborough, and Antrim, where their descendants are still distinguished by their high standard of social comforts and their fondness for orchards and gardens. But the more extended plantation of the north-western counties was effected mainly by 'inland Scots,' according to James's plan, that is, by the Lowland rural population who had English blood in their veins, and not by the Gaelic Scots from the unknown and savage Highlands, who would naturally sympathise with their brother Celts in Ireland. It was these Lowlanders who fixed from the first the moral and religious tone of the whole province. They belonged to a nation which could boast of the best-educated peasantry in the seventeenth century; and they had already made great advances in agriculture and manufactures, being specially characterised by prudential thrift, commercial activity, and the prompt energy that surmounts difficulties. Besides, they were fervid Presbyterians, carrying into Ulster their strong anti-popish traditions, and equally resolute in hatred to Prelacy, as self-willed as they were self-devoted, and creating a public opinion that made religion almost a condition of social existence. Their descendants in Ulster are marked by exactly the same qualities, though softened and attempered by the powerful influence of time, retaining still some of the narrowness and some of the sternness, with all the fervour, all the courage, and all that unity and community of idea which we recognise as essentially Scotch. This was the character of the early settlers by whose energy and resolution the great natural resources of the country were now to be turned to the best account, and the broad and permanent foundations of a new society were to be laid.

King James confided to the Corporation of London nearly a whole county for the purposes of settlement, in the belief that when it was known to his enemies that 'the London citizens had got a footing therein, they would be terrified from looking into Ireland, the back door of England and Scotland.' Thus it came to pass that a corporation of absentee traders called the Irish Society has enjoyed for more than two centuries the rents and revenues of the great county of Londonderry. It was in 1613 that the King made a grant of this property to the Irish Society on behalf of the twelve London Companies; and in 1617 the Irish Society executed separate grants to each of the companies of their proportions of the estates, while Londonderry and Coleraine were reserved in the hands of the Society itself. The royal grant was made subject

to certain special and stringent conditions, called the 'Articles of Plantation,' which prove that the property was conveyed in the terms of a strictly imperial trust.

Some nine or ten years after the new colony, embracing the six counties, had been established, the King commanded Captain Pynnar to visit Ulster and report upon the success of the Plantation. The results were very disappointing. It was discovered that though leases had been made to English tenants in many divisions, the largest number had obtained no leases whatever, and were therefore thinking of returning to England, and that many of the landlords had planted with Irish instead of English tenants contrary to their patents, because the Irish were prepared to pay a higher rent than the others from the expectation that the time was approaching when their English masters would be swept away and the natives would resume possession of their lands. It is a very curious fact that where the original plan was most extensively deviated from, as in the western parts of Donegal—the most Catholic county in the north—the native manners and relics of the original laws of the Irish still remain in nearly all their integrity. But the London Companies were by far the worst transgressors: their management was harsh and indolent; there was no security of tenure, and neither English nor Irish would practise tillage, while the English were satisfied with the exorbitant rates which the Irish paid for grazing their lands. Meanwhile the Irish were increasing as rapidly in the plains as they had done in the mountains and forests, acquiring lands and consolidating power, while some secondary chiefs that had been attainted, got back their lands through the treachery of their native countrymen. The King was so deeply incensed at the conduct of the London Companies that he sequestered their property in 1624, amerced them in a tremendous fine for various breaches of contract, and ultimately, by a decree of the Star Chamber in the year 1637, annulled their patent and resumed into his own hands the whole county of Londonderry, with its two leading towns. This sentence was not reversed till the eventful year 1641, when the twelve companies were restored to all their possessions, and in the year 1662 they received a new Charter from Charles II. Still, it is not to be imagined that with all these drawbacks, the Plantation did not prosper, especially in those divisions that were almost exclusively settled with Scotch. Houses and castles were built; the deserted plains were covered with a happy, thriving, and moral population; churches and school-houses were erected in every parish; the hum of industry was heard on every side; and

now—to use the pleasant words of an ancient narrative—‘ The golden peaceable age was renewed ; no strife, contention, querulous lawyers, or Scottish or Irish feuds, between clans and families and surnames, disturbing the tranquillity of those times ; and the towns and temples were erected, with other great works done even in troublesome years.’ Such was the beginning of the work.

The reign of Charles I. opened one of the most eventful and bloody eras in all Celtic history. Though it commenced auspiciously, it brought all the disorders and sufferings of the country to a height. The year 1641 saw the Ulster Plantation almost rooted up and blown away by the fierce insurrection of October. The plan of the rebellion was to dislodge the English settlers peaceably, but not to disturb the Scotch at all, as many of them had ties of kinship with the country, and some of their settlements had been made even with the sanction of the Irish chiefs. But whatever may have been the original designs of the rebellion, religious fanaticism soon got the upper hand ; and all the insurgents, whether ancient proprietors or Catholic clergy just returned from Spain, or the masses of the Celtic population who had long smarted under the sharp discipline of penal laws, were equally determined to drive the settlers from Ulster or to find them a grave in its soil. We need not dwell upon this subject. The Plantation survived the rebellion and massacre, and Cromwell came in 1649 to avenge it. The idea of Cromwell was to extend to Leinster and Munster that which James I. had, to a great degree, accomplished in Ulster ; but his plan of settlement was very different, being based on an entire exclusion of the Celtic population from the two provinces, while in Ulster the natives were allowed to remain in such proportions and under such conditions as to ensure their mingling with safety with the British colony. We have already in this Review told the terrible story of the Cromwellian confiscations, and the banishment of the Irish to Connaught.* It is not wonderful that the cry of vengeance for a banished nation has resounded from Ireland from that day to this in the emphatic ‘ Curse of Cromwell ’—the most intense form of an Irish peasant’s malediction—and that ‘ To hell or Connaught ’ should be the war-whoop of the Orangeman—expressions, both of which are used in the present day by people who are altogether ignorant of their historic meaning. Cromwell certainly

* No. ccl., October, 1865.—‘ The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland.’

effected greater changes during his short and sharp campaign in the ownership and occupancy of the Irish soil than England had done during the previous 500 years of its occupation. He made it too the era of dispersion. 40,000 Irish were sent in three years to recruit the Spanish armies, and were employed soon after in attempting to crush the liberties of the Netherlands and exterminate the Protestant Vaudois in their Alpine valleys. Thousands of young girls and boys were transported to Jamaica; while 200,000 altogether are supposed to have left the country for the Continent—‘a dispersion,’ says O’Driscoll, ‘still to be traced in France, Spain, and various other parts of Europe.’ Meanwhile, plague and famine at home had so swept away the population of whole counties that the soldiers of Cromwell might travel twenty or thirty miles without seeing the smoke of a habitation.

The Restoration found Ireland reduced to two-thirds of its population. Law, property, and order had been destroyed or thrown into hopeless confusion, and the Crown was called upon to re-establish them in a conquered realm. Then it was that the Act of Settlement created the title-deeds of the present proprietors, and fixed the settlement of property as it stands, with very little change, at the present day. A proclamation was issued by Charles II. that all the Cromwellian soldiers and adventurers who were possessed of any lands, should not be disturbed till proper steps had been taken to settle the various claims of parties. The Act of Settlement (14 & 15 Charles II. c. 2) vested in the hands of the King three-fourths of the land and personal property of the inhabitants, and handed over 7,800,000 acres to a host of adventurers, civil and military, nearly to the exclusion of the old inhabitants—those Innocent Papists, as they were called—who had had no part in the rebellion, and had been always faithful to the fortunes of the Stuart dynasty. The Act also set out a long list of persons excepted by name—500 in number—out of the ruinous effects wrought by its provisions. It is important to remember, however, that many of the Irish lost their estates altogether, not only from the difficulties designedly imposed in the way of proof by the Court of Claims, but by the deficiency in the fund for compensating the English adventurers arising principally from a profuse grant made to the Duke of York. This Court of Claims was a cruel and tantalising expedient devised by the Marquis of Ormond ostensibly to examine the claims of dispossessed proprietors; but no sufficient time was ever allowed for examination, and the examiners were often themselves in actual possession of

the very estates claimed by the ancient proprietors. The streets of Dublin were thronged with widows who had entered claims for jointures secured by their marriage-articles, but no restorations were ever made. Besides these, there were poor noblemen and gentlemen of high descent, some of English and some of Irish blood, some who had spent six years of misery in Connaught, and some who had passed a still longer period in the battles and sieges of the Continent. But restoration was vain. No wonder that, some years after, the Earl of Essex, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, remarked—‘ This country has been perpetually rent and torn since his Majesty’s restoration. I can compare it to nothing better than the flinging the reward on the death of a deer among the packs of hounds, where each one pulls and tears where he can for himself.’ No wonder that the ‘ Tories,’—that is, dispossessed gentlemen and broken-down peasants who had turned highwaymen—kept up a war of thirty years against society, to the injury of trade and agriculture. It is not remarkable that the Irish have always regarded the Act of Settlement as an unparalleled wrong and oppression; but, as Lingard remarks, ‘ The only apology offered on its behalf was the stern necessity of quieting the fears and jealousies of the Cromwellian settlers, and of establishing on a permanent basis the Protestant ascendancy in Ireland.’

Nearly thirty years pass away, and we are brought to the two years’ war of the Revolution. James II. is admitting Catholics to civil and military office, in opposition to law; Tyrconnell, better known as Black Dick Talbot, is whispering into the royal ear his proposals to repeal the Act of Settlement; and a lawyer named Nagle, who had written a well-known letter on the subject, is brought over with him to Ireland. The King at first is unwilling to overthrow the prescription of more than twenty years, but is at length disposed to acquiesce in such an extreme measure. His Irish Parliament has already introduced a Bill for the repeal of the Act of Settlement; but events sealed its fate. The battles of the Boyne, Aughrim, Enniskillen, and Derry are decisive; the final effort made by the Irish for the recovery of their ancient property has failed, and the slender relics of Celtic possession—1,060,792 acres—become the subject of fresh confiscations. Nearly four thousand persons are outlawed, and the sale of the confiscated lands to defray the expenses of the war introduces a new set of adventurers from England and Scotland. No less than eighty thousand Scots poured into Ulster between the years 1690 and 1698. Thus the revolution of 1688 was followed by

a fresh conquest of Ireland, and the basis of property at the present day rests exactly where it did in 1690. It is melancholy to reflect upon the subsequent history of the Celtic population. The war had been ended by the treaty of Limerick, which solemnly stipulated the abrogation of all penalties for the exercise of Catholic worship; but immediately afterwards the treaty was broken, and the Catholics found themselves at the commencement of the most degrading era in all their chequered history.

Having thus described the various settlements of Ireland effected during the seventeenth century, we shall now proceed to notice the social, political, and religious consequences of these important measures which have extended down to the present day. The Ulster settlement, as the most successful of all, deserves our especial attention. Catholic and Protestant historians, of course, regard these Plantations from opposite standpoints, and with very different views. According to Catholic representations, they were a gigantic wrong; an ancient civilisation, ancient laws, an ancient people, were swept away, and the rich plains and valleys where their fathers roamed for ages with the wandering wealth of their pastoral clans, passed into the possession of a new race, utterly reckless of the havoc they wrought in the pursuit of wealth and power; while the legislation of the English Government was all the while so framed as not only to obstruct the social improvement of the Celt, but actually to compass his extermination. On the other hand, Irish Protestant historians have spoken of the Ulster Plantation in particular in terms of unmeasured laudation as the first successful attempt to consolidate the conquest of Ireland and found a colony favourable to English interests; while they seem to look even with complacency on acts of wholesale national spoliation, as necessary, in a providential sense, to the establishment of the Reformed religion and to the advancement of the people in high civilisation. And as to that fearful code of penal laws, with its history of exclusion, separation, and social war, keeping alive to this day, though repealed, the memory of past calamities, they have either attempted to justify it on the most cruel political pretexts, or to censure it with such qualifications as prove that the spirit of the ancient proscriptions is not altogether dead. We cannot accept either of these representations; and it will be our anxious task in the following pages to represent what we believe the good and the evil sides of these plantation measures, so that we may the more fully comprehend the exact nature and extent of that modern legislation which is still needed to rectify the

anomalies and vices, and develop the substantial merits, of the original plans of settlement.

While we have always felt the most profound sympathy for the native race, and deplore the great severities that were exercised against them, we confess that we cannot follow Catholic historians in overlooking those bloody wars of religion between the Great Powers that shook the whole Continent as well as the British Isles during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. When James I. formed the idea of a plantation in Ulster, he could not forget that the Irish were then not only the enemies of England but the faithful allies of Spain, the most sanguinary crusader for the faith in that age; that just twenty years before, the Spanish Armada had sailed for the shores of England to crush the Reformation and make the English the vassals of Philip and the Pope; that the Spaniards had already made three hostile descents on Ireland itself during Elizabeth's reign, and had assisted the native chiefs in withstanding her power; that the Netherlands had been engaged, for half a century, in a deadly struggle with the same Power for their religious liberties; and that only thirty years before, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, afterwards solemnly approved by the Pope, had deluged the streets of France with Huguenot blood. With these facts fully in view, it is only remarkable that James I., whose own life had been threatened five years before by the Gunpowder Plot, should have dealt so tenderly with the native Irish, and assigned them any place whatever in the settlement of Ulster.

One signal benefit of the Ulster Plantation was the establishment of a strong British garrison in Ireland, which served to turn the tide of battle in 1690 on behalf of the civil and religious liberties of England. When James I. came to the throne he found the country in so distracted a condition as not to be able to levy the revenues of the crown, nor to execute the laws, nor to protect his subjects without military force. But notwithstanding all the intervening miseries of the Rebellion, it grew so rapidly in strength and prosperity, that, in little more than half a century, the garrison, with its industrious, politic, and hardy population, formed the key of the British connexion, and was able to shut 'the back-door of England 'and Scotland' effectually, at a most critical moment, in the face of the Planter's grandson and the enemies of England. The garrison was there at the right time—the advanced outpost of English power. The battles of the Boyne, Aughrim, Enniskillen, Newtownbarry, and the siege of Derry, not only sealed the fate of the ancient races, but swept away the last

hopes of James II., and sent him back to France to die an exile. It has been remarked as a curious instance of historical retribution that, in the very plantation which the first Stuart founded in the estates of Celtic noblemen and princes, his son and grandson encountered the most unflinching hostility; while the unhappy race whom that first Stuart proscribed and persecuted were the only people to rise, faithful to his house, even in its despair, as they had been faithful to their native chieftains, and fight for its ruined fortunes. This was the last effort of the Celts to dislodge the garrison; for the rebellion of 1798 was Protestant rather than Catholic in its origin, and the more modern spurts of insurrection are hardly worth serious mention.

Another effect of the Plantation was that it effectually separated the two races, and kept them apart. It planted a new race in the country which never coalesced with the native population. There, they have been in continual contact for more than two centuries; and they are still as distinct as if an ocean rolled between them. We have seen that all former schemes of plantation failed, because the new settlers became rapidly assimilated to the character, manners, and faith of the native inhabitants; even the descendants of Oliver's Puritan troopers being so effectually absorbed in the space of forty years as to be undistinguishable from the Celtic mass. The Ulster settlement put an end to the amalgamation of races; difference of creed, difference of habits, difference of tradition, the sundering effects of the Penal Laws, kept them apart. The Presbyterian settlers preserved their religious distinctness by coming in families, and the intense hatred of Popery that has always marked the Scottish mind was an effective hindrance to inter-marriage. It is a curious fact, that the traditions of the Ulster Presbyterians still look back to Scotland as their home, and disclaim all alliance with the Celtic part of Ireland. Indeed, the past history of Ulster is but a portion of Scottish history inserted into that of Ireland; a stone in the Irish mosaic of an entirely different quality and colour from the pieces that surround it.

This separation had its good side; it had also its evil, for it made the rest of Ireland politically and thoroughly Popish. Lord Clare has remarked, 'that from the reign of James I. the ' Celts clung to the Popish religion as a common bond of union ' and as a hereditary pledge of animosity to British settlers and ' the British nation.' Before this period, as we have already explained, the Reformation had not extended beyond the English Pale, and the penal laws in existence against the exercise of

Romish worship were seldom executed, chiefly from reasons of policy, as Elizabeth's conquering and devastating armies were largely recruited from the Irish themselves. There were even some considerable indications about this period that the Irish chieftains—whether they would have been followed by their septs is another question—were prepared to throw off their allegiance to the Pope; but soon after the accession of James I., more stringent measures were taken against the Romish worship, the monasteries were effectually suppressed and their inmates dispersed, and the episcopal sees filled at last by Protestant bishops. Thus, it came to pass that, through the confiscation of their lands and the proscription of their religion, Popery was worked by a most vehement process into the blood and brain of the Irish nation. Persecution could no more weaken their attachment to their ancient faith than the thirty years' persecution of the Covenanters could make Scotland surrender her Presbyterianism. Religious and political feeling were thenceforth to give unity of purpose to desultory and driftless acts of lawlessness, and very often mere combinations of the peasantry to plunder their neighbours became to be regarded as evidence of organisation for far wider and more dangerous purposes. The separation wrought by the Plantation between the two races was thus complete; indeed, all that James I. could have desired.

But the crowning benefit of the Plantation was that it laid the foundation of Ulster prosperity, and eventually formed a middle-class, hardly anywhere else to be found in Ireland. Thirty years had not passed before towns and fortresses and factories were lifting their heads aloft, changing the whole face of nature and of things. The rich pasture lands of Derry, Fermanagh, Tyrone, Cavan, Armagh, and Donegal were now broken up over great breadths by the ploughs of the settler; watermills were in full operation; the forests resounded with the ceaseless axe; orchards were planted and nursed with care, and new tenements and streets grew up under the rare power of industry. Meanwhile, kindly relations were still maintained with the Scots across the narrow channel, and notwithstanding the dread of wolves and 'woodkerns,' the settlers felt that they had made a happy exchange from the harsh climate and reluctant soil of Scotland for the more genial air and fertile lands of Ulster. How did this structure of peaceful prosperity arise so quickly in a province which before the reign of James was the most disturbed in the kingdom? The answer is, that it sprang from the security of tenure which the plantation settlement supplied. The landlords were in every case, as we

have seen, to make 'fixed estates' to their tenants, else their own estates were in danger of sequestration and forfeiture at the royal discretion. The Crown did not assign the lands in simple feudal ownership, but strictly enjoined the granting of fixed tenures; and out of these sprang that custom of tenant-right which has written its history so deeply and so visibly on the broad acres of Ulster. We know that the custom in question, or, as it is sometimes called, 'the right of the country,' exists in County Down and County Antrim, which were not included in the Great Plantation; but these prosperous counties, or at least the eastern districts of them, were settled at the very same time and under the very same general conditions. At an early period, the tenants' right was encroached upon by the landlords; but in order to evade the scrutiny of the Crown and protect their lives and property against the 'woodkerns,' they were only too glad to recognise it by sanctioning the outgoing tenantry in the sale of their plantation rights and improvements; so that the custom became thus prescriptively established.* It is just a hundred years since another attempt was made to infringe it, but the formidable organisation known as the 'Hearts of Steel' rose in its defence, filling the whole province with terror, and was not effectually quelled till the original cause of complaint had ceased. These midnight conspirators were no ignorant and lawless Papists, but nearly all Presbyterians, with a few Episcopalians. More recently, the peace of County Down was disturbed by an association of peasants called 'Tommy Down-shire Men,' who banded together in defence of the tenant-right. We can thus easily understand the force of the remark made by the agent of the Marquis of Londonderry before the Devon Commission, that any attempt on the part of the landlords to abolish the custom of Ulster would turn the peaceful county of Down into another Tipperary. Thus, more than two centuries ago, by the wise provision of James, the foundations of northern wealth and happiness were securely laid. Ulster has never since lost its agricultural pre-eminence, though

* A masterly dissertation on this whole subject is to be found in a pamphlet published in the year 1848, by James M'Knight, Esq., LL.D., in the form of a letter to Lord John Russell with a title which indicates the position of the learned and philosophic writer: 'The Ulster Tenants' Claim of Right; or, Landownership a State Trust; the Ulster Tenant-Right an original grant from the British Crown, and the necessity of extending its general principle to the other provinces of Ireland, demonstrated.'

its soil is naturally inferior to that of the southern provinces, and though it has shared, more or less, the common injustice wrought by the harsh exercise of proprietorial rights over the whole extent of the country. The traveller is always struck by its superiority over the other provinces. The German tourist Kohl, who traversed the greater part of Ireland in 1842, says ;—

‘ Not far from Newry, the province of Leinster ends and that of Ulster begins. The coach rattled over the boundary line, and all at once we seem to have entered a new world. I am not in the slightest degree exaggerating when I say that everything was as suddenly changed as if struck by a magician’s wand. The dirty cabins by the roadside were succeeded by neat, pretty, cheerful-looking cottages. Regular plantations, well-cultivated fields, pleasant little cottage gardens, and shady lines of trees, met the eye on every side. The improvement lasted all the way to Newry, and from Newry to Belfast everything continued to show me that I had entered the country of a totally different people, namely the district of the Scottish settlers—the active and industrious Presbyterians.’

But the Plantation effected more than the mere creation of a rural population, industrious, moral, and peaceful. It founded the manufacturing superiority of the northern province. Manufactures have never taken root in the south, though many attempts have been made to plant them there ; and the few feeble manufactures that remain hold but a precarious and struggling existence, while the great linen trade of the north has created one of the finest commercial capitals in the United Kingdom, besides a number of smaller centres that are growing rapidly in population and wealth. It has been remarked that manufacturing industry has its fullest and freest current in Protestant lands ; but it may also be added that this current is usually most rich and abundant in the regions of Dissent, as we observe in the past and present history of Holland, France, and England. The leading manufacturers of Ulster at present are Presbyterians, Quakers, and Unitarians. The original settlers brought over their linen manufactures from Scotland. In the Montgomery settlement of the Ardes, in County Down, about the same period, we find that the founder’s lady ‘ set up ‘ and encouraged linen and woollen manufactory, which soon ‘ brought down the prices of brackens and narrow cloths of both ‘ sorts.’ The Plantation settlers were, no doubt, more highly favoured than the inhabitants of the other provinces ; and though they also experienced somewhat of the sharpness of intolerant legislation, and their descendants, at a later period, were shut out from all public offices under Government, their

manufacturing activity never relaxed. Their trade grew up gradually from small beginnings, taking deep root at once and spreading its branches widely far beyond the limits of the Plantation counties. King after king favoured the trade. An enactment of Charles II. made it imperative on all cultivators of more than thirty acres in Ulster to sow three bushels of flaxseed annually, for the purpose of extending it. An immense stimulus was further given by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which drove the Huguenots from France with their rare skill in manufactures. This remarkable dispersion brought 500 French families to Ulster, including one Louis Crommelin, sprung of a family renowned in manufactures for 500 years, who made such improvements in the weaving-loom as opened a new era in the linen trade. William III. rewarded Crommelin munificently.

Thus it came to pass—as Arthur Young remarked a hundred years ago—that ‘the whole province of Ulster was peopled ‘with weavers’—a social arrangement which he deemed to be of the most injurious description to the interests of agriculture, but which in our opinion was most beneficial, for it created an agreeable and profitable division of labour in almost every homestead of the north; it increased the value of land, and by the extended culture of flax introduced more scientific modes of tillage in the field. Thus Ulster was nursed by kings and encouraged by legislators, while the sister-provinces were almost neglected. It is only, however, within a very short period that the manufacturing greatness of Belfast has grown to its present proportions. Its population a century ago was only 9,000; its present population is believed to be about 160,000. It is hardly a century since the cotton and damask manufactures took root in that city; but the remarkable development of its linen manufacture dates from the year 1829, when Andrew Mulholland first introduced steam-power for the spinning of flax. The increase of manufactures, with the endless division of labour it creates, has formed a bold and self-reliant middle-class in the north, whose political power has been hitherto neutralised by exceptional but temporary causes, but which is yet destined, we believe, to play a most distinguished part in the regeneration of the country at large.

Another important effect of the Ulster Plantation was that it laid the foundation of the wealth of the Irish Church. We have already referred to the liberal grants of land, in addition to the tithes, assigned by King James for the support of the Established religion. As some misapprehension appears to exist with regard to the origin of the present ecclesiastical

endowments, it may be necessary to make some remarks on the subject. The usual representation made by Catholic writers is that the lands and tithes enjoyed by their clergy from the earliest period passed at the Reformation into the hands of the Reformed clergy. The exact truth is, that an exceedingly small proportion of landed property changed hands at the Reformation, for nearly all the present endowments of the Irish Church were created *de novo* in the seventeenth century, and had never been possessed by the Catholic clergy at any period. But the Catholics themselves had wrested many of the ecclesiastical lands from the old monastic Church of Ireland, backed by all the strength of that English power which again changed the disposition of this property at the Reformation. This was a retribution that has never been recognised by the Roman Catholic Church. Before the twelfth century, which was the period of the English invasion, the country was not parcelled out at all into dioceses and parishes, with their bishops' lands and parish glebes. We have the evidence of the Rev. Robert King, an Irish clergyman, in his 'Memoir of the Primacy of 'Armagh'—which was chiefly collected from manuscript records in Armagh Cathedral and dedicated to the late Primate Beresford—that 'no episcopacy was settled in this country, or 'employed for the government of the Irish Church, until introduced by the Church of Rome in the twelfth century,' and that before this period the churches were governed 'mostly by 'presbyter-abbots, but sometimes also of the episcopal order, 'though not forming regular or continued episcopal successions; to such abbots the bishops were during that period of 'history subordinate.' This learned antiquary tells us, moreover, that no such exalted personage as the Archbishop of Armagh existed in those intermediate ages, for the dignitary so called by later writers was in reality the Abbot of Armagh. Indeed, a territorial episcopacy was impossible from the manner in which Ireland was divided into separate chieftaincies and governments. We cannot, then, understand the nature of the claim which the defenders of the Irish Church now put forward to all her ecclesiastical endowments, on the ground, forsooth, that she is the true successor and representative of the early Church of St. Patrick, which existed ages before the introduction of the Roman episcopacy in the twelfth century. The truth is, that the earliest ecclesiastical arrangements of Ireland were neither Episcopalian, Presbyterian, nor Independent, but, exclusively monastic, with hundreds of tributary churches spread over the land. The monasteries were simply training-

colleges for clergymen; and the abbots, who were sometimes laymen, and often married, not only directed their studies in the cloister, but exercised episcopal jurisdiction over all the churches which they founded. Large tracts of land were set apart for the support of these colleges—for tithes were not yet introduced,—and the abbots were authorised to make ‘circuits’ collecting contributions, chiefly in cows, for their support. This aboriginal church was in continual conflict from the fifth to the twelfth century with a Romanising party, and their contentions often involved the country in civil war and bloodshed. But the new order of diocesan episcopacy, with territorial possessions attached, did not appear in the country till 1110—more than half a century, be it remembered, before the English invasion. The Roman Catholic historian Keating has copied from the Book of Clonenagh an account of the Synod of Rathbreasil or Mountrath, which effected these changes under the presidency of Gille, the first Papal legate who had ever visited Ireland. Strange to say, the following remarkable passage is expunged from the English editions of Keating, but it describes the dioceses into which the country was divided, and then goes on:—‘It was in this synod that the churches of Ireland were given over completely to the bishops, without reservation of rent or control over them, for any temporal rulers for ever. It was in it likewise that the *faircheadha* (parishes, the see of the bishop being originally called his *parochia*) of the bishops of Ireland was constituted.’ These bishops, then, were to be foisted into places occupied by the ancient Presbyter-abbots. Then began a desperate and bloody struggle between the two classes of churchmen, which lasted four centuries, the native chieftains in many cases securing possession of the sees on the death of the bishops, converting them again into abbacies, and appointing abbots according to the directions of the Brehon law. Thus the celebrated Malachy O’Morgair, whose life has been written by the great St. Bernard, though nominated to the see of Armagh, durst not reside in the city for fear of assassination, and was ultimately compelled to resign his primacy. The ‘Annals of the Four Masters’ are continually recording the incessant plundering of ecclesiastical properties and edifices, but they are most careful to suppress all allusion to the causes. The successful invasion of the country by the English in 1172 gave great stability to the new order of territorial prelacy; but onwards for four centuries we read of constant insurrections, like the tithe-riots of the last generation, caused by the hated imposts enforced by primatial rescripts. In the middle of the fifteenth century, the

primate issued a declaration of excommunication against the O'Donnell of Donegal and the Dean and Chapter of Raphoe, for having seized on the temporalities of that see on the death of the bishop, with a view to the restoration of the ancient order of the Church.

The conflict went on, as we have narrated, till the period of the Reformation, when the Catholic prelates had hardly been secure in their possession when they were compelled in turn by the English Power to surrender all they had wrested from the ancient Church of the Irish. It was not, however, till the period of the Ulster Plantation that the actual dispossession took place, and that the Protestant bishops and clergy first acquired possession of the lands and tithes. We have already mentioned the distinct provisions made for the clergy by King James, in addition to the tithes; its great liberality is at once ascertained by the fact, that of the whole glebe-lands of Ireland which amount altogether to 132,756 acres, no less than 111,151 acres are situate in the ecclesiastical province of Armagh. These extensive lands were national property, consisting partly of confiscated estates and partly of the estates of the ancient Church. It is evident, however, that the clergy had other sources of income, which contributed, we fear, very little to sustain their influence or reputation; for during the reign of Charles I. we find the Irish Commons—to use the language of Dr. Leland, the Episcopal historian—‘inveighing against the conduct of the Ecclesiastical Courts, their fees, their commutation-money, the demands of the Established clergy for christenings, marriages, hearse-clothes, mortuaries, and other claims introduced in times of popery, and as yet not sufficiently regulated and reformed.’ At this period, the clergy were carrying matters with a very high hand, for Charles I. was petitioned not to allow the clergy ‘to keep henceforward any private prisons of their own, but delinquents were to be committed to the public jails.’

The ecclesiastical settlement of the Plantation remained undisturbed till the Commissioners of the Long Parliament ordered the sequestration of all Episcopal and ecclesiastical revenues. Oliver Cromwell allowed the bishops pensions out of their bishoprics; and made provision for Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Independent ministers by salaries of nearly 200*l.* a year taken out of the tithes and allocated in quarterly payments. The whole tithes of Ireland were then only about one-tenth of the present tithe-rent charge. We see from Thurloe's State Papers,* that the entire amount

* Vol. vi. p. 596.

paid for ministers' and schoolmasters' salaries in 1656-7 was 34,141*l.* 13*s.* 8*d.*; while from Reid's 'History of the Presbyterian Church,' we learn that the tithes payable in County Antrim into the Treasury for the year ending November 1654, were 1,625*l.* 12*s.*; and in County Down, 1,272*l.*; while the bishops' rents for half a year at the same period were 61*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* for Antrim and 40*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* for Down.* At the Restoration, the Episcopal faith was re-established, and the endowments of the clergy still further enlarged, the King granting to them all impropriate and forfeited tithes and glebes in his own disposal, and directing that all escheated lands hitherto exempt from the payment of ecclesiastical dues should be chargeable in future like all other lands. The Act of Settlement contained also this important clause:—'That out of every hundred acres forfeited to his Majesty, which are not yet actually distributed, two acres shall be allowed and set apart for glebe in every parish, barony, and county, as shall be most contiguous and convenient for the several parish churches in such places situated or to be situated.' The effect of this ancient enactment it is difficult to ascertain at the present hour. In the reign of Queen Anne, the ancient papal imposts of first fruits and twentieths were remitted to the Church for the support of the clergy and the purchase of glebe-lands. And forty years ago, the clergy received a million sterling from the Treasury, first as a loan and afterwards as a gift, in compensation for their losses in the great tithe-wars of that period. We cannot better conclude this portion of the subject than by quoting the closing sentence of Mr. Shirley's interesting paper on the Endowments of the Church of England which appears in the Appendix to the Report of the last Church Commission:—

'In conclusion, it may be said, that of the original patrimony of the Church before the Anglo-Norman invasion, but little remains and that little consists solely of lands; of the tithes and lands granted to the Church between the eras of the invasion and the Reformation, probably the whole of the lands, and one moiety at least of the tithes, are in the hands of the laity, having been dis-severed from the Church at the fall of the monasteries in 1536; of the remaining property of the Church, viz., the glebe-lands, no less than five-sixths were granted to the Reformed Church since the Reformation; the same may be said of the bishops' lands in Ulster, which were granted in 1609.'

The Ulster Plantation also gave a new Church to the

country, for it laid the foundations of Irish Presbyterianism. Belfast is the ecclesiastical metropolis of this Christian body. The Scots came with a royal introduction. King James made use of his power and influence to promote their emigration to Ulster. In a letter written sixty years ago by Mr. Alexander Knox, secretary to Lord Castlereagh, at a time when it was deemed advisable to increase the *Regium Donum* of the Presbyterians, that intelligent man remarked:—

‘The consequence of this emigration was that, in the course of a few years, the province of Ulster, particularly the eastern part, became as it were another Scotland, in language, in manners, and in religion. It was impossible for James not to have been aware of this last consequence of his plan of transplantation. Even then the Scots had shown their determined aversion to Episcopacy; and the western part of Scotland, from which the emigration chiefly took place, was notoriously the most zealous portion of the kingdom. The establishment, therefore, of Presbyterianism in the north of Ireland, and its hereditary transmission to the successive descendants of the emigrants, were just as much the necessary result of what was then done by the Parliament and the monarch as the fall of any heavy substance is the consequence of its being dropped from the hand. But James was so far from being unapprised of his countrymen’s steady adherence to Presbyterianism that there is tolerable reason to believe that he took measures for humouring them in their religious preferences.’

He humoured them in effect by the appointment to the vacant sees of Ulster of Scottish bishops of known tenderness and liberality to their Presbyterian countrymen. The early Presbyterian ministers who settled in Ulster with the sanction of James, and contributed so much to its civilisation, were never in any true sense Dissenters from the English Church, but rather comprehended in it, by a wise and liberal arrangement which allowed them to be inducted into the livings and to hold the tithes. As they refused to accept prelatic orders, the bishops, in deference to their scruples, joined with the Presbyteries in ordinations; while the ministers often met with the bishops for mutual consultation, and some were even members of the Convocation of 1634, which was specially convened to effect a union between the English and Irish Churches. Any other policy than one of comprehension would have blasted the prospects of the Plantation at the very start. But the bigotry of Laud was more powerful than the moderation of Ussher, and the Presbyterian ministers, after thirty years’ possession, were in many instances ejected from their parishes and exposed to considerable hardships. Meanwhile the hardy settlers from Scotland were laying the foundations of Ulster prosperity, and creating the

wealth of that very Church which so illiberally proscribed them. They were the firm friends of constitutional government, and the sternest opponents of Strafford's unconstitutional measures. They afterwards opposed the violent death of Charles I.; they strenuously opposed the authority of the Commonwealth, and the Long Parliament had arrangements perfected for rooting them up from their thriving homesteads and transplanting them to the broad lands of Tipperary. Oliver Cromwell treated them more kindly, and assigned their ministers a salary of 100*l.* a year; but they refused to accept it on any other terms than as compensation for their tithes which had been sequestered. The Presbyterians were no less active and zealous in promoting the restoration of Charles II.; but the Episcopal clergy succeeded in intercepting all favours from the Crown; the sees were filled with their determined enemies; and all the livings of the country, including those which the Presbyterian clergy had held from their first settlement in the kingdom till they were finally ejected by the bishops, passed into the exclusive care of the Episcopal clergy. After some years, Charles II., in consideration of their loyalty and losses, assigned them an annual sum of 600*l.*, which is the origin of that *Regium Donum* that is now to be withdrawn in common with all other ecclesiastical grants and endowments. The Revolution could never have been consummated in Ireland—or even in England—but for the Presbyterians of Ulster. They held the province. They sent two of their ministers to wait on William III. before he was proclaimed King to assure him of their devotion to his cause. The indomitable firmness of the besieged at Derry, of whom the overwhelming majority were Presbyterians, was like that of their ancestors under Wallace and Bruce; and the Enniskillen men, headed by Gustavus Hamilton, routing two of the armies despatched to attack them, and compelling a third to retire, recalls the recollection of the thrice-fought and thrice-won battle of Roslin. William made the Presbyterian ministers a grant of 1,200*l.* per annum; but he meditated a grand measure of Church comprehension which would have included them in the national establishment. The Episcopalians themselves had consented to such a measure with the view of securing the defensive alliance of the Presbyterians against the armies of James II.; but when the revised articles of the Church of England, prepared by the bishops and twenty other divines, were presented to the Convocation, the cry was raised that the Church was in danger, and every proposal was rejected for the comprehension of Nonconformists within the

Establishment. ‘The ill-reception,’ says Bishop Burnet, ‘which the clergy gave to the King’s message raised a great and just outcry against them, since all the promises made in King James’s time were now so entirely forgotten.’ Thus it happened twice that the Presbyterians were sacrificed to the Protestant religion. In the time of Charles II. they reluctantly consented to an act of self-immolation in order to obtain security for the country against the accession of a popish prince to the throne; and when a friend of religious liberty was in power, their hopes of relief were postponed rather than endanger the Protestant establishment. It was with the utmost difficulty that King William was able to carry through the House of Lords his Act of Toleration, enabling the Presbyterians to live in the country at all otherwise than under a system of pains and penalties for refusing to attend the parish churches. But the passing of the Test Act, excluding them from all offices under the State, placed them directly in the position of an inferior race. In the city of Londonderry alone, which Presbyterian valour kept for four months against all the strength of James II. and De Rosen, this unjust and impolitic act disqualified ten out of twelve aldermen, and twenty out of twenty-four burgesses. It is no wonder that they could say to their Queen: ‘It hath placed an odious mark of infamy upon at least one-half of the Protestants of this kingdom, whose early, active, and successful zeal for the late happy Revolution gave them hope that they would not have been rendered incapable of serving your Majesty and the country.’ Then followed the Schism Act to shut up the meeting-houses. It seems almost incredible at the present day that, a little more than a century and a half ago, Presbyterian meetings for worship were without the protection of law, that Presbyterians could not legally keep a common school, that marriages by their ministers were interdicted, that the bishops and their political allies tried again and again to have the *Regium Donum* withdrawn, that clauses were regularly inserted in bishops’ leases forbidding with rigid penalties the toleration of Presbyterians upon the lands demised; and that all this tyranny was carried on with determined rigour till the era of the Irish Volunteers, when, with arms in their hands, the Presbyterians over the length and breadth of the old Plantations extorted rights for which justice had pleaded in vain for eighty years. The immediate effect of the Test Act was, of course, to estrange nearly the whole population of the province. Dean Swift, their relentless enemy, complained that, when the country was alarmed on account of a threatened invasion in favour of the

Stuart dynasty, the Presbyterians declared in a menacing way, that ‘if such an invasion should take place, they would sit still and let the Episcopalians fight their own battles, since they were to reap no advantages whichever side should be victors.’

The reason was not far to seek. They were strongly embittered against the clergy and their Tory allies; and when they saw no immediate prospect of the downfall of High Church tyranny, wearied out with long exactions, they began at last to leave the country by thousands, carrying off to America their capital and their skill, to the great consternation of Primate Boulter, who was sorry that he could not chain them like negroes to the soil. These emigrants were the hardy and resolute Presbyterians who fought so bravely years after against the British Government in the American war—the men of whom Bancroft says: ‘The first public voice in America for dissolving all connexion with Great Britain came not from the Puritans of New England, the Dutch of New York, nor the planters of Virginia, but from the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. They brought to the New World the creed, the spirit of resistance, and the courage of the Covenanters.’ Well might Lord Mountjoy say, in 1784, that ‘America was lost by Irish emigrants.’ But the abolition of restrictive measures took place in due time, when it could be no longer delayed with safety to the State, and was followed immediately by a happy decline of all sectarian asperities, and—singular to relate! by an immediate translation of nearly all the higher families of Presbyterianism to the ranks of the Established Church. Since that period, the Presbyterian Church, exclusively supported by the middle and humbler classes, equally removed from abject poverty and overgrown wealth, without glebes or church-lands, has grown in power and numbers, so as to be a scarce less numerous body than were their Scottish ancestors at Bannockburn, when the national independence was maintained against the whole power of England. It has a very compact form in Ulster, holding exclusive possession of large districts, and determining the moral tone of the whole province, while it has, in more recent times, been extending its influence to the other provinces, whither its sons have been led through the spirit of commercial or agricultural adventure. This is the Church, with a membership of more than half a million, deriving half its support from the State, building all its own churches and manses, sending its bands of missionaries to all quarters of the world, erecting at its own expense two excellent colleges—one at Belfast, purely theological, with a small State endowment, and the other at Derry, endowed as

well as built by the munificence of wealthy Presbyterians—which is about to be disendowed in common with the other religious communities of Ireland.

Having thus described the social, political, and ecclesiastical consequences of the Ulster Plantation, and less prominently of the other settlements, we are now in a position to understand the relation that the two great interests—the land and the Church—hold towards each other at the present time. There can be no manner of doubt that all the settlements, from the first to the last, had the effect of making the cause of the landlord and the cause of the Church really one. The early proprietors and the early clergy were equally obnoxious in the eyes of the native race. They were, therefore, equally interested in such restrictive or repressive measures as would ensure the total subjection of the nation. The landlord knew that the re-establishment of Romanism would include the reinstatement of the Irish proprietors in their old estates, and therefore he looked upon the preservation of the Protestant worship as a security for his ample possessions. On the other hand, the clergyman felt that the overthrow of the landed system in the hands of Protestant proprietors would be followed by his own immediate expulsion, and the restoration of the ancient worship. Thus they were banded together from the very first, playing into each other's hands, supporting each other's exactions, and, except in one signal instance—the Agistment agitation—preserving each other's privileges and immunities. The Church in this way lost a great opportunity, which it has never recovered. During the worst days of landlord oppression it never identified itself with the interests of the people, but uniformly sustained the power and privileges of the landlords. It struck down all chance of its own popularity in the country, became the symbol of a hateful domination to Papists and Dissenters, and used the whole weight of its influence for ages to oppose the removal of civil disqualifications on account of religion, while it took care to preserve by every unhallowed means the unnatural advantages it had gained and clung with all its might to its artificial holds upon authority. We have always regarded it as a misfortune to the Irish Church that its highest dignitary, the Primate, should have had such a leading place in the government of the country, and should have been directly identified with some of its worst calamities. We owe to such men as Primate Boulter and Primate Stone, who, in fact, governed the kingdom for a large portion of the eighteenth century, many of the evils under which it groaned; for they used all their influence to promote what they called an English

interest, not upon the principles of a just union between the two kingdoms, but by rendering the weaker subservient to the power and wealth of the stronger. We know that churchmen are in the habit of excusing themselves for their past derelictions by casting all the blame upon the State; but the union of the Church and the landed interest still continues, and the clergy have never ceased to be the buttress of irresponsible landlordism. The Church has had a career of almost unbroken prosperity and influence for more than two centuries, without doing one good deed to the Roman Catholic people, without stamping its name on one single measure of improvement, or one generous effort to relieve their heavy burdens; on the other hand, there has not been a single measure of humanity, or liberality, or justice devised which did not find in its clergy—and especially in the spiritual peers—the most active and acrimonious opponents; its whole life, later and earlier, being one of perpetual endeavour to restrict and abridge the liberties of the people, to prevent all efforts for their extension, and to continue all the unjust and obsolete distinctions of law. In a word, the Irish Church is, and continues to be, the great central rallying-point for all the obstructive feeling in the country. Yet there are visible indications that changes in the relations of the Church and the land are not very far distant. The Belfast election proves that the Orangemen have broken with their leaders; and if the Church were once disestablished, and the day of invidious distinctions gone, there is every reasonable probability that they would not only cordially acquiesce in the change, but, having no other separate interests to keep them aloof from their Roman Catholic countrymen, they would trust to their natural weight and influence for a fair share of public honour and no more, and ally themselves with all true friends of liberty in putting an end to landlord tyranny.

It must be sufficiently evident from this review that all the ancient settlements, without distinction, created a civil and religious inequality in the relations of the Irish people—an inequality which it is the spirit and policy of modern statesmanship to destroy. For a very long period, indeed, we have been earnestly engaged in abolishing restrictive measures, and in undoing the political effects of the old confiscations. The old points of Liberal policy, so long and so desperately opposed by the Conservatives, and now substantially adopted by the nation, have ceased to be distinctive even of a party; for the old landmarks are swept away or stand far out at sea, as monuments to show how far the tide of circumstances and progress has carried even the opponents of reform from the

positions they once occupied. But much remains still to be done. Catholic emancipation was, no doubt, one great measure which removed a frequent cause of heart-burning from the upper classes, and had an immediate effect in detaching them from all sympathy with the disaffection of the peasantry. But it did not touch the misery of the masses. That is still to be effectively relieved. What then remains to be done? The two leading reforms must be in the Land and the Church. We have already discussed both of these questions at length in the pages of this Review.*

But something more is needed before the Irish people will learn to venerate a constitution which admits them, at least nominally, to a participation in all its benefits. A real inequality may render the letter of equal laws a mockery and an insult. There must be a more equal distribution of offices and honours among the different classes of the people; all must be made to feel that the avenues to power and consideration in the State are opened to their honourable ambition, and that no overbearing or selfish faction can any longer insult a particular class with impunity. In ancient times, the new proprietors naturally usurped all political rights and privileges, and protected themselves against the Celtic inhabitants by exclusive laws. Thus we trace to the old confiscations the apparent anomaly that in a Catholic country like Ireland—and especially in Ulster, which is more than half Catholic in population—the magistracy, the grand jurors, the civil officers, are still almost exclusively Protestant, while in all the Protestant element is the most considerable. No doubt, a great change for the better, especially in the impartial administration of justice, has taken place within the last thirty years. Before that period, the magistrates were generally Orangemen as well as Protestants; the clerical magistrate, the most odious of all judges in the eyes of the people, was then in the ascendant; and no confidence was placed in the tribunals of the country, for this partisan system of selecting judges vitiated everything and contaminated the judicial character itself. We are thankful for a better state of things, but the Established Church is still the great avenue to preferment, and the Roman Catholics and Presbyterians have a most inadequate share in the administration of public affairs. The Whigs have always laboured most anxiously to break down this exclusiveness, but notwithstanding all they have done, much still remains to be effected before the whole people

* No. cclii., April, 1866; and No. cclvi., January, 1867.

can feel confidence in the administration of the law, and are bound to the British connexion by the still stronger ties of sympathy and interest.

We are so thoroughly convinced that a real comprehension of Irish politics is only to be arrived at by a more complete and accurate knowledge of Irish history, that the foregoing pages appear to us to contain the best contribution it is in our power to make to the solution of the great problems which are at this moment debated in the British Parliament. Mr. Gladstone's proposal for the disestablishment of the Anglican and Episcopalian Church in Ireland has been framed with a strict regard to all existing interests and with an enlarged conception of the future wants of the nation. It is acknowledged even by those who are opposed to the principle of disestablishment to be a measure of singular ingenuity and ability; and as the country at large has already recorded its opinion in favour of the abolition of privileged and endowed religious bodies in Ireland, the application of the voluntary principle to that country is made in a manner alike bold and skilful. But the change of policy on the subject of Irish ecclesiastical endowments is not attributable to any man or any set of men, so much as to the improved tone of public feeling over the entire kingdom acting upon the singularly perplexing and anomalous circumstances of the sister-country; and it is the highest compliment to Mr. Gladstone to regard him as chosen to accomplish a great act of justice to Ireland, not so much from regard to his genius, conscientiousness, and zeal, as because he fitly represents the feelings and tendencies of the country and the age.

We shall not attempt, in this place, to follow the detailed discussion of the clauses of a Bill which will be in committee when these pages issue from the press. All that can be said of these provisions will doubtless be urged in the course of the debates. Our chief concern is to trace the evils which have so long afflicted Ireland to their roots, and to assert those great principles of justice and toleration by which alone they can be eradicated. Practical grievances require the application of remedies as practical as themselves; and happily we have statesmen competent to administer them with a simple regard to their utility and effect. Let us indulge the hope that, through a course of beneficent legislation and a more enlightened exercise of power, the disorders wrought by centuries of proscription and debasement may soon entirely pass away, and such progress be made in elevating the moral and social condition of the people as to hold out the prospect of a period when religion shall cease to be a theme of discord, and the winds of Irish agitation become weary of their strife.

ART. VI.—*Greater Britain: a Record of Travel in English-speaking Countries, during 1866 and 1867.* By CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1868.

WE have had, of late years, travels without stint; travels in America—North, South, and Central; travels in India; travels in Australia. But Mr. Dilke is the first who conceived the happy idea of extending his voyages over the whole area, and bounding them by the area, of English-speaking countries. The scope of such a purpose was ample enough. Including the United States, the ‘countries ruled by a race ‘ whose very scum and outcasts have founded empires in every ‘ portion of the globe, even now consist of $9\frac{1}{2}$ millions of square ‘ miles, and contain a population of 300 millions of people.’ ‘ Their surface,’ adds Mr. Dilke, ‘ is five times as great as that ‘ of the Empire of Darius, and four and a half times as large ‘ as the Roman Empire at its greatest extent.’ To visit the different portions of this vast empire—to trace the various modes in which the same original qualities of the same race are developed by varying climates and institutions—to analyse the conditions of assimilation and divergence—and to conjecture the future fortunes and relations of peoples, which, springing from one stock, may in the lapse of time become fast friends, jealous rivals, or bitter foes; this was a task, which, if its execution had equalled its design, would have produced a work of the highest value and the most enduring fame. But such a work must have been elaborated by years of patient exploration; whereas the book, which Mr. Dilke has given to the world, chronicles the experience of little more than one year, and, although it is marked by liveliness, ingenuity, and acuteness, hardly fulfils the expectations which so vast a purpose raises. As far as we can make out, Mr. Dilke left England in June 1866, and was home again by August 1867. In this time he traversed the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific, visited the British Provinces of North America, the Colonies of New Zealand, Australia, Tasmania, Ceylon, and the three Presidencies of India. The period allotted for this comprehensive journey was just sufficient to admit of a superficial notice of the more salient features of each country visited, but wholly insufficient to afford materials for the ample observation on which such general propositions as Mr. Dilke lays down ought to be based. This is, indeed, the main defect of Mr. Dilke’s book. His generalisations are at once too rapid and too sweeping for the observation on which

they purport to rest; and although no traveller of Mr. Dilke's intelligence and culture can be supposed to have pursued his investigations without much previous reading on the subjects which he treats, it cannot but detract from his authority that his propositions should appear rather to emanate from study than from his own personal observation. Despite this obvious objection, and despite certain principles with which we entirely disagree, we readily admit that Mr. Dilke's book contains much interesting matter, abounds with acute reflections, and suggests food for meditation on points which affect the progress of our numerous dependencies and the future fortunes of our race.

Mr. Dilke will gratify a portion, perhaps not the least numerous portion, of his readers, by including in his 'Greater Britain' not only the America which belongs to England, but the larger America which belongs to the United States. By refusing to recognise the severance of the race in the severance of the Governments, he will conciliate many Americans and some Englishmen. The sentiment to which in his book he so often bears testimony, as prevalent in the New England States, is one of affection for the Old Country from which their founders came. It may—according to his view—be occasionally chilled by recollections of the first political differences which separated them, and by the recurrence of others which have succeeded the first, but still there it is, latent indeed, and repressed, but capable of being warmed into a genial glow. Nothing feeds and resuscitates this sentiment so much as a recognition of the ties of relationship like that which is avowed in Mr. Dilke's book. Americans hear a great deal about it on grand public occasions, in set speeches and at state dinners. But they are apt to impute these outbursts of feeling to the transient inspiration of champagne or the half-conscious efforts of diplomatic imposture. They are painfully aware that many travellers, who have passed through their country repeating the common-places of their predecessors, have returned only to laugh and sneer at the peculiarities of their hosts, and that the language of English society is more frequently disparaging than flattering to American habits. They are therefore doubly pleased when an author repeats in his book the pretty things which he said on his tour, and shows that the amity which he professes in writing, is the genuine effusion of his heart. Mr. Dilke would probably prefer to be represented as not so much liking and praising the American people, as identifying himself with the English people who happen to live on American soil, and to be distinguished from

us by the trivial accidents of polity and constitution. This is a kindly and pleasant way of looking at things, and is, at any rate, better than the stereotyped sneer or the narrow-minded antipathy. But, like many other very good things, it may be carried too far. We agree with Mr. Dilke in our disposition to regard the American people as part and parcel of our own race, and to take pride in their energy and adventurousness, as the transmitted heritage of our common stock. But we cannot consent to mark our sympathy and good-will by spontaneous concessions on every occasion and on every plea. We believe that the firmest and most valued friendships, even between kinsfolk, are cemented, if not created, by mutual respect. There can be no respect, where there is no self-respect. And self-respect is inconsistent with a tremulous precipitation to yield all contested points as soon as discussion begins. Nor can we forget (Mr. Dilke will not allow us to forget), that, although bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, the Americans, as a people, have so much changed and are so much changing in physical type and lineament from ourselves as to escape becoming another race only through the large infusion of English blood poured into them by our continued immigration. To this slow and gradual process must be added another, which is caused by the large mixture of elements which are not English. There is the large Irish and the larger German immigration, which annually pours round the American nucleus foreign ingredients of increasing magnitude. It may be quite true, as Mr. Dilke believes, and we hope it is, that the New England families cherish the liveliest affection for Old England. But what influence will the New England States have in the administration of the Federal Republic ten, twenty, thirty years hence? The men from the New England States do not remain in them. They migrate to the Western States, and crossing those huge plains, the immensity of which strikes Mr. Dilke with awe, blend with the Celtic and Teutonic immigrants in founding communities, whose whole bias is to look forward rather than to look back; whose minds are filled with the contemplation of the America of the future rather than the memory of the England of the past. The manifest destiny calls them to their work; and this work is to extend the Republic from sea-board to sea-board between the latitudes of 30° N. and 65° N. The vast regions which lie between the Alleghanies and the Great Plains, and between the Great Plains and the Pacific, are as yet, comparatively speaking, unpeopled.

‘The Public Domain of the United States,’ says Mr. Dilke,

‘ still consists of one thousand five hundred millions of acres ;
‘ there are two hundred thousand square miles of coal-lands
‘ in the country, ten times as much as in all the remaining
‘ world. In the western territories, not yet States, there is
‘ land sufficient to bear, at the English population rate, five
‘ hundred and fifty millions of human beings.’ The inference
which Mr. Dilke apparently draws from this ‘ big ’ premiss is,
that a country so vast, powerful, populous, and increasing,
must absorb its neighbours within its limits ; that if it desires
to annex Canada, Canada must be annexed ; that it is foolish
thriftlessness on our part to resist the wishes of a great
country and the tendencies of a manifest fate ; and that to
keep British troops in Canada for the purpose of defence, is
wasteful and ridiculous excess. The question is a wide one,
too wide for us to expatiate on here. We can only remark
that a great change must have come over the temper of the
English people to allow of its being calmly discussed ; and
that, in our economical philosophy, we have rather hastily
forgotten the claims of those of our countrymen who settled in
Canada with the express view of retaining for themselves and
bequeathing to their children the status of English subjects.
Of this Mr. Dilke takes no heed ; he sees in the opening-out
of the North and Far West only the results of Anglo-Saxon
energy and pluck. To him Denver, Leavenworth, and San
Francisco are the monuments of British enterprise, hardihood,
and self-reliance. Perhaps he entertains—certainly he does
not expound—the theory which a friend of ours cherishes, that
the whole body of the United States is in a state of fermenting
anarchy, something like the Israelites in the times of the
Judges, not yet reduced to a stable form of government, and
awaiting the period when it will be re-established under the
British monarchy. Rather perhaps Mr. Dilke may be inclined
to look forward to the period when the British monarchy will
itself be annexed to the United States. Meanwhile, we are to
console ourselves with our author’s reflection that American
filibusterings and aggressions are mere proofs of the irrepress-
ible adventurousness of our common race.

Before we accompany Mr. Dilke in his pilgrimage, we will
quote two or three passages from his American comments.
Here is his description of Ohio :—

‘ I was full of sorrow at leaving that richest and most lovely of
all States—Ohio. There is a charm in the park-like beauty of the
Monongahela valley, dotted with vines and orchards, that nothing
in Eastern America can rival. The absence at once of stumps in
the corn-fields, and of untilled or unfenced land, gives the “ buckeye

“State” a look of age that none of the “old Eastern States” can show. In corn, in meadow, in timber-land, Ohio stands alone. Her Indian corn exceeds in richness that of any other State; she has ample stores of iron, and coal is worked upon the surface in every Alleghany valley. Wool, wine, hops, tobacco, all are raised; her Catawba has inspired poems. Every river-side is clothed with groves of oak, of hickory, of sugar-maple, of sycamore, of poplar, and of buckeye.’

The following account of the Michigan University, which is governed by an external body, and where ‘honours’ are deliberately dispensed with, as they were not so very long ago at Oxford, is both new and suggestive of some educational questions:—

‘Probably the most democratic school in the whole world is the State University of Michigan, situate at Ann Arbor, near Detroit. It is cheap, large, practical; twelve hundred students, paying only the ten dollars’ entrance fee, and five dollars a year during residence, and living where they can in the little town, attend the university to be prepared to enter with knowledge and resolution upon the affairs of their future life. A few only are educated by having their minds unfolded that they may become many-sided men; but all work with spirit, and with that earnestness which is seen in the Scotch universities at home. The war with crime, the war with sin, the war with death—Law, Theology, Medicine—these are the three foremost of man’s employments; to these, accordingly, the University affords her chiefest care, and to one of these the student, his entrance examination passed, often gives his entire time.

‘These things are democratic, but it is not in them that the essential democracy of the University is to be seen. There are at Michigan no honour-lists, no classes in our sense, no orders of merit, no competition. A man takes, or does not take, a certain degree. The University is governed, not by its members, not by its professors, but by a parliament of “regents” appointed by the inhabitants of the State. Such are the two great principles of the democratic University of the West.

‘It might be supposed that these two strange departures from the systems of older universities were irregularities, introduced to meet the temporary embarrassments incidental to educational establishments in young States. So far is this from being the case, that, as I saw at Cambridge, the clearest-sighted men of the older colleges of America are trying to assimilate their teaching system to that of Michigan—at least, in the one point of the absence of competition. They assert that toil performed under the excitement of a fierce struggle between man and man is unhealthy work, different in nature and in results from the loving labour of men whose hearts are really in what they do: toil, in short, not very easily distinguishable from slave-labour.’

We suspect that no inconsiderable number of Oxford tutors are nowadays not altogether satisfied as to the healthy results of academical competition, and would be glad to revive a system of education which encouraged discursive but thoughtful study rather than readiness in answering examination-questions.

Like the generality of English travellers, Mr. Dilke is dazzled by the magnificent productiveness of California and the splendour of its climate.

‘It is never too hot, never too cold, to work—a fact which of itself secures a grand future for San Francisco. The effect upon national type is marked. At a San Franciscan ball, you see English faces, not American. Even the lean Western men and hungry Yankees become plump and rosy in this temple of the winds. The high metallic ring of the New England voice is not found in San Francisco. As for old men, California must have been that fabled province of Cathay the virtues of which were such that, whatever a man’s age when he entered it, he never grew older by a day.’

Again :—

‘San Francisco is inhabited, as all American cities bid fair to be, by a mixed throng of men of all lands beneath the sun. New England and Englishmen predominate in energy, Chinese in numbers. The French and Italians are stronger here than in any other city in the States ; and the red-skinned Mexicans, who own the land, supply the market people and a small proportion of the townsfolk. Australians, Polynesians, and Chilians are numerous ; the Germans and Scandinavians alone are few ; they prefer to go where they have already friends—to Philadelphia or Milwaukee. In this city—already a microcosm of the world—the English, British, and American, are in possession—have distanced the Irish, beaten down the Chinese by force, and are destined to physically preponderate in the cross-breed, and give the tone, political and moral, to the Pacific shore. New York is Irish ; Philadelphia German ; Milwaukee Norwegian ; Chicago Canadian ; Sault de St. Marie French ; but in San Francisco—where all the foreign races are strong—none is dominant ; whence the singular result that California, the most mixed in population, is also the most English of the States.’

The early history of San Francisco was not without trouble. The diggings attracted the scum of all nations, and, notably, our own Australian convicts. The robberies and murders which these wretches perpetrated, defied the ordinary powers of the law, and put in requisition the services of Judge Lynch. The narrative which Mr. Dilke gives of the Vigilance Committees by whose summary proceedings the colony was saved from premature dissolution, is too long to quote, but will amply reward the reader. The state of society in a young American territory

is best illustrated by the following description of a Western sheriff:—

‘It is perhaps not too much to say that a Western sheriff is an irresponsible official, possessed of gigantic powers, but seldom known to abuse them. He is a Cæsar, chosen for his honesty, fearlessness, clean shooting, and quick loading, by men who know him well: if he breaks down, he is soon deposed, and a better man chosen for dictator. I have known a Western paper say: “Frank is our man for sheriff, next October. See the way he shot one of the fellows who robbed his store, and followed up the other, and shot him too the next day. Frank is the boy for us.” In such a state of society as this, the distinction between law and lynch-law can scarcely be said to exist, and in the eyes of every Western settler the claim-club backed by the sheriff’s name was as strong and as full of the majesty of the law as the Supreme Court of the United States.’

It is not without interest to learn that in this young State, which is 750 miles in length and boasts of ‘every useful mineral, and every kind of fertile soil,’ an Irish lad who can lay a brick may earn ten shillings a day, and unkempt Irish servant-girls earn six pounds a month with their board. Certainly California is the true American Land of Promise; and its future history is one of the problems of American statesmanship. Able to govern itself and the neighbouring States, will it always belong to the Union?

From the American shores of the Pacific Mr. Dilke passed on to New Zealand, touching on his way at Pitcairn’s Island, which he reached on the 16th day. The steamer on its approach was boarded by two lads, Young and Adams, descendants of the ‘Bounty’ mutineers, one of whom, jumping on deck, cordially inquired, ‘How do you do, captain? How’s ‘Victoria?’ This hearty tone of informal affection pervades the language of remote settlers, who feel towards the Queen of England a warmer sentiment than more refined and courtly loyalists at home. The editors of the ‘British Workman,’ and the ‘Sunday at Home,’ will be pleased to hear that these works were anxiously sought by the simple islanders. On the 29th day the bold bluff of Palliser was sighted, and they entered Port Nicholson, where they were struck by the very English appearance of the town of Wellington. After a very short stay Mr. Dilke steamed across Cook Strait to the Southern Island, and visited Hokitika, the capital of the new gold-fields district. Hokitika, the bay of which reminded Mr. Dilke of Lago Maggiore, captivates him by its material prosperity, which he contrasts with the sleepy ecclesiasticism of Christ Church. Its name is not often heard in England, but

its growth is as marvellous as that of Melbourne and San Francisco. In a year and a half from the date of its first settlement, it boasted a permanent population of 10,000 residents, and was the habitual resort of 60,000 migratory diggers. On the land in the neighbourhood Mr. Dilke makes a comment which tends to show that the favourite theory of rent among our own economists rests upon assumptions which colonial experience at least proves to be of limited application. It appears that in the Australian colonies and in America it is the poorest and not the richest land which is first subjected to cultivation. This is due to the fact that the labour which is required for poor land is so much less costly than that which is required for rich land. Among the institutions which gold diggings always call into existence is the police. A force which has to deal with some of the hardest and boldest ruffians in the world must be composed of men of no ordinary courage and address. And the men of the Hokitika 'Gold Coast Police' seem to be of the requisite calibre. 'It is,' says Mr. Dilke, 'a splendid body of cavalry, about which many good stories are told. One digger said to me, "Seen our policemen? We don't have no *younger sons* of British peers amongst them."' Further analysis discovers in this body, members of the two English Universities, ex-guardsmen and ex-lancers. It could not be expected that a population like that of the gold-miners, consisting of the roughest adventurers, would be distinguished by the purest temperance and morality. Although Mr. Dilke admits that he never saw a drunken man, he appears to have seen few who were not drinking.

'The mail-coaches which run across the island on the great new road, and along the sands to the other mining settlements, have singularly short stages, made so, it would seem, for the benefit of the keepers of the "saloons," for at every halt one or other of the passengers is expected to "shout," or "stand," as it would be called at home, "drinks all round." "What'll yer shout?" is the only question; and want of coined money need be no hindrance, for "gold dust is taken at the bar." One of the favourite amusements of the diggers at Pakihi, on the days when the store-schooner arrives from Nelson, is to fill a bucket with champagne, and drink till they feel "comfortable." This done, they seat themselves in the road, with their feet on the window-sill of the shanty, and, calling to the first passer, ask him to drink from the bucket. If he consents—good; if not, up they jump, duck his head in the wine, which remains for the next comer.'

These little eccentricities may help to explain the fact that so many young men who resort to the 'diggings,' and whose

success is so highly vaunted by their friends in England, seldom return home with money.

Mr. Dilke visited New Zealand while the natives were still well-affected towards us; at any rate, while their disaffection was confined to the Hau-Hau fanatics. He speaks kindly of them and laments their decay, which he attributes to the licentiousness of the women. We suspect this to be an unfounded hypothesis. Licentious people are not necessarily and always childless. The childlessness so often imputed to them is caused by the more obvious and effective agency of infanticide, for which in New Zealand there is no excuse. We suspect that the depopulation of the New Zealand race is due to the mysterious law which regulates the doom of half-castes everywhere. It is seldom that the blood of Europeans mingles with that of Africans or Asiatics without impairing the stamina of the offspring. The Indo-Spanish race offers an exception to this law, which, however, is proved by the frail and delicate constitutions of Eurasian and semi-African mulattoes. As a rule, the southern races of Europe amalgamate best with the dark blood of Africa and Asia; none better perhaps than the Portuguese with the Negro. But the New Zealanders can hardly be classed among the dark races. Even if they did originally come from equatorial climates, the climate in which they have been settled for some generations bears a striking resemblance to that of England. Every condition of colour, country, and circumstances seems to warrant the probability that the offspring of Englishmen and New Zealand women would be hale and vigorous. But it is not so. They are frail, feeble, and evanescent. Nothing can be more plaintive than the native threnody in which the dwindling people bewail their coming fate.

‘As the Pakéha fly has driven out the Maori fly;
As the Pakéha grass has killed the Maori grass;
As the Pakéha rat has slain the Maori rat;
As the Pakéha clover has starved the Maori fern;
So will the Pakéha destroy the Maori.’

Altogether this is a curious as well as a sad phenomenon. The English settler thinks little of shooting down the Australian native or the ‘nigger’ of any tropical country. But he does not shoot down the New Zealander. The New Zealander and the Englishman start upon a footing nearly equal. They have many capacities, tastes, and advantages in common. As Mr. Dilke says:—

‘Nature’s work in New Zealand is not the same as that which she is quickly doing in North America, in Tasmania, in Queensland. It is not merely that a hunting and fighting people is being replaced

by an agricultural and pastoral people, and must farm or die : the Maori does farm ; Maori chiefs own villages, build houses, which they let to European settlers ; we have here Maori sheep-farmers, Maori ship-owners, Maori mechanics, Maori soldiers, Maori rough-riders, Maori sailors, and even Maori traders. There is nothing which the average Englishman can do which the average Maori cannot be taught to do as cheaply and as well. Nevertheless, the race dies out. The Red Indian dies because he cannot farm ; the Maori farms, and dies.'

The process will be hastened rather than retarded by the present antagonism of the two races.

We wish we could afford space to quote the graphic account of the conference held between the chiefs and Mr. Superintendent Featherstone to complete the sale of a large block of land. The whole scene was truly Homeric. The chiefs with their spears and sceptres—the women with their symbolic ornaments—the voice of the heralds summoning to the assembly—the addresses of the princes—their taunts and their brags—and the responding hum or shout of the crowd which stood or sat around, but took no part in the debate, all reminded one of the council of the Grecian chiefs, to many of whom Mr. Dilke says the meeting at Parewanui Pah furnished antitypes. There was a Nestor named Waitéré, and a Thersites named Porea. The bargain was finally struck, the land was sold, and the Maori women set up this plaintive and prophetic chaunt:—

'The sun shines, but we quit our land ; we abandon for ever its forests, its mountains, its groves, its lakes, its shores.

All its fair fisheries, here under the bright sun, for ever we renounce.

It is a lovely day ; fair will be the children that are born to-day ; but we quit our land.

In some parts there is forest ; in others, the ground is skimmed over by the birds in their flight.

Upon the trees there is fruit ; in the streams, fish ; in the fields, potatoes ; fern-roots in the bush ; but we quit our land.'

It is curious to contrast the lukewarm language in which Mr. Dilke speaks of New Zealand, with his enthusiasm in speaking of California. Yet New Zealand has gold, has pastures which will contribute largely to the wool-markets of the world, and a climate less luxurious, but more bracing, than that of California. It has the further advantage of being out of the track of the roaming 'loafer' and the cosmopolitan scamp. It contains the germ of civilisation and refinement, which must give to its society a tone, for the absence of which even the material advantages of California are far from being

a sufficient compensation. It is much to be regretted that its future community will lack the Maori element; and that dependencies, of which English gentlemen were the first settlers, should have no representative of the native gentleman left.

The next colony which Mr. Dilke visited was New South Wales, which presented a contrast to New Zealand in every respect. The climate, the people, the productions, were all different. Instead of the moist and blustering winds, and cool temperature of the southern colony, he found heat and aridity. In the one tree-ferns, creepers, and parasitic plants, abundance of water; in the other a dreary extension of plain, and storms of sand and dust. The moral differs nearly as much as the physical characteristics of the two colonies. The one is the latest development of free immigration, the other the earliest settlement of convict bondsmen; the one illustrates the rival ambitions of English Churchmen and Scotch Presbyterians, the other the unextinguished antagonism of the sons of slaves and the sons of freemen. Of the Australian colonies New South Wales would seem, by Mr. Dilke's report, to be the least promising, not because it has any convict taint, but because its climate is enfeebling and its political, or rather its economical ideas, extravagantly Protectionist. Mr. Dilke attended the Sydney races:—

‘The ladies in the grand stand were scarcely to be distinguished from Englishwomen in dress or countenance, but the crowd presented several curious types. The fitness of the term “corn-stalks” applied to the Australian-born boys was made evident by a glance at their height and slender build; they have plenty of activity and health, but are wanting in power and weight. The girls, too, are slight and thin; delicate, without being sickly. Grown men who have emigrated as lads and lived ten or fifteen years in New Zealand, eating much meat, spending their days in the open air, constantly in the saddle, are burly, bearded, strapping fellows, physically the perfection of the English race, but wanting in refinement and grace of mind, and this apparently by constitution; not through the accident of occupation or position. In Australia there is promise of a more intellectual nation: the young Australians ride as well, shoot as well, swim as well, as the New Zealanders; are as little given to book-learning; but there is more shrewd intelligence, more wit and quickness, in the sons of the larger continent. The Australians boast that they possess the Grecian climate, and every young face in the Sydney crowd showed me that their sky is not more like that of the Peloponnesus than they are like the old Athenians. The eager burning democracy that is springing up in the Australian great towns is as widely different from the republicanism of the older States of the American Union as it is from the good-natured conservatism of New Zealand, and their high capacity for personal

enjoyment would of itself suffice to distinguish the Australians from both Americans and British. Large as must be the amount of convict blood in New South Wales, there was no trace of it in the features of those present upon the race-course. The inhabitants of colonies which have never received felon immigrants often cry out that Sydney is a convict city, but the prejudice is not borne out by the countenances of the inhabitants, nor by the records of local crime.'

It is strange for us who regard Free Trade as the perfection of common sense applied to commerce, to see how completely Protectionist our sons and brothers are both in America and Australia. The tradesmen and merchants of New South Wales, as of Canada and Victoria, combine to exclude English goods in order to encourage the manufacture of colonial goods. But the colonists of New South Wales and Victoria go even farther than those of Canada. For while the Canadians exert themselves to introduce immigrants from England, the Australian colonists exert themselves to keep them out, in order that the wages of the native—or rather of the resident—labourers may not be diminished by competition. It is difficult to tolerate a panegyric of colonial intelligence after such an instance of colonial folly. Nor is the folly which estimates the profits of trade by the nominal wages received greater than the impudence which dictates the exclusion of English labourers. Whatever may be the case in Sydney, it is hardly likely that there is in Melbourne one skilled artisan in twenty but what came from England. And it is difficult to imagine the intrepidity which animates men whose whole subsistence is the reward of their own emigration, to discourage and impede the emigration of other workmen from England. In the Australian colonies Protectionism seems to be the result of sheer blind and ignorant selfishness—a stupid belief that eight shillings a day is always better than five shillings a day whatever be the cost of food, clothes, and other necessities. In the United States it is probable, as Mr. Dilke is good-natured enough to suppose, that other feelings beside selfish ignorance weigh with the opponents of Free Trade. Mr. Dilke waxes eloquent in the enunciation which reads almost like the advocacy of American Protectionism:—

‘The Western farmers in America, I have heard, defend Protection upon far wider grounds: they admit that Free Trade would conduce to the most rapid possible peopling of their country with foreign immigrants; but this, they say, is an eminently undesirable conclusion. They prefer to pay a heavy tax in the increased price of everything they consume, and in the greater cost of labour, rather

than see their country denationalised by a rush of Irish or Germans, or their political institutions endangered by a still further increase in the size and power of New York. One old fellow said to me: "I don't want the Americans in 1900 to be 200 millions, but I want "them to be happy." "

And again:—

'Those who speak of the selfishness of the Protectionists as a whole can never have taken the trouble to examine into the arguments by which Protection is supported in Australia and America. In these countries, Protection is no mere national delusion; it is a system deliberately adopted with open eyes as one conducive to the country's welfare, in spite of objections known to all, in spite of pocket losses that come home to all. If it be, as we in England believe, a folly, it is at all events a sublime one, full of self-sacrifice, illustrative of a certain nobility in the national heart. The Australian diggers and Western farmers in America are setting a grand example to the world of self-sacrifice for a national object; hundreds and thousands of rough men are content to live—they and their families—upon less than they might otherwise enjoy, in order that the condition of the mass of their countrymen may continue raised above their brother toilers in Old England.

'One of the greatest of the thinkers of America defended Protection to me on the following grounds: That without Protection, America could at present have but few and limited manufactures. That a nation cannot properly be said to exist as such, unless she has manufactures of many kinds; for men are born, some with a turn to agriculture, some with a turn to mechanics; and if you force the mechanic-by-nature to become a farmer, he will make a bad farmer, and the nation will lose the advantage of all his power and invention. That the whole of the possible employments of the human race are in a measure necessary employments—necessary to the making up of a nation. That every concession to Free Trade cuts out of all chance of action some of the faculties of the American national mind, and, in so doing, weakens and debases it. That each and every class of workers is of such importance to the country, that we must make any sacrifice necessary to maintain them in full work. "The national mind is manifold," he said; "and if you do "not keep up every branch of employment in every district, you "waste the national force. If we were to remain a purely agricultural people, land would fall into fewer and fewer hands, and our "people become more and more brutalised as the years rolled on." "

We do not say that there is nothing in these propositions; but we do say that there was quite as much in the propositions which were advanced by our Protectionists during the agitation of the Corn Law Repeal. A great number of very respectable people thought, like Mr. Dilke's American great thinker, that 'the whole of the possible employments of the human 'race' are 'necessary to the making up of a nation.' A great

many also thought that it was a very dangerous thing to make England dependent on foreign countries for the food of its people. A great many thought it impolitic in the highest degree to sacrifice all other interests to those of trade and manufactures. A smaller but not wholly inconsiderable number were willing to tax themselves and their neighbours for the support of a landed gentry and commonalty. But none of these considerations prevailed with the English people and Legislature. They agreed that it was a waste of power and resources to expend on their subsistence more than its necessary cost. The curious part of the subject is that the Free-trade agitation commanded the popular sympathies in England, whereas it is a Protectionist agitation which commands the popular sympathies in America and Australia. It is the masses who there cry out for duties on foreign importations; it is the masses who there cry out for the creation of native industries; it is the masses who deprecate and resist the introduction of Chinese labourers into San Francisco, and of both Chinese and English labourers into Sydney and Melbourne. This hearty devotion to the principles of monopoly confirms the suspicion that in England the labouring classes were enlisted in the cause of Free Trade not through love of its doctrine, but through antagonism to the squierarchy, and that, if ever they obtain the control of the Legislature, they will reimpose a Protective policy on behalf of themselves.

That the form of protectionism which resists the introduction of English labour into Victoria and New South Wales should ultimately and permanently succeed is hardly probable.

Already both colonies are in want of fresh hands. The inertness and slovenliness which are the invariable result of a monopoly are already apparent in both of them. The price of labour is rising in both, while its value is diminishing. It is indeed a strange inconsistency that in one part of the empire labour should be exuberantly abundant, while in another part it is most meagrely supplied, and that the part which wants it most should decline to receive it. The resistance to the introduction of Chinese immigrants may be regarded from two opposite points of view. Chinese labour is cheaper than European labour, and, under certain climatic conditions, more effective. Chinese labourers will take to diggings which have been abandoned by Europeans, and will work them profitably. The Chinese are frugal, industrious, persevering, and sagacious. Those from the north of China, also, are clean, honest, sober, and not disagreeable in their persons and habits. Of those from the neighbourhood of the southern ports it is im-

possible to speak with equal approval. They are very shrewd, plodding, and frugal; but many of them are great scamps, and they are almost all repulsive in their persons and their habits. But the virtues of the best of them are clouded, and the vices of the worst of them are intensified, in the eyes of the British race by one common fault—they have yellow skins. This is a sin which cannot be forgiven either in the East or in the West. This national prejudice against coloured races is unhappily illustrated in many pages of Mr. Dilke's work. No matter in what part of the world, the Anglo-Saxon cannot but regard races with dusky or yellow skins as 'inferior,' and cannot refrain from treating them as such. No matter what their qualities or history may be, whether they are Negroes or Chinese, Bengalees or Sikhs, he looks down upon them with contempt often mixed with aversion. It frequently happens that the feeling of aversion is absent. Many Englishmen look with kindness on the half-barbarians who serve them in the East or West. They treat them fairly, provide for their wants, and protect them against wrong; but all this time their kindness has a large infusion of contempt, and any approach to familiarity they would resent as intolerable presumption. The Spanish or the French planter probably entertains the same sentiment towards his negro labourers, but he does not show it. He does not occupy himself with their comfort or their improvement. But neither does he keep them at an infinite distance. He does not interpose between them and himself an insurmountable barrier of superciliousness. He does not make them feel the vast distance which separates them from him. On the contrary, he often indulges in little familiarities with them, cuffs their heads and pulls their ears in playfulness, just as he would pull the ears of a pet dog or kitten. In Cuba, indeed, the Negro slaves are only animals, and are treated like animals; and the men who treat them with the least humanity are the English and American overseers. While this feeling lasts on the part of Englishmen generally, and, on the part of Englishmen of the lowest grade and the least education, is complicated with positive inhumanity, it is questionable how far the infusion of the Chinese or Hindoo element is desirable in an English colony. If they come in small numbers, they are subjected to rebuffs and insults at the hands of rough and hard-fisted Englishmen. If they come in large numbers, they excite jealousy and provoke defiance. Conflicts arise, in which they are sure to be, ultimately, worsted, and their defeat will involve acts of great cruelty. It is on the whole much to be regretted that such a people as the Northern

Chinese, clean, clever, active, and thrifty, should not be welcomed in Victoria. But it is ludicrous to hear of the scum of the Irish immigrants being indignant at the presumption of these strangers in seeking to ally themselves with their 'Biddies.' An industrious Chinaman from the interior is as superior in civilisation to the lower type of Kerryman as the latter is to a Bosjesman.

We regret to learn from Mr. Dilke that the present condition of Tasmania is so far from hopeful. The beauty of this colony makes one deplore its waning fortunes, and this beauty is considerable.

'Steaming along Port Dalrymple and up the Tamar in the soft sunlight of an English afternoon, we were able to look upwards, and enjoy the charming views of wood and river, instead of having to stand with downcast head, as in the blaze of the Victorian sun.

'The beauty of the Tamar is of a quiet kind: its scenery like that of the non-Alpine districts of the west coast of New Zealand, but softer and more smiling than is that of even the least rude portions of those islands. To one fresh from the baked Australian plains, there is likeness between any green and humid land and the last unparched country that he may have seen. Still, New Zealand cannot show fresher cheeks nor homes more cosy than those of the Tamar valley. Somersetshire cannot surpass the orchards of Tasmania, nor Devon match its flowers.'

Mr. Dilke tells us that in travelling from Launceston to Hobarton, he found half the houses shut up and deserted, and acre upon acre of old wheat-land abandoned to mimosa scrub; only three ships in a harbour capable of holding 'the navies of the world,' and the natives reduced from a numerous population to three old women and one lad. The history of this depopulation is not mysterious. We know what are the feelings and the conduct of English settlers, even of respectable birth and position, towards the hungry, dirty, thievish savages among whom they are planted. It is, then, not difficult to infer what must be the treatment which these poor wretches experienced at the hands of men who, after a noviciate of crime at home, graduated in the full horrors of a penal settlement. The blight of transportation still broods, like a pestilential cloud, over the fair and fruitful plains of Tasmania. A generation which was nurtured in the sight or hearing of atrocities too revolting to record, has never wholly recovered from the incubus of its early associations. The mere existence of servile labour sufficed to divert from steady industry the men whose energies ought to have established the fortunes of the colony. They had seen the labour only of degraded men, and therefore labour itself was degraded in their eyes. The usual apathy, sluggishness,

and slovenliness ensued, which ever accompany the command of involuntary labour. But this was not all. Scenes had been enacted or talked of in the presence of children, which made them, when grown up to manhood, hate the land of their birth, and fly to other shores. The gold-diggings in Victoria and the copper mines of South Australia afforded the adequate attraction and the necessary pretext. Men left the colony of their birth on the plea of bettering their fortunes. With many the plea was literally true; but the majority of the exiles sought to escape from scenes which recalled the memory of terrible crimes and suggested the imminence of an awful Nemesis. We in England may kick and murmur at the galling sore of a growing criminal population, of which we cannot rid ourselves; but the spectacle which Tasmania presents of beauty unenjoyed, fertility running to waste, great opportunities and ample resources resulting in stagnation and despair, may well warn us to forget the hope of bettering our own condition by creating a fresh convict Pandemonium at the Antipodes. When we revert to the horrors of penal transportation, we can hardly feel surprised at the harsh measures adopted by the neighbouring colonies to exclude Tasmania convicts—measures which sometimes pressed severely even upon free immigrants. The restrictions which they have imposed apply not only to actual but also to pardoned convicts, and may not unjustly be suspected of proceeding in some degree from a jealousy of any competing labour whatever.

Mr. Dilke found vote by ballot as popular with the Conservatives of Tasmania as with those of other Australian colonies. The following paragraph may support a suspicion which we have heard one or two persons suggest in England—that ultimately ballot will figure conspicuously in the Conservative programme. If it does, it ought also to be followed by the abolition of nomination on the hustings: ‘Unlike what generally happens in America, the vote in the great majority of cases is here kept secret; bribery is unknown, and the public nomination of candidates having been abolished, elections pass off in perfect quiet.’ We believe that a vast number of Englishmen would willingly accept the ballot, if, by accepting it, they could get rid of the annoyance of nomination day, the turbulence and rioting in front of the hustings, and the intimidation of quiet but timid voters.

Want of space forbids us to dwell upon several points of interest mooted by Mr. Dilke. We will not, therefore, discuss the mutual jealousy of the Australian colonies, nor the chances and advantages of confederation. We will record no more of his

visit to South Australia than the facts that, crossing the Adelaide plains, for fifty miles together, he beheld one great wheatfield; and that, while Adelaide is sending breadstuffs to England and New York, the neighbouring colony of Victoria obtains them from Chili and California! The same inversion of the laws of nature which startles Europeans in Australia seems to characterise the laws of political economy. As Australian swans are black, and Australian birds bark, and the quadrupeds stand on their hindlegs, so the relations of demand and supply are ignored. The amount of land under cultivation in South Australia has trebled within seven years. Two years ago the colony produced seven times as much grain as she could consume; yet it was not by her but by America that the sister colony was fed! Absurd as are some of the fiscal duties, we can hardly suppose that they are to blame for this circuitous mode of commerce. Whatever other importation any of the colonies may exclude, there is one special importation which they would all introduce if they could, and that is women—women capable of being useful servants, honest wives, and good mothers. There is not the same objection to female as to male immigrants. The native women will not take to domestic service, and therefore do not dread competition in this respect. And the great inequality of the sexes forbids any fear that the matrimonial market may be overstocked. The immigration of English women is an actual necessity. But such an immigration seems beyond the hopes of the colonists. ‘One of the colonial superintendents,’ says Mr. Dilke, ‘writing of a lately received batch of Irish workhouse girls, has said that, “if these are the well-conducted girls, he “should be curious to see a few of the evil-disposed.”’ Mr. Dilke cites, by way of illustration, the details of the disembarkation of a similar batch at Point Levi, opposite Quebec. Although supplied by the authorities with all necessary meat and drink, they sold their baggage, bonnets, cloaks, and scarves—all, in short, except their crinolines—to buy whisky with, and in a few hours were yelling and blaspheming in a state of insane drunkenness. No wonder that the poor nuns of Montreal were so horrified at their conduct as to declare that they would never again receive Irish workhouse girls into their house. It is sad to think that the future wives and mothers of Australia should be recruited from this class. Yet it can hardly be avoided. The emigration of respectable English girls to the colonies, except under the care of male relations and trusty friends, is virtually impossible. A batch of girls from the lower class of life, even of the most respectable

quality, is, unless specially guarded, almost sure to be corrupted on the long passage. And no girls of a class above this, the daughters of small farmers or petty tradesmen, for instance, who have been decently brought up in England, would willingly expose themselves to the solicitations and annoyances so frequently encountered on board emigrant ships. This is a real hardship to the colonies. The men represent various classes of English society, from the refined gentleman and the enterprising trader to the skilled mechanic and industrious labourer. Now, Irish or English workhouse girls, or Irish maids of all work, are not fit helpmates for such men. Neither, on political grounds, is it desirable that colonial families should have a predominating infusion of Irish blood. But the question is how to find good substitutes. The daughters and sisters of English emigrants are a most welcome addition to the female population of the colonies; but their number is so very small, that their influence on the local society is almost inappreciable. On the other hand, the influence of a batch of thoroughly bad girls is as lasting as it is pernicious. It poisons society at its very sources, and leaves a taint behind which outlasts two generations.

We cannot dwell longer on Mr. Dilke's Australian experience. It confirms our impression that the political life of these colonies is vigorous and healthy; that, although their political economy is not of the most orthodox kind, and their prejudices are somewhat coarse, still there underlies all their errors of theory and expression an honest determination to protect their own people from those strongly marked inequalities of condition which both shock and perplex us at home. Looking at them in the aggregate, they seem to have retained most of the characteristics of our stock. They, like us, are loyal to their respective religious denominations. They are generally Episcopalians, Roman Catholics, Wesleyans, and Independents, thus representing the favourite theological schools of the old country. They have not broken off, like our American cousins, into strange heresies, either social or religious. They do not look kindly on Mormonism, Shakerism, Spiritualism, or any other of the 'isms' which have their proselytes and prophets in the United States. They most differ from us and from the Americans in this—they cultivate amusements more, and lay themselves out for enjoying life more than we do at home, or than our American cousins do. We cannot deem this otherwise than laudable, and, so far from deeming it un-English, we think we trace in it a revival of the 'merrie England' of times in which life was not one unceasing

struggle after wealth, or an alternate persecution of, or persecution by, companies of limited liability. That the climate will—especially in the northern parts of the colony—ultimately modify the type both of feature and of character, is far from improbable. But every incident which Mr. Dilke quotes, especially the passionate attachment to English forms and fashions under the least appropriate conditions, forbids the apprehension that the colonists have the slightest wish to disconnect their habits and traditions from those of England. Men who in founding a university provide it—as the Sydney University is provided—with syndicates, proctors, and *ad eundem* degrees, and men who in founding a city name its streets after distinguished English bishops, are not likely either to become French in their social, or ultra-republican in their political sympathies. The good sense of the colonists will teach them that it is neither possible nor desirable to acclimatise all the accidents of our social system. But if they preserve and propagate its more essential and solid elements—its love of liberty, of order, and of fair play—we in England shall at all times and under all circumstances be proud to recognise them as our countrymen in the wide empire of Great Britain. And Mr. Dilke will doubtless entertain the same feeling towards them when they have extended their railways on an American scale.

The last province of this Imperial sovereignty which Mr. Dilke visited was India. His remarks on this great dependency suggest matter sufficient for a whole article. But neither he nor our readers will expect us to do more than skim the mighty plain which he opens to our view. In fact, one cannot help surmising that some of his comments must have been the fruit of previous reading and conversation rather than of actual observation. It would be impossible to generalise on all the subjects of which Mr. Dilke treats, after a personal examination of two or three months. We will therefore confine ourselves to one or two salient points of interest which must strike any casual observer endowed with Mr. Dilke's intelligence.

It is impossible not to see that India is in a state of transition. Old things are passing away, and a new order of things is hardly yet in embryo. Caste is threatened and shaking, but not overthrown. The traditional religion of the educated natives is impaired but not superseded by another. Railways and roads are breaking down the open distinctions of rank, but not the secret deference which it still commands. A glimpse is caught by the natives at the manners, thoughts, and projects

of the European conquerors whose Indian dominion is among the strangest phenomena of history ; but the glimpse is hurried, imperfect, and delusive. Old customs are slowly dying out, but the process of their dissolution may at any moment evoke the barbarous fanaticism of angry millions. Not the least curious part of the study is that the dominant race itself is, in the face of its own subjects, examining, analysing, and debating the most momentous points of civil and military administration on which the foundations of this wondrous empire rest. There never was such a scene in the world's history as is presented by the relations of England and India. Here are half-a-dozen different peoples, with populations of forty to four millions each, some of an origin entirely distinct from the rest, dissimilar to each other in dialect, in character, and in shades of religious faith, in laws of property, of marriage, and inheritance, all ruled by a few Europeans, to whom they are far more unlike than any one of themselves is to any other. These Europeans govern them from their own cities, administer their own laws to them, and rule them by an army of which the bulk is raised from themselves. They, further, teach these people the English language, English science, and the religious dogmas of the Anglican Church. They teach a portion of the youth to write English essays, English verse, and English leading articles, according, we suppose, to the calm and philosophic tone of the Anglo-Indian press. They encourage the discontinuance of old customs, the discussion of new ideas, the propagation of a new creed, and all the while retain the conviction that their own hold of the country is permanent and impregnable. All this opens out a field of discussion which would not be exhausted by two volumes as ample as Mr. Dilke's. We forbear to enter on it ; but we will quote some of his pictures of Indian life as seen by the traveller.

The following quotation illustrates our position to the subject race. Mr. Dilke is writing of Benares :—

‘As I stopped to look for a moment at the long trains of laden camels that were winding slowly through the tortuous streets, I saw a European soldier cheapening a bracelet with a native jeweller. He was the first *topee-wallah* (“hat-fellow,” or “European”) that I had seen in Benares city. Calcutta is the only town in Northern India in which you meet Europeans in your walks or rides, and, even there, there is but one European to every sixty natives. In all India, there are, including troops, children, and officials of all kinds, far less than as many thousands of Europeans as there are millions of natives.’

Mr. Dilke records the failure of Protestant missionaries in

India. His statements on this point will be questioned by many. It is, however, certain that there is little in the ceremonies and the teaching of Anglican Christianity to attract the average Oriental mind, and we can easily understand that there are few converts to it. The Roman Catholic missionaries have made a compromise with the aborigines of the country, some of whom, while professing Romish Christianity, continue to be idol-worshippers. But it must not be supposed that the presence of a large body of missionaries, of whom some are liberally educated and apt controversialists, and the larger presence of able and scientific laymen, have been without effect on certain classes of the Hindoo population. As Mr. Dilke says—

‘Those who have known India long are aware that a remarkable change has come over the country in the last few years. Small as have been the positive visible results of Christian teaching, the indirect effects have been enormous. Among the Sikhs and Marattas, a spirit of reflection, of earnest thought, unusual in natives, has been aroused; in Bengal it has taken the form of pure deism, but then Bengal is not India. The spirit rather than the doctrinal teaching of Christianity has been imbibed: a love of truth appeals more to the feelings of the upright natives than do the whole of the nine-and-thirty Articles.’

Mr. Dilke protests against the fears which prevent the spread of the English language. He meets the favourite assertion of the Anglo-Indians who maintain that the natives who speak English are thieves, liars, and rascals, by the remark that their paucity gives them a monopoly of certain kinds of employment, which they naturally turn to their own profit. ‘Make,’ he says, ‘the knowledge of your language as universal as the Spaniards made the knowledge of theirs in the countries which they conquered, and you will find the advantage of your policy in the attachment of your subjects and the extension of your empire.’ The general cultivation of the English tongue may be a very good thing in itself; but the experience of the Spaniards can hardly be cited as a proof that this is the best recipe for consolidating our Indian empire.

While we are on the subject of language, we can hardly forbear from quoting some English verses written by a member of ‘Young Bengal.’ People often say they wonder how the Latin verses of our most elegant scholars would sound to an educated Roman of the Augustan age. We suspect they would sound to him very much as the following English verses sound to us, in which the skylark is supposed to be serenading his mistress:—

'Emerge, my love—the fragrant dewy grove
We'll wander through, till gun-fire bids us part.

* * * * *
Then, Leila, come ; no longer cogitate,
Thy egress let no scruples dire retard ;
Contiguous to the portals of thy gate,
Suspensively I supplicate regard.'

Probably these English verses are better than most even of our good Latin ones, as the Bengalee author has not only poems and dictionaries to refer to, but also the living talkers of a living tongue.

Mr. Dilke does not fail to notice a striking but comparatively new feature in Indian life—the abundance of unemployed and vagabond Englishmen who are now scattered over the peninsula. Some of these are discharged railway or police employés, others managers of tea and indigo plantations, others disbanded soldiers. They are regarded with natural aversion by the Government, and with aversion not unmixed with contempt by the natives. Until the appearance of these 'loafers,' a drunken Englishman begging in the streets of an Indian city was not only an unknown but an inconceivable spectacle. Now, we fear, the following picture is not rare. The scene is laid at Poonah.

'During the day I had been amused with the sayings of some British recruits, who were watching the immersion ceremonies, but in the evening one of them was in the bazaar, uproariously drunk, kicking every native against whom he stumbled, and shouting to an officer of another regiment, who did not like to interfere : "I'm a private soldier, I know, but I'm a gentleman ; I know what the atmosphere is, I do ; and I knows a cloud when I sees it, damned if I don't."'

That, with examples of this kind before their eyes, Indian officials discourage the presence of what they call European interlopers as much as possible, is only natural. These men not only disgrace the English name in the estimation of the natives, but they rouse the wrath of the natives by their contumelious and ruffianly treatment of them. The people may often have been treated harshly and superciliously by the officers of the British army or the Government, but they were reconciled to it by the knowledge that those were high-caste men—sahibs—men in authority ; whereas these fellows are evidently by their demeanour and bearing low-caste, low-born, and low-bred. It is scarcely possible to imagine any human beings who combine all the disagreeable qualities of the national character in a greater degree than some of the creatures who find their way

to Ceylon and India as managers of tea and coffee plantations. Englishmen without manners, education, or scruples; Irishmen with an acuteness which their want of principle makes dangerous, and with a recklessness which their want of kindness makes terrible, are sent out to superintend the tasks of Cinghalese or Assam labourers. Bad as both these classes are, they are neither of them so bad as the lowland Scotchman, with his brutal manner, his cynical assumption, his restless greed, and his dogged tyranny; and each of them becomes utterly intolerable under the influence of cheap whisky. That the Indian Government should discourage the influx of such men into India is desirable; but it is to be feared that their exclusive policy also keeps out a superior class of settlers, whose colonisation of the few Indian districts fit for the permanent settlement of Englishmen would be advantageous to their own and the people's interest.

That we are not exaggerating the evils to be apprehended from the larger immigration of low-caste Englishmen, is a just inference from the too frequent misconduct of young and thoughtless Englishmen of better birth and breeding. The following are samples of many Indian stories:—

‘From the first officer of one of the Peninsular and Oriental steamers, which was employed in carrying troops up the Euphrates during the Persian war, I heard a story that is the type of many such. A Persian drummer-boy of about ten years old was seen bathing from the bank one morning by the officers on deck. Bets were made as to the chance of hitting him with an Enfield rifle, and one of the betters killed him at the first shot.’

Again:—

‘In Ceylon, near Bentotté rest-house, a native child offered a handsome cowrie (of a kind worth in Australia about five shillings, and certainly worth something in Ceylon) to the child of a Mauritius coffee-planter who was travelling with us to Columbo, himself an old Indian officer. The white child took it, and would not give it up. The native child cried for money, or to have his shell back, but the mother of the white child exclaimed, “You be hanged! it’s worth nothing;” and off came the shell with us in the dawd. Such are the small but galling wrongs inflicted daily upon the Indian natives.’

The following is a delicious instance of the naïve indifference of a master-class:—

‘A young officer, learning Hindostanee in 1858, had the difference between the negative “né” and the particle “ne” explained to him by the moonshee, when he exclaimed: “Dear me! I hanged lots of natives last year for admitting that they had not been in their

villages for months. I suppose they meant to say that they had not left their villages for months.'

As we have awarded the prize of typical coarseness to the lowest class of Scotchmen in eastern colonies, it is only fair to quote the eulogistic terms in which Mr. Dilke speaks of that other class, from which the banks, the counting-houses, the great mercantile firms, and the legislative councils of our most opulent dependencies are perpetually recruited—a class always prosperous and always respected:—

'In British settlements, from Canada to Ceylon, from Dunedin to Bombay, for every Englishman that you meet who has worked himself up to wealth from small beginnings without external aid, you find ten Scotchmen. It is strange, indeed, that Scotland has not become the popular name for the United Kingdom.

It is perhaps hardly too much to say that we owe the successful government of India, and many of our largest and richest colonies, mainly to the presence of the best Scotch element. In making this admission, we can almost forget the evil which the presence of the worst Scotch element has engendered. Those who have been in colonies will readily understand how much this implies.

Before we quit the Indian portion of his voyage, we may observe that, according to Mr. Dilke, 'Caste' in India is more an affair of custom, than of religion. But, if this be so, custom seems to have the force of a religion. Its prescriptions are observed and its authority acknowledged with religious reverence. Part of its system is the hereditary transmission of certain occupations. The account which Mr. Dilke gives of these is very curious. He is quoting from the last census:—

'Under the title of "occupations," the heads of families alone were given, and not the number of those dependent on them, whence it comes that in the whole province only "11,000 tomtom players" were set down. The habits and tastes of the people are easily seen in the entries: "3,600 firework manufacturers," "45 makers of crowns for idols," "4,353 gold-bangle makers," "29,136 glass-bangle makers," "1,123 astrologers." There are also 145 "ear-cleaners," besides "kite-makers," "ear-piercers," "pedigree-makers," "makers of caste-marks," "cow-dung sellers," and "hereditary painters of horses with spots." There was no backwardness in the followers of maligned pursuits: 974 people in Allahabad described themselves as "low blackguards," 35 as "men who beg with threats of violence," 25 as "hereditary robbers," 479,015 as "beggars," 29 as "howlers at funerals," 226 as "flatterers for gain;" "vagabonds," "charmners," "informers" were all set down, and 1,100 returned themselves as "hereditary buffoons," while 2,000 styled themselves "conjurers," 4,000 "acrobats," and 6,372 "poets."

In one district alone, there were 777 "soothsayers and astrologers" by profession.' (Vol. ii. pp. 209-10.)

While they are wondering at those hereditary callings, our readers will be surprised to hear that in the eyes of strangers we in England also appear to have the institution of caste. The author of 'English Photographs' writes thus:—'The distinctions of caste amongst Englishmen strike an American very quickly and unpleasantly. . . . In England you find people of practically a single race, and yet the distinctions of classes are as broad as the gulf described by Lazamo. Many, you are pained to observe, practically regard themselves and are regarded by their social superiors as creatures of another species. There are castes whose natural instinct it is to cringe. There are other castes born, like maggots, to grow fat in corrupt corners. You can divide the population into sections; . . . you can see that each man knows himself to be a groove, from which there is no escape, unless he leaves the country.' And then he proceeds to denounce the self-humiliation of those men who, instead of aspiring to rise higher in life, are quite content to follow the occupations of their fathers and grandfathers. Of course this is incomprehensible to an American who has his 1,500 millions of acres of Public Domain to fall back upon, besides the unapportioned lands of the territories; but it is the phase which the society of all old and populous nations tends to assume. It is inconceivable with what pertinacity Americans proclaim the universal application of doctrines which have no other basis than the exceptional immensity of their own huge area.

After accompanying Mr. Dilke in his voyage of physical and political exploration, we may indeed say

'Immensum spatiis confecimus æquor.'

We have traversed the globe with him, and in every quarter have seen communities of our kith and kin established. What impression does the spectacle make upon us? Is it cheerful or saddening? Hopeful or discouraging? On the whole, we are bound to confess that it presents more to inspire satisfaction and hope than depression and alarm. We recognise in these colonial societies many of the qualities of our race. Whether planted in Canada or New Zealand, Australia or India, Michigan or Massachusetts, Englishmen still cherish that spirit, which animated the Norsemen of old and was inherited by the warriors of Poitiers and of Agincourt; by the companions of Frobisher and Drake; by the followers of Hawke and Nelson; by the martyrs of the Stuarts and the martyrs of Cromwell. There

is the same pluck—the same invincible obstinacy—the same strength of individual will—the same dogged and enduring patience. With these there are doubtless others and less lovely qualities. With disregard of suffering they inherit indifference to its infliction; with contempt of danger they inherit contempt for weak and timid races; with self-reliance a proud and surly egotism, which makes them often unjust, and sometimes cruel. Their pride induces them to despise alien nations and exclude them from a participation in the rights of common citizenship and courtesy. When education or position has eradicated the coarser and harder elements of cruelty and wrong, it leaves unimpaired a sense of conscious superiority which is almost as galling as cruelty to a weak and unwarlike people. The same inability to grasp wide principles, and the same preference of the clumsiest ‘practical’ expedient to the neatest theoretical axiom, which distinguishes the English from other European races, characterises their descendants also wherever they have fixed their home. If they feel a grievance, or seek an advantage, they set about remedying the one and acquiring the other, by the shortest and most direct route. They do not trouble themselves with complex questions or abstract propositions. It is sufficient for them that they dislike something or desire something, and they adapt their policy to their wants in the most absolute and decisive manner. If they fancy themselves injured by the importation of convicts, they associate, combine, and all but rebel till the obnoxious immigration is annulled. If legislative enactments fail to ensure redress, they seize it for themselves by an extemporised illegality. If the laws which they pass are insufficient to exclude convicts or Chinese, they call in the aid of vigilance committees, and take upon themselves the triple duty of judges, jurors, and executioners. They do all this not with the tumultuary heat and phrensy of the Latin races, but with a cool, deliberate, and methodical purpose. They discuss, agitate, combine, form ‘caucuses,’ conventions and ‘platforms,’ until they have gained an aggregate strength adequate to the execution of their purpose, whether that be the introduction of the Ballot, the abolition of Free Trade, or the establishment of responsible government. If they find they cannot obtain the very object they aim at, or can obtain it only at a very disproportionate cost, they compromise their contest, and content themselves with a secondary advantage for the time. But this compromise is almost always temporary. In every quarter of the globe and under all forms of polity, certain common characteristics come to the surface. The same busy and practical energy which founded

Chicago and San Francisco, founded also Melbourne and Hoki-tika. The same earnest struggling rush for wealth, which distinguishes London and Liverpool, distinguishes also Melbourne, Chicago, St. Louis, and New York. The same love of coarse enjoyment which fosters the low dramshops of Liverpool and of London has peopled and enriched the slums of New York. The same hurry to spend their gains upon unrefined pleasures which De Foe noticed in the Englishmen of his day, may be noticed equally in the Americans and English colonists of ours. The same harsh manner towards coloured and inferior peoples which the low-caste overseer of Ceylon or Assam displays towards his coolie labourers, the Yankee overseer displayed and displays to his negro servants, bond or free, in Cuba, Louisiana, and Alabama. The same antagonism of factions and cliques which in England is called forth by the impatience of domination, is called forth by the same cause with greater or less intensity in America or Australia. In face of a powerful aristocracy of slave-owners there grew up in America, slowly but surely, the antagonist party of the Abolitionists which never ceased its work until it had shattered the power of the slave-owners. In the same way our own Abolitionists had grown from humble beginnings until they were more than a match for the combined influences of wealth, rank, and prejudice. Each endured scorn, contempt, and a certain degree of persecution; but each triumphed in the end. A great banking aristocracy seemed to threaten the republican institutions of America: the people combined, and the power of the aristocracy vanished. The patronage of the Crown, the interference of the mother-country, and a spurious colonial aristocracy, roused the sensibilities of the Canadian and Australian colonists. They combined, agitated, petitioned, and agitated again until they got what they sought in responsible government and amended land laws. Again, take an instance not of public but of social politics. In the United States as in Great Britain, there is among the hard and unrefined masses a love of coarse sensual enjoyment. In the large cities of both countries there rage drunkenness and a lust for drunkenness. Yet in the face of thousands and tens of thousands of their countrymen, whose only pleasure was dram-drinking, English and American citizens have pertinaciously and boldly stood up year after year in the cause of temperance, defying odium and ridicule, until they have checked the rapid torrent of national debauchery. Again, from the midst of the two people, the most devoted of all nations to the energetic prosecution of business and the making of money—from those classes of them

which are the most addicted to money-making—have issued brave and self-denying men, who explored the savage wilds of barbarous countries, not for the purposes of gain or the excitement of adventure, but in the pure spirit of missionary benevolence. In the cities of Egypt, in the forests of Ceylon, on the rivers of China and in the plains of India, the English and the American missionary, united by the most sacred of bonds, testify to an instinct of race purer and holier than the expansion of a common language or the glorification of a common stock. From the two branches of a race which more than any other despises the Indian and the Negro have come forth men devoted life and fortune to the cause of the Indian and the Negro.

In surveying the vast tracts of the globe which are thus laid open to the British race, and which will ere long be peopled by enormous multitudes of our countrymen, it is impossible to suppress the melancholy reflection that this prodigious extension of human activity has hitherto done little, and promises to do but little hereafter, for the increase and elevation of the intellectual culture of our race. With the exception of the small and polished coterie which still flourishes in Massachusetts, the whole American people have not produced a single literary work of the highest order in history, poetry, political economy, theology, or even in science. The illustrious generation of Virginians who took a leading part in the foundation of the Commonwealth is totally extinct. The whole of the Western and Southern States do not contain a man of pre-eminent intellectual reputation. The tone of the American and Colonial periodical press is, for the most part, low and ignorant; yet the newspapers are the only publications read by the people. And in the great scramble for material prosperity, neither time nor opportunity is left for those thoughtful pursuits which lead to the permanent acquisition of truth, taste, and knowledge. The inevitable consequence must be, that whilst the British race is extending itself over the globe, these offsets are relapsing into ruder and less intellectual forms of society; and that it is still the literary activity of the mother-country which alone casts its struggling beams of light around this vast and dim horizon. In this sense, England is still the metropolis of 'Greater Britain.' Athens, Paris, Oxford, Edinburgh, and Geneva have done more for the culture of the human intellect than the enormous continents bounded by either ocean.

We might multiply instances to show that, wherever the Anglo-Saxon race is planted, the genius of association is also

there equally powerful for political and moral purposes. If there is a difference in degree between its results in England, and its results in America or Australia, that difference is due to the effects partly of climate, but more of mixed and adscititious races. The large infusion of the Celtic and the continental element is producing a modification of character in the American branch of the English family. That intolerance of any opposition, which so decidedly characterises French politics—an intolerance which despises the slow tactics of constitutional warfare and contends not for equality but for supremacy—is beginning to inspire American politicians with an unwonted and undignified violence. Calm and courteous opposition is likely to be superseded by acrimonious hostility—statesmanlike discussion by partisan contentiousness—dignified remonstrance by shrieking querulousness. That bullying and bragging are the special armoury of American controversialists is an accusation which would come with an ill-grace from any of us, who have owed many a triumph and many a success in olden time to the blustering menaces of our diplomatists. But—*pace Dilkei loquamur*—it is not too much to say that all that we ever did in this way, falls infinitely short of what modern American diplomatists attempt, and generally attempt with advantage. And we may add that, if a recollection of our common origin is good for the purposes of social and national amity, it is also good for the purposes of national difference and controversy. The Americans are substantially men of like passions, tempers, feelings, and occupations with ourselves. They are accustomed to violent contests among themselves; and they have learned in their own country the important lesson, that it is better to conciliate bold and pertinacious adversaries by a compromise, than push the dispute to its bitter end. There is no intelligent Southerner who does not now see that he lost what he sought, by his precipitation in going to war; and there are many Northerners who in the calm colloquies of social life, admit that an early compromise would have left them fewer difficulties than have been imposed on them by an obstinate and successful conflict. They respect the bold front of an enemy who defies their threats; and they press with reiterated urgency their demands on one who is always ready to concede.

With Australia we are not likely to come into hostile discussion. The people there are, for the most part, only too glad to continue their present relations to us. Any change which climate is likely to produce in their characters and modes of life will be very slow and gradual; and this change will

affect the northern and hot provinces far more than the cool southern colonies: and it is likely rather to affect them by a softening and refining than by hardening or irritating influence. For our sake and for theirs it is expedient that they should be more constantly recruited by English immigration than they are now, and they themselves wish to be. For although it may be a pleasant speculation to regard the United States of America as merely an extension of Great Britain, we are old-fashioned enough to bound our conceptions of 'Greater Britain' by the dependencies of the British Crown; as we are unphilosophical enough to fancy that, despite the enormous extent and fertility of the territory of the United States, there are some greater advantages attaching to the status of an English subject than to that of an American citizen. However, on this point we will not dwell. This notion of ours will seem to many persons bigoted and narrow, and we have no wish to close our article with a discussion which involves questions of an irritating nature.

There are many topics of interest in Mr. Dilke's volumes to which we have not adverted, but which he has discussed in such a manner as always to provoke attention, if not to command assent. We differ from him in several conclusions; but we have been less anxious to indicate the points of our disagreement than of our concurrence; and we are happy to welcome the appearance of a work which, if it contains some questionable propositions, is pervaded throughout not less by a kindly feeling towards inferior races, than by a quick and thoughtful observation of the most remarkable features in the public and private life of transpontine England, and is worthy of commendation as illustrating the spirit of intelligent adventure and liberal speculation, which ought to animate the young legislators of our Isles.

Without claiming for the book the highest praise, we readily admit that it places before us in a lively light the extent and capabilities of 'Greater Britain'; shows how much men of our own lineage have accomplished in colonising and civilising the globe; and also indirectly shows how much more use we might make, than we have hitherto made, of the enormous empire which owns the supremacy of England.

ART. VII.—1. *Essays in Criticism*. By MATTHEW ARNOLD. Second Edition. London: 1869.

2. *On Translating Homer. Three Lectures given at Oxford*. By MATTHEW ARNOLD, Professor of Poetry in the University. London: 1861.

3. *On the Study of Celtic Literature*. By MATTHEW ARNOLD. London: 1867.

4. *Culture and Anarchy: An Essay in Political and Social Criticism*. By MATTHEW ARNOLD. London: 1869.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD is probably the finest existing specimen of a literary class which has a peculiar claim to the humane assistance of the critic. He is one of those writers who, gifted with a keen perception of truth but utterly incapable of clearly defining and explaining what they perceive, find with surprise and indignation that they are playing at cross purposes with the public, and that, the more loudly and eloquently they cry 'hold fast,' the more certain is their faithless audience to let go. His position is therefore one degree more painful than that of the many able but unpopular authors whom nobody reads. They do no good because they can get no attention; he manages so skilfully that the more attention he gets the more mischief he achieves.

Mr. Arnold possesses, in our opinion, a more delicate and correct sense of intellectual truth and beauty than any other living English critic with whom we are acquainted. We trust we need scarcely say that we consider this very high praise. We hold, no doubt, that the everlasting struggle between good and evil is the main purpose of human existence; and we therefore acknowledge that the highest honours of human gratitude are exclusively due to those who bear an immediate part in this great warfare. But we also hold that, in maintaining and directing this warfare, whatever tends to polish and refine the human intellect is of great though indirect importance; and this we consider to be peculiarly the case in a community where, as in England at the present moment, the good cause is far more likely to suffer from want of intelligence in its supporters than from want of zeal.

If there is any class of mankind which ought fully to appreciate this obvious truth, that class is, one would suppose, the devoted soldiery of human progress. Such would, no doubt, be the fact if the soldier of human progress were always what he professes to be; but unfortunately he is, in the great major-

riety of cases, nothing but the soldier of his own spiteful passions and conceited prejudices. To such a man the bitterest opponent is less hateful than a calm and discriminating adviser. He has made up his faggot of beliefs—his own system is absolutely right, and whatever differs from it is anathema-maranatha; and now he flatters himself that the simple and pleasing task which alone remains for his accomplishment is, like the MacAulays, in the Glen of the Mist, ‘to burn and ‘slay right before him.’ We are, therefore, by no means surprised to find that there are plenty of Liberal politicians who, instead of welcoming an ally so well able to do good service as Mr. Arnold, denounce him with real or affected contempt as an ‘elegant trifler.’

That some men of real energy and influence should hold such language will unfortunately surprise no one who is acquainted with human nature. Great ability and presumptuous self-conceit often go together. When, therefore, a man of natural ability speaks with ignorant contempt of the culture which would save him from many irreparable mistakes, we feel that there is no use in being angry with him. But the case is altered when this language is repeated by men who have, so far as we can see, no excuse for talking at all—men whose only claim to the title of workers is, that they are in the habit of writing nonsense about politics and religion, instead of confining themselves to those humbler topics upon which it is not absolutely impossible that they might find something to say worth hearing. The powerful horse, snorting and trembling with his desperate efforts to drag the waggon out of the slough, may be forgiven for not appreciating the skill of the artists who framed the wheels and fitted the harness; but what shall we say when we find his thoughtless scorn emulated by the great bluebottle fly, who during the whole struggle has done nothing whatever but buzz around the waggoner’s nose?

To us, we confess, the phrase ‘elegant trifler’ involves something very like a self-contradiction. Elegance is a form of truth; and no form of truth can possibly be a mere trifle. That there are among us plenty of inelegant triflers—nay, plenty of inelegant writers whose productions it would be unmerited indulgence to term trifles—nobody who knows anything of our periodical press is likely to deny. But Mr. Arnold deserves a very different character. He is a consummate master of literary criticism; literary criticism being a most effectual means of strengthening and refining the human intellect, and the human intellect requiring, in order to fit it

for its appointed work, the utmost strength and refinement which it can possibly acquire. Such a writer ought to command, and with ordinary plausibility in the expression and connexion of his opinions would undoubtedly have commanded, the respectful attention of every thinking Englishman.

That Mr. Arnold, to borrow the sonorous phraseology which he quotes from one of his critics, is deficient in 'a philosophy' with coherent, interdependent, subordinate and derivative 'principles'—that Mr. Arnold, to express the same idea in the English language, is quite incapable of taking the trouble to make up his mind upon any extensive subject of thought—everyone who has read his works will admit. Indeed he admits it himself. He points out, with his usual acuteness, that Truth is discovered by intuition and not by argument; but he forgets, with what we cannot help calling his usual carelessness, that discovery is one thing and explanation another. The consequence is that his critical works are a most provoking study. They are full of clever and original remarks; but the manner in which they overlook the plainest inferences and distinctions is so extraordinary as to make us suspect that two such different voices cannot really proceed from the same mouth, and that Mr. Arnold, like the monster in the *Tempest*, consists of two persons hid under one gaberdine.

There can scarcely be a more favourable specimen of Mr. Arnold's literary workmanship than his well-known comparison of the two great principles which he chooses to distinguish as Hebraism and Hellenism. It is probably already familiar to our readers; but we may as well remind them of its general purport. Mr. Arnold holds that the perfection of humanity requires the combination of motive power with guiding skill—in other words, the combination of obedient and zealous self-devotion with liberal and intelligent self-cultivation. As the types of these two qualities he selects the ancient Hebraic and Hellenic races. And finally he points out that, although want of Hebraic earnestness is a very common and a very formidable defect, the peculiar dangers and difficulties of English society at the present time are chiefly due to want of Hellenic culture.

Every intelligent reader will perceive at once how clever and ingenious all this is, and how much valuable truth it really contains. It would be difficult to describe the ordinary English politician or theologian more neatly and accurately than by saying that he has too much of the Jew and too little of the Greek—too much zeal and too little thought; and the description will appear particularly appropriate when we

remember the inconsiderate prejudice with which our religious writers are accustomed to cry down the polite Greek and cry up the devout Jew. But when we examine Mr. Arnold's remarks in detail, we find that he does not consistently adhere to his own excellent suggestion. He begins by recommending Hebraism tempered and directed by Hellenism; but he ends by recommending the adoption of Hellenism to an extent utterly inconsistent with the retention of Hebraism. His way of combining the two principles is simply to supplant the one by the other.

Sweetness and light, says Mr. Arnold, are the peculiar characteristics of Hellenic culture. Sweetness and light, answers one of his clerical censors, are excellent things in religion; but fire and strength are of still higher importance, and ought therefore to be still more carefully cherished. As a general rule, replies Mr. Arnold, that may be true; but English theologians are usually abundant in fire and strength and deficient in sweetness and light, and will therefore act wisely by paying for the present particular attention to that in which they are deficient. Now in this discussion Mr. Arnold has overlooked, and has been permitted by his opponent to overlook, a very obvious distinction. One of the two elements which constitute what he means by Hellenism is absolutely necessary to, while the other is altogether irreconcilable with, the development of what he means by Hebraism.

By light Mr. Arnold means the clear intelligence, and by sweetness the calm epicurean indulgence, of the Hellenic philosophy. How far are these qualities consistent with Hebraic fire and energy? That fire and energy may be, and always ought to be, directed by intelligence, is of course indisputable. But how can fire and energy coexist with philosophical serenity? How can we at once cultivate the universal tolerance of the sceptical Athenian, and retain that noble old Hebraic spirit of bitter hatred to evil which has done so much to make us, with all our faults and errors, honoured and envied by mankind? A moment's reflection will convince us that the one temper of mind is simply the reverse of the other. In proportion as we acquire Hellenic sweetness, we necessarily abandon Hebraic earnestness.

The truth of the matter strikes us as perfectly clear. Zeal is the peculiar merit, and violence the peculiar defect, of Hebraism. Intelligence is the peculiar merit, and indifference the peculiar defect, of Hellenism. To men like Mr. Kingsley the violence of Hebraism appears grand and noble. To men like Mr. Arnold the indifference of Hellenism appears graceful

and attractive. Let us avoid the mistakes of both. Let us study to combine Hebraic zeal with Hellenic intelligence. So long as any doubt remains—so long as we are not quite sure that what we are attacking is unqualified evil—the sharpest and subtlest examination and discussion is no waste of trouble. But when our mind is fairly made up, the time for thought is over and the time for action is come. Then let loose the enthusiastic fury which inspired Joshua or Elijah of old. There stands your enemy at last—at him like men, and destroy him utterly or die.

These considerations induce us to regard with some degree of indulgence certain outbreaks of Anglo-Hebraic wrath by which Mr. Arnold is, we must admit not unnaturally, very much scandalised. We all know that the largest Christian community in existence is at present under the control of a religious party whose theology tends to substitute an arbitrary and conventional standard of right and wrong for that prescribed by the natural conscience of humanity. We also know that the enemies of that great Church are accustomed to assail her upon the ground, not of this fatal and fundamental error in principle, but of certain peculiarities in doctrine which, whether in themselves right or wrong, have at least been shown by experience to be consistent with the practice of every Christian virtue. This we hold to be a mistake; but still, as we think Ultramontaniam a great and dangerous evil, we would rather that it should be disliked for foolish reasons than that it should not be disliked at all.

Mr. Arnold quotes an English dissenting minister as having said, at a public meeting, that the Romanist Mass is an importation from the bottomless pit. We condemn such violence as much as Mr. Arnold can do; but we do not forget, as he seems to do, that righteous indignation may be expressed in silly and offensive language. We regret that a weak and excitable man should express his dislike of the Romish hierarchy by quoting texts about the Scarlet Lady and the Mark of the Beast, because he thereby discredits a cause which we think upon the whole a good one. But in what does such a man fail? Mr. Arnold would say, in sweetness. We say, in light. Let him learn, by all means, to distinguish the evil from the good of Romanism. But let him *not* learn to regard the evil, when thus eliminated, with the philosophical moderation admired by Mr. Arnold.

We conclude, then, that one of the two qualities which constitute Hellenism is a fault, or at least the negation of a merit, and ought to be rejected accordingly. What shall we say of

the other? That it forms an indispensable auxiliary to Hebraism we have already admitted; but can it ever deserve a higher title? Can we ever acknowledge, as Mr. Arnold wishes us to do, that the two principles are equal and co-ordinate, that their final aim is identical, and that each by itself is as imperfect as the other? Surely there is between Hebraism and Hellenism that great disparity which must always exist between nobility of end and ingenuity of means. Devotion to duty, however mistaken, is always admirable; culture and intelligence, however perfect, are only admirable when used for some worthy purpose. In other words, Hebraism is good in itself; Hellenism is only valuable as the instrument of good.

This Mr. Arnold does not seem to understand. He admits, indeed, that Hellenism without Hebraism failed to improve mankind—that ‘the fair promise of Hellenism faded, and Hebraism ruled the world.’ But he fails to perceive that this result was necessary and inevitable—that it arose from the essential and eternal dissimilarity of the two systems. He explains it by saying that the ‘Hellenic conception of human nature was unsound,’ because premature, ‘at the particular moment of man’s development’ when it was introduced, and that ‘centuries of probation and discipline were needed to bring our race to the indispensable basis of self-control,’ which is ‘the platform upon which alone the perfection aimed at by Greece can come into bloom.’

Surely we cannot accept such an explanation as this. How can we expect self-control without some adequate motive? And what motive did Hellenism supply to overcome the natural selfishness of humanity, or how was utter selfishness inconsistent with the perfection aimed at by Greece? The ideal man, the accomplished philosopher-athlete of the Greek academy and gymnasium, is assuredly a splendid specimen of what human powers may become; but when you have got him the question still remains—what are you to do with him? How will you induce him to exert his mental and bodily powers for the benefit of mankind? How can you even make sure that he will not exert them to oppress his fellow-creatures for his own selfish advantage? Only by enlisting him in some great and good cause; and no such cause is pointed out by the teaching of Hellenism.

But Mr. Arnold’s glorification of Hellenism is open to a further remark. Hellenism is now the indispensable auxiliary of Hebraism, but it was not always so; and that it has become so is due to the great moral victories which Hebraism has achieved over human nature. When Hebraism first made its

appearance, there was no need of culture or intelligence to distinguish evil from good. Good might then, as now, be tainted by evil; but evil openly defied and repudiated good. The Hebrew warrior slaughtering the priest of Baal was no persecutor of opinion, no bigot destroying his fellow-creatures because they would not allow that they were wrong and he was right. He simply was, or thought himself, an honest man inflicting righteous vengeance upon monsters who offered human sacrifices to the Enemy of mankind. Even the Christian apostle denouncing the world was no narrow and prejudiced ascetic; he was a teacher of virtue and duty, warning his hearers against a philosophy of selfish refinement and sensual enjoyment.

All this, we acknowledge, is now changed; and we also acknowledge that one of the chief dangers which beset modern Christianity is the obstinate dulness with which so many of its teachers and professors refuse to recognise the change. Evil has now nominally yielded to good; and the eternal conflict is therefore being fought out, not as of old between good and evil in their own real shapes, but between good on the one side and evil disguised as good on the other. The champions of good are therefore bound to exercise keen and patient discrimination, not only lest they let evil pass unchallenged, but also lest, which is far more common, they do irreparable mischief by assailing what is harmless or beneficial. And yet there are, as we all know, sincere and worthy men who constantly talk as if the Church and the World were as easily distinguishable as they were in the days of St. Paul—as if balls and plays were as obviously criminal as the worship of Moloch or Ashtaroath.

But to what principle, let us ask, is this great conquest due? What induced the World to recognise the supremacy of the Church? Was it sweetness and light? Not so; Hellenic culture was neutral or hostile, while Hebraic devotion was bearing the burden and heat of the day. Now that the victory is won, it offers its valuable services to the victorious party. Valuable no doubt they are; and we say, by all means let them be accepted. But we would, as a matter of prudence and policy, recommend the proposal to be made in somewhat humbler terms than Mr. Arnold seems inclined to use. If Hellenism comes forward as the servant and instrument of Hebraism, she shall be welcome. But if she claims to share with Hebraism the office of our guide and teacher, we must be permitted to demur. Look, we say, at your own past history,

and at that of your rival. She may need you; but she succeeded without you, and you failed without her.

We will give a few examples of the practical mistakes into which Mr. Arnold is perpetually led by his inveterate habit of regarding the intellectual and subjective process as co-ordinate with the moral and objective purpose. He speaks, with evident surprise and contempt, of a member of Parliament who said that 'a thing being an anomaly was no objection to it whatever.' He admits, indeed, that the anomalous character of a thing, though always an objection to it 'absolutely and in the sphere of ideas,' is not necessarily so 'in the sphere of politics and practice.' But he does not perceive that this admission is quite insufficient, and that the anomalous character of a measure may, in the sphere of politics and practice, be a strong recommendation or an indispensable necessity—that a law which would have been dangerous if it had been symmetrical may, like the Toleration Act of 1689, work admirably because it is partial—that a proclamation which would have disgusted all parties if it had been logical may, like that which declared the English throne vacant in 1688, be entirely successful because it is inconsistent.

Again, Mr. Arnold holds 'the bane of criticism in this country' to be, that 'practical considerations cling to it and stifle it'—that, with our present organs of criticism, 'practical ends are the first thing, and the play of mind the second.' He regrets that all our periodicals exist as the organs of some school of opinion or other, 'and for as much play of mind as may suit their being that;' and he wishes we had a publication like the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 'having for its main function to understand and utter the best that is known and thought in the world' upon any side of any question. In other words, he seriously thinks that English literature is in a lamentable state, because our editors have consciences as well as minds—because they think first of the cause of truth and the good of society, and next of intellectual brilliancy—because they do not care so much for 'play of mind,' that the *Dublin Review* publishes witty satires upon the Vatican, or the *British Quarterly* ingenious arguments in favour of Apostolical Succession.

Once more: Mr. Arnold's taste is exceedingly shocked by the present state of our matrimonial laws. 'When one looks,' he says, 'at the English Divorce Court—an institution which perhaps has its practical conveniences, but which is in the ideal sphere so hideous— . . . one may be permitted to find the marriage theory of Catholicism refreshing and elevating.'

Practical conveniences!—is that a fair way of putting the case? Is the refusal of justice a practical inconvenience, or is it, in the ideal as well as the actual sphere, an act of disgraceful wickedness? Here is a terrible evil and a crying hardship—so much is not denied, and so much we are therefore entitled to assume—and Mr. Arnold would like to leave it unredressed, because meddling with it is really such disgusting work. How shall we now vindicate him against the ‘earnest’ writers who reproach him with selfish delicacy? Tell it not in Fleet Street—publish it not in the printing offices of Piccadilly—lest the young lions of the Telegraph rejoice—lest the sucking Robespierres of the Fortnightly triumph.

We will now, however, assume that we have settled the question of precedence between principle and culture, and proceed to examine Mr. Arnold’s opinions upon the method by which the acquisition of culture can most effectually be promoted. They are, like most of his opinions, well worth examination, but not easily reducible to any consistent result. Still their general tendency can scarcely be mistaken—it is to hold that collective authority ought to be much more actively exerted, and individual freedom much more carefully limited, than is now customary among Englishmen. So far as by collective authority is meant the law, and by individual freedom license to break the law, we shall not dispute this conclusion. But so far as by collective authority is meant public opinion, and by individual freedom the indulgence of bad taste or bad judgment, we venture to think the question a very doubtful one.

What Mr. Arnold wishes is, if we rightly understand him, that English speakers and writers should be compelled or induced to utter their opinions less boldly and openly, and with more deference to the average national reason, than they are now accustomed to do. He complains, with considerable truth, that Englishmen are too much inclined to consider freedom of speech as an end instead of a means; and he quotes with not unnatural astonishment the language of a well-known politician, whose definition of ‘unrivalled happiness’ appears to be a state in which ‘every man is able to say what he likes.’ From us, we need scarcely say, he will encounter no such opposition. We fully agree with him that freedom of speech is nothing more than an instrument. But when we inquire the purpose for which it is an instrument, he gives us no distinct answer. We are therefore left to gather his meaning from the general tenor of his remarks.

Mr. Arnold appears to think it self-evident, that whatever

improves the intrinsic value of a national literature is necessarily a good thing, and consequently that, if we can improve the intrinsic value of English literature by imposing more restraint upon it, we ought to do so. Here we differ from him. We hold that the most important function of a national literature is to furnish an accurate reflexion of the national mind, and consequently that to restrain the national literature from fully reflecting any part of the national mind, however unworthy or unseemly, is necessarily a mistake. If, therefore, to take an example which seems a favourite with Mr. Arnold, there really is any considerable section of the English nation which believes that the Mass came from the bottomless pit, we think it would be a pity to prevent that section from being fairly represented in the press and upon the platform. For this opinion we will now give our reasons.

In the first place, there is the consideration of practical convenience. It is quite necessary that an English statesman or legislator should know, and it might be highly dangerous that he should not be able to find out, precisely what the English people is really thinking and saying; and this without any reference to the question, whether its thoughts and speeches are wise or foolish in themselves. It would, for instance, be imprudent to form a plan for endowing the Papal Church in Ireland without being quite sure that Englishmen in general have no serious scruples about the Man of Sin and the Woman of Babylon; and it is therefore inexpedient to silence hostile applications, however absurd and uncharitable we may think them, of the Apocalyptical prophecies to the Church of Rome. Publicity and fidelity are in such cases infinitely more important than good breeding.

There is one particular branch of public discussion in which the decorous reticence recommended by Mr. Arnold has actually been very generally adopted by the English press; and we think the result by no means encouraging. Everyone must have observed the cautious timidity with which all our leading publicists handle such questions as have any tendency to excite foreign hostility. The consequence is, that our foreign rivals are constantly enticed into imprudence by the deferential tone of our expostulations, until, having advanced too far to retire with dignity, they suddenly find themselves face to face with the determined and exasperated English nation. It was thus that we 'drifted' into war with Russia in 1854; it was thus that we came 'within an hour' of war with France in 1857; and it is thus, we fear, that we are now laying the foundation of a permanent misunderstanding with the United States.

In the second place, there is the consideration of future improvement. How is a nation to become ashamed of its prejudices unless they are fully discussed; and how can they be fully discussed unless they are openly avowed? The more carefully they are suppressed in public, the more fondly they will be cherished in private. It is quite possible that even the Dissenting congregations of Walsall will in process of time be induced by the astonishment and contempt of mankind to reconsider their favourite dogma concerning the Tartarean procreation of the Mass; and it is highly improbable that they would ever have done so if the reverend gentleman who proclaimed it upon the platform at Birmingham had confined himself to preaching it at his own tabernacle to his own disciples.

This argument Mr. Arnold considers 'a peculiarly British form of quietism.' But he does not seem to catch its true purport. 'It is thought,' he says, that 'by continuing all of us to follow our natural taste for the Bathos, we shall, by the mercy of Providence and by a kind of natural tendency of things, come in due time to relish and follow right reason.' By no means. It is only thought that, if we *have* a natural taste for the Bathos, we are more likely to find out its absurdity, and consequently to become ashamed of following it, by talking it over than by keeping it to ourselves. In saying this we are not asking for any mysterious interference by Providence. We are only asserting the everlasting law, that, the more freely and constantly Truth and Falsehood fight, the more certain is Truth to prevail.

But even if we assume that the intrinsic merit of our literature is an object of more importance than its accuracy as an index of national feeling, or its efficacy 'as an instrument of national improvement, it still remains to inquire whether this object is likely to be more successfully attained by the assertion of authority than by the toleration of license. In order to answer this question, we cannot do better than follow Mr. Arnold through the very interesting essay, in which he examines the effect produced upon French literature by the existence, and upon English literature by the absence, of a central standard of literary taste and judgment under the name of a National Academy. His opinion upon the subject is, as might be expected, a very decided one. He considers the Parisian Academy as a most useful and admirable institution; and he laments, although he fully admits, the impossibility of successfully establishing a similar society in London.

We will commence our own remarks by pointing out a dis-

inction which appears to have escaped both Mr. Arnold and his opponents, and which, we think, will considerably simplify the question. Literature is compounded of two distinct elements—Thought and Style. A good writer must have something to say worth hearing, and must say it so as to be fully and precisely understood. It is obvious that he cannot, without ascertaining the manner of speaking which is most familiar to his intended audience, make sure of fulfilling the second condition; and it is equally obvious that, in order to effect this purpose, he cannot do better than apply for instructions to the audience itself. An academy which merely undertakes to furnish such instructions, or in other words an academy which confines its dictation to questions of style, is therefore likely, if it really represents the best literary judgment of the nation, to prove a very useful institution.

At the same time, this concession may very easily be misinterpreted. Nothing in literature is more remarkable than the manner in which even the ablest critics constantly mistake peculiarities of thought for peculiarities of style. We hear complaints of Lord Macaulay's epigrammatic style—as if those sharp antithetical sentences were not absolutely necessary to express the sharp antithetical arguments which struck most forcibly the keen intellect of their author. We hear complaints of Mr. Carlyle's fantastic and oracular style—as if that mystic and sarcastic eloquence did not most faithfully represent the troubled and embittered mind of the prophetic orator. And on the present occasion we find Mr. Arnold lamenting the redundant eloquence of Taylor and the metaphorical coarseness of Burke—as if such faults, great as they are, could be pruned away without curtailing the characteristic luxuriance of two noble though eccentric intellects.

Style is the mirror of thought. If the mirror fails to reflect what is before it, or reflects something which is not before it, the mirror is faulty and requires correction. To show how it ought to be corrected is the proper function of the spectator. It is his business to tell the artist what is actually visible in the glass. It is the artist's business to consider whether that is what he meant to be visible in the glass. If so—if the mirror reflects all that is before it and nothing more—the mirror is not to be blamed for the unsightliness of the spectacle. That can only be amended by altering the subject of reflexion. Whether this too is the business of the spectator—in other words, whether the public will act wisely by prescribing, not only rules specifying the style in which it chooses to be addressed,

but also rules limiting the thoughts whose suggestion it is willing to permit—is the true question now at issue.

That a writer who has the means of consulting, and who carefully consults, the taste of his audience, will avoid many ungraceful peculiarities into which he would otherwise have been likely to fall, we readily acknowledge. But is not this advantage accompanied by a corresponding danger? Is there not often a national fashion of bad taste, which it is the tendency of an Academy to force upon such writers as have sense and originality enough not to agree in admiring it? Is it not quite possible that, if there had been an English Academy in the seventeenth century, we might have owed it a translation of the Bible in the style of Euphues, or a *Paradise Lost* in the style of Maximin? And though Mr. Arnold is undoubtedly right when he quotes certain English phrases as eccentricities which no Frenchman could possibly commit, may we not reply that there is at the present moment a species of absurdity which is peculiarly characteristic of French writers, and of which no English writer out of a lunatic asylum can be conceived capable?

The examples quoted by Mr. Arnold are selected, as his quotations always are, with singular tact and dexterity; but we cannot conceive that any reasonable man will think them sufficient to establish even a *primâ-facie* claim of superiority on behalf of French literature. A single instance of English failure and French success is in his opinion sufficient to prove, not only that the Frenchman is superior to the Englishman, but that he owes his superiority to the superintendence of his Academy. Addison, for example, was guilty of a platitude about the study of controversy, while Joubert made a clever and original remark upon the same subject. Mr. Kinglake sometimes indulges in the picturesque personality of historical romance, while M. Thiers carefully observes the decorum of history proper. Mr. Palgrave criticised M. Marochetti in a rude and scornful tone, while M. Planché did the same with dignified severity. Taylor is often florid and Burke often offensive, while Bossuet is always severely graceful.

Surely it would be easy enough to turn the tables. What English political satire ever exceeded 'Napoléon le Petit' in spiteful and furious invective? What English military narrative ever rivalled the bombastic and mendacious absurdity of M. de Bazancourt? What English poet was ever guilty of a flight so offensively indecent as Victor Hugo's famous compliment to Napoleon I.—'Il gênait Dieu'? What English historian ever indulged in such silly and pointless

epigrams as those in which Lamartine bedizens his most commonplace statements—as the phrase, for instance, that Charlotte Corday, falsely believing herself betrayed, ‘emporta ‘une injustice sur l’échafaud’? The truth seems to be, that faultless good taste is almost as rare in France as in England, but that French bad taste is conventional and monotonous, while English bad taste is capricious and eccentric.

When we pass from the form to the substance of thought—from questions of taste to questions of truth—the benefits of a national Academy will appear still more doubtful. The man who quits the beaten track of opinion is no doubt, in the great majority of cases, quite mistaken; but still, if nobody is ever allowed to quit the beaten track of opinion, it is clear that we shall make no discoveries. Mr. Arnold seems to admit that France has, during the last two centuries, produced few or no great original geniuses; but he triumphantly cites Dr. Donaldson’s ‘Book of Jasher,’ and Mr. C. Forster’s ‘Primeval Language,’ as specimens of the eccentric speculations from which French scientific literature has been preserved by the vigilance of the Academy. Is he sure that these facts are wholly unconnected? Supposing that France has, in order to snuff out ten thousand Donaldsons and Forsters, quenched or dimmed the light of a single Bacon, what would Mr. Arnold think of the exchange?

Mr. Arnold is moreover of opinion, not only that the Parisian Academy has improved the tone of French writing, but also that it has materially raised the standard of criticism among French readers. He quotes with strong approbation the boast of M. Sainte-Beuve, that the French are accustomed to consider, not whether they are actually touched or amused by a work of art, but whether they *ought* to be so. Does Mr. Arnold really think this an advantage? Are men who judge by line and rule so much more infallible than men who judge by intuition? Do not Shakspeare, Milton, Bunyan owe their popularity to the instinct of the multitude, asserting itself in defiance of the conventional rules prescribed by literary authority? And is it not probable that the Elizabethan audiences who laughed with Falstaff and wept with Desdemona would have told us, if their opinion had been deliberately asked and given, that there was much more real wit in the quibbles of Biron, and much more real tragedy in the massacres of Andronicus?

‘Openness of mind and flexibility of intelligence,’ says Mr. Arnold, ‘are remarkable characteristics of the French people ‘in modern times.’ If, by modern times, he means the present

moment or the last few years, he may possibly be right; but if so, the French people must have undergone a wonderful change since the days when the influence of the Academy was at its height. What sort of openness of mind did the French Encyclopedists show in their criticisms upon the poetry of the Old Testament, or in their appreciation of medieval devotion and enthusiasm? What sort of openness of mind did their successors show, forty or fifty years ago, in their reception of Shakspeare's plays? What sort of openness of mind did Mr. Arnold's favourite Joubert show in preferring Delille's translation of *Paradise Lost* to Milton's original? To us, we confess, the peculiar characteristic, or at least the peculiar defect, of the French critical mind has always appeared to be its inveterate and inflexible bigotry.

Even in his own chosen sphere of literary criticism, it is surprising how constantly Mr. Arnold's high authority is deprived of its weight by his invincible reluctance to take the trouble of explaining and defining. We will give an example which, though of little or no real importance, will briefly and forcibly illustrate what we mean. Professor Newman says that Homer is 'garrulous.' This Mr. Arnold denies, and we think with reason. Garrulity is a disrespectful word; it implies a certain degree of triviality in the *substance* of the amplifications and repetitions signified, and is therefore unworthily applied to the greatest of poets. But Mr. Arnold has no notion of arguing the question. He quotes a few bad verses from a medieval romance, and then appeals to the reader. That, he says, is my idea of garrulity—consider whether there is anything like it in Homer. Two things which are so entirely dissimilar cannot possibly have any common characteristic. Here stands the winner of the Derby, and there is a tinker's donkey—how can two animals so different agree in having undivided hoofs?

Everyone knows how much unjust ridicule Mr. Arnold has incurred by his inarticulate glorification of what he is pleased to denominate the Grand Style. He tells us, with perfect truth, that the 'Iliad' is composed, and ought to be translated, in the grand style. He gives us numerous specimens of fine poetry which is, and of fine poetry which is not, in the grand style; and no doubt he so selects them as to make us feel that there is in the former class a subtle element of lofty majesty which is wanting in the latter. But when we ask him to define the essence of this element, he can only tell us that there is such a thing, and that 'this something is precisely the 'grand manner,' but that 'its presence or absence must be

‘spiritually discerned.’ And so we leave the bewildered Pythoness in speechless convulsions upon her tripod, and the irreverent audience rejoicing over the discomfiture of the oracle.

Here, it is clear, Mr. Arnold is confounding two distinct things—the power of seeing, and the knowledge what to look for. He cannot give us the former, but surely he might help us to acquire the latter. We think we are able—at all events we will attempt—to supply his omission. We conceive that by the grand style he means that calm, easy, apparently unconscious simplicity with which the great masters of art produce their effects. Scott’s battle pieces are fine; but we can see that he has worked hard to make them so. He produces a powerful effect upon our feelings; but in doing so he shows that he is himself deeply moved and fervently anxious to express and communicate his emotion. Homer produces the same effect as if he did not mean it and could not help it. Here are the plain facts—think of them what you please, and do not ask him what he thinks.

We will venture to test our apprehension of Mr. Arnold’s meaning by an example of a different character from those quoted by him. The passage in which Scott describes the anguish of Roderick Dhu MacAlpine upon his final rejection by Ellen Douglas is one of eminent beauty and pathos; but it is not a specimen of the grand style. It is too *consciously* pathetic for that. We see at once that the kind and manly heart of the poet is full of sympathy for his unhappy hero, and that he wishes us to feel as he does. Very differently does Dante make Francesca of Rimini relate her tale of guilty love. All is told, or seems meant to be told, as plainly and clearly as language can tell it; nor is the effect of the narrative aided by a single word of description. We are left to imagine the unspeakable love and despair with which Francesca glances at her lover when she speaks of ‘him from whom I shall never ‘more be parted,’ and the agony of remorse in which she breaks off with the ejaculation—‘that day we read no further.’

But we must add that, while we fully agree with what we conceive to be Mr. Arnold’s idea, we altogether disapprove of his phrase. That exquisite perfection of art which he calls the grand style is not necessarily grand, and is not, properly speaking, a style. 1. It is not necessarily grand, because it is applicable to many purposes which are in themselves morally and esthetically mean and ignoble. M. de Talleyrand was a master of the grand style in diplomacy. The first Lord Abinger was an advocate in the grandest possible style. ‘I can see nothing

‘extraordinary in Scarlett,’ said an honest juryman, ‘except his ‘luck in always getting such easy causes to plead;’ and this is very like what a simple-minded reader might say of Homer. 2. It is not, properly speaking, a style, because it is attainable in many distinct styles; that is to say, in many distinct phases of mental effort. The word style signifies identity of description, not of merit; and it would surely be absurd to say that Homer was an artist in the same style as M. de Talleyrand or Sir James Scarlett.

This unfortunate blunder in terminology runs through the whole of Mr. Arnold’s judgment upon the question, whether the Ballad Style is or is not a good one for the translation of Homer. What is meant by the ballad style he does not, of course, trouble himself to inquire. All the specimens he can recollect of it are very inferior to Homer’s poetry; and he therefore concludes that, be it what it may, it must be something very different from Homer’s style. We wonder it did not occur to him that this sort of reasoning might be carried a good deal further. He quotes Scott as the finest master of the ballad style; but is not Scott’s style, if by style we mean degree of merit, very different from that of ballad writers in general? The Iliad is not more decidedly superior to Marmion than Marmion to Chevy Chase; and Marmion is not more decidedly superior to Chevy Chase than Chevy Chase to Lord Bateman. Where, then, shall we fix the precise limit of excellence at which a poem ceases to be a ballad?

That the English ballad *metre* is utterly unfit for a translation of Homer, we fully agree with Mr. Arnold. But this is because we think the same of all English metres without exception. The decasyllabic couplet of Pope, the stiff Miltonic blank verse of Cowper, the twanging Alexandrines of Chapman, seem to us quite as inappropriate as the lilt and jingle of Maginn’s second-hand Walter-Scotteries. But if the ballad style means, as we should be inclined to define it, the style of simple, romantic, adventurous narration, we can conceive no style which is more precisely that of Homer, or which is better adapted for translating the Iliad. Nor need we look far for proof of this. There are passages in our fine old Anglo-Saxon ballads—in the Battle of Brunnanburgh, for example—which come very close, we do not of course say to Homer himself, but to what would satisfy us in an English version of Homer.

There is a translation, the grandest and noblest ever written by the hand of man—a translation not inferior in beauty and majesty to the sublimest original works—a translation of which it has been justly said that, if every other English composition

were to perish, it would still serve to display the full power and melody of the language. That is a translation of rude and antique poetry into simple, lofty, rhythmical English prose. It forms, in our opinion, a faultless model for all similar attempts. If we could see the *Iliad* translated as the Old Testament has been, we should ask for nothing better. Until we get that, we intend to content ourselves with Pope. His *Iliad* is far indeed from being Homer; but it is a noble and beautiful imitation of Homer, and therefore gives a better idea of Homer than a closer but meaner copy, just as a handsome and athletic lifeguardsman might give a better idea of Achilles than a bad statue modelled after the real hero.

If we now take leave of Mr. Arnold, it is not for want of temptation to continue our remarks upon his writings. We are, in fact, acquainted with scarcely any writings which offer such perpetual temptation and opportunity for comment. There may be authors better worth correction, and authors requiring more correction; but the curious combination of value and carelessness which we find in Mr. Arnold can scarcely be surpassed. We never saw so many good thoughts spoilt by slovenly explanations, so many sound judgments oversetting each other for want of clear definitions and limitations, so many classical columns and capitals tumbling about in such disorder and buried in such heaps of rubbish. To criticise his essays is therefore a far harder task than it would be to rewrite them. Nor, indeed, would any precise and intelligent writer find much difficulty in condensing Mr. Arnold's critical works into a most valuable collection of literary judgments.

The faults which we have pointed out in Mr. Arnold's writings are such as we cannot reasonably expect him to correct. Either he is constitutionally incapable of correcting them, or he is constitutionally incapable of seeing that they are faults. We have therefore little to say to him, but something to say to the public. That Mr. Arnold's opinions would be very doubtful and dangerous oracles, any clearheaded reader can see for himself. That they are, or rather that they contain, very valuable materials for thought, is equally true though not so obvious. They ought therefore, in the quaint phrase of Lord Bacon, to be carefully chewed and tasted before they are either swallowed or rejected. The most defective will be found, upon careful examination, to contain what diplomatic jargon terms 'the elements of a solution.' We wish we could add that there is a single one among them which the indolence of their accomplished author has not left more or less defective.

ART. VIII.—1. *Reports of the Secretary of the Treasury on the State of the Finances.* Washington: 1865-66-67-68.

2. *Reports of the Special Commissioner of the Revenue.* Washington: 1866-67-68.

THE public debt of the United States amounted, on the 1st of July 1860, to a capital of 13,400,000*l.* On the 1st of July 1865, according to Mr. M'Culloch's latest Report, the debt, including unliquidated claims, exceeded 600,000,000*l.* During four years the Government expenditure averaged nearly 500,000*l.* a day.

Of the 600,000,000*l.*, which represented the public debt of the 1st of July 1865, no part had been borrowed in the form of a perpetual annuity. The Government had bound itself to repay the whole at different dates; about 200,000,000*l.* at periods varying from five to forty years; about 100,000,000*l.* on demand, though the pledge had been broken in this case by making the notes a legal tender and suspending specie payments; and the remaining 300,000,000*l.* either immediately, or at specified periods within three years. The revenue, meanwhile, had been raised, by rapid increase of taxation, from 10,000,000*l.* in 1860 to 70,000,000*l.* currency* in 1865.

With the return of peace and an unconditional submission of all the insurrectionary States, nothing but the unlucky contest which arose between President and Congress prevented political parties from gradually dropping the old war issues and forming themselves in new combinations on financial grounds. The United States Government was suddenly required to meet and overcome a series of economical difficulties not new in the experiences of nations, nor even in its own short history, and certainly not, like the war, threatening the national existence, nor necessarily dangerous even to the national credit, but still serious, and involving to a certain extent the confidence men give or refuse to American institutions. Four years have now passed since peace was restored and the Government was enabled to begin its healing policy, made so urgently

* The average depreciation since the war has been about 28 per cent. — 140 : 100 :: 100 : 71.428. On account of the difficulty of converting currency into coin in each case, which would only cause confusion, we shall always state the currency at its nominal value in sterling, and leave the reader to deduct 28 per cent. for depreciation, wherever the deduction is necessary. The debt, principal and interest, is for the most part a coin debt.

necessary by four years of civil war. Mr. Johnson's administration is now closed, and the beginning of a new presidency is a very convenient time for summing up the result, and measuring the difficulties which General Grant must face.

So far as the men are concerned, who have directed the financial policy of Mr. Johnson's administration, not much need be said, since they were few in number and owed their importance rather to the posts they held than to any extraordinary genius or power of their own. The President himself had little to do with the department of finance, and the few suggestions he made in public did not increase his reputation either as a financier or a statesman. All the serious labour and all the moral responsibility fell upon Mr. M'Culloch, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the subordinate officers of the Treasury Department.

Mr. M'Culloch had originally no political weight or influence, and never abused the patronage of his office in order to acquire it. He received his financial education in the State of Indiana at a time when this part of the United States was called 'the West;' and in its attempt to supply the absence of capital by the creation of unlimited credit, alternately rolled in imaginary wealth or struggled in hopeless insolvency. Without becoming a trained political economist, Mr. M'Culloch gained a high reputation for ability as a banker, until, thanks to his skill and success, the State Bank of Indiana presented in 1857 to an astonished country the spectacle of a bank which actually maintained specie payments when all its rivals were obliged to suspend. When Mr. Lincoln's administration entered office in March 1861, Mr. Chase, now Chief Justice, held the post of Secretary of the Treasury. The most important among his financial contrivances was one which entirely reorganised the banking system, and converted what had hitherto been a private and unrestricted bank-note circulation, authorised by State charters, into a national currency, restricted in amount, guaranteed by the United States Government, and secured by deposits of United States bonds in the United States Treasury. This immense scheme, which is not to be confounded with the issue of legal-tender 'green-back' currency, required the supervision of an experienced head, and Mr. Chase accordingly called Mr. M'Culloch to Washington to perform the duties of Comptroller of the Currency.

In 1864 Mr. Chase retired from the Cabinet, and was succeeded by Mr. Fessenden, one of the senators from Maine, who after nine months of official life returned to his old seat in the Senate, preferring the ease and divided responsibility of that

oligarchical body to the hard work and captious attacks to which he was exposed in the Treasury. Mr. Lincoln was then obliged to make a new selection. In England it has become a settled principle of Government that the Treasury is the point about which all other branches of administration must be grouped, and political power obtains there as a matter of course its strongest development, so that none but an eminent political chief would venture to occupy the position which confers so formidable a political influence. In the United States it is equally true that the Treasury is the centre of power and patronage in fact if not in name; but there was great danger lest, in the case of Mr. Chase, the Secretary might use or be thought to use his official influence in such a way as to make him a dangerous political rival of the President. None but a man supported by great popular influence, and with a controlling voice in the Cabinet, can properly administer the department; and no such man is likely to be long tolerated there. Mr. Lincoln had made the experiment with Mr. Chase, and it had not answered his purpose. He now tried an opposite policy, and promoted Mr. M'Culloch to the vacant post.

In some respects the appointment was excellent. Mr. M'Culloch was perhaps more capable than a greater man would have been of managing the affairs of his office. His judgment and advice have been uniformly good. No one has ever questioned his integrity. He has been patient, hopeful, courageous; no disappointment has shaken his constancy; all the progress hitherto made in solving the financial difficulties of the country has been principally due to him and to his subordinates. But at a time when great reforms are in hand, and the public is wavering in doubt as to the direction of its true interests, one condition of success is that the reforming leader should be not merely the head of a department, but a politician in the better sense of the word, capable of commanding support both in the Cabinet and among the people, and determined to over-ride opposition or to abandon office. Mr. M'Culloch had no party and no means of controlling his own actions; he was easy in temper, inclined to yield where he could honestly escape difficulty by doing so; and the result was that though he spoke forcibly and justly, he was heard without deference, and there was never a thought of obedience; Congress practically seized his functions, and he was left to carry out a policy with which he had only a moderate sympathy. Of his two principal subordinates, Mr. Rollins, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, was brought by political jealousies into sharp antagonism to his chief; while the duties of Mr. Wells, the Special Commissioner

of the Revenue, were entirely consultative, and consisted in obtaining and giving information on all matters connected with the Revenue, or, in other words, of supplying a financial education to Congress and to the people which both Congress and the people were slow in appreciating. The four Reports of Mr. Wells, the first of which was made on the part of a commission of three persons, are the most useful documents—we had almost said the only useful documents—which have been published in regard to the United States Revenue system.

Congress, distrusting both the President and his Cabinet, early felt itself obliged to assume a larger share in the administration than had in former days been thought to fall within its powers. So far as the Treasury was concerned, this interference might perhaps have proved a financial advantage had the members of Congress, either as individuals or collectively, enjoyed a longer experience, better judgment or greater honesty than M'Culloch and his subordinates. The members of the 39th and 40th Congress, however, had not been chosen on account of their financial capacity. Except on the incidental point of free trade and protection, little general interest had in this generation been felt in economical questions. Slavery, the war, and the conditions of peace were the issues on which members had appealed to their constituents, until the popular humour leaned decidedly towards a contempt for matters of mere administration as of trifling importance compared with these over-ruling interests. Good government, however, is a condition of national success, no matter how important other issues may be; and the day when a nation's politics turn exclusively on questions of fidelity to great moral abstractions, is a disastrous day for good government. The leaders of Congress, brought up as they had been to study moral abstractions alone, carried, as heads of committees and framers of bills, the wildest financial theories into practical effect. They undertook, with the aid of their boldest and ablest member, the late Mr. Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, to make laws of political economy by Act of Congress, and they succeeded so far as to throw the economical fabric of society into an unnatural and unsound condition, likely to last many years and to cost the nation either a more or less violent shock if corrected, or a still severer blow to its credit and honour if allowed to become chronic.

Ability of a certain kind was not the quality wanted in Congress, but the disposition to employ ability in the study of liberal principles. Every petty manufacture or other interest in the country could, by judicious management of the more or

less corrupt combinations now called 'rings,' set ability enough at work, if its object were only to get its rag of protection and barter away with other petty interests the public and common advantage in order to steal a few dollars from one class of citizens, to be put in the pockets of another class. The general good alone had no voice, for it had no 'ring.' The object of each member of Congress was to conciliate every interest that could promise support or threaten danger to his party or to his private ambition; wider interests were not understood, and were still struggling to obtain a hearing, without as yet having made the first step towards success, which in the United States must always be taken through a political organisation. The complaints of Mr. Wells are almost pathetic.

'Every interest that has been strong enough or sufficiently persistent to secure efficient representation at Washington has received a full measure of attention, while every other interest that has not had sufficient strength behind it to prompt to action, has been imperfectly treated or entirely neglected. . . . Whenever a partial effort to arrest the attention of the committees has been made, the claims of the great special interests have been too urgent and imperative to allow time for consideration. Two years ago the commissioner, aided by the voluntary efforts of some of the best experts of the American Pharmaceutical Society, prepared and submitted to Congress a complete revision of this important branch of the tariff (the branch of drugs and chemicals). This work, however, was not only not accepted, but the very fact that it was performed has been made the occasion of complaints as involving unnecessary interference with pending legislation, and a useless expenditure of time and labour.'

There has been much question as to the existence of corruption in the United States Congress, and one House has even gone so far as to entertain charges of corruption against the other. In the significant language of the 'lobby,' no Bill that *has money in it*, is said to have much chance of becoming law without paying tax to some one in its passage. Certain it is that public opinion permits many things to be done by Congressmen which a stricter sense of propriety would condemn, but we can find no evidence that money has had any direct influence over legislation, although it is useless even to attempt any estimate of its indirect influence through party organisations and political 'rings.' The science of Government has, in this respect, received a new illustration in the United States, to which we cannot do justice in a parenthesis.

The financial difficulties of the American Government belong to two classes more or less distinct; those which relate to the management of the debt, including the depreciated

legal-tender currency; and those which relate to revenue. In order to prevent misunderstanding, we may as well state at the outset that actual want of money is not, and since the war has never been, one of the embarrassments of the United States' Treasury. The revenue has been always in excess of all charges, and is likely to continue large enough to provide for a steady diminution of the debt.

The Southern armies surrendered in April 1865, and on the first day of that month, only two weeks before armed resistance ceased, the Treasury was in the condition described in the Secretary's last Report:

‘ With 11,600,000*l.* in the treasury, there were requisitions waiting for payment (the delay in the payment of which was greatly discrediting the Government) to the amount of 23,500,000*l.*; there were 10,800,000*l.* of temporary loan certificates liable to be presented in from ten to thirty days' notice, and 35,300,000*l.* of certificates of indebtedness which had been issued to contractors for want of the money to pay the requisitions in their favour, which were maturing daily. At the same time the efforts to negotiate securities were not being attended with the usual success, while the expenses of the war were not less than 400,000*l.* per day.’

The surrender of the insurgent armies did not relieve, but on the contrary rather sharpened, the immediate pressure, since about 140,000,000*l.* was needed, in addition to revenue receipts, for the purpose of paying requisitions preparatory to a disbandment of the army. To meet these demands the Secretary threw on the market more than 100,000,000*l.* in seven-thirty notes, so called because they bore $7\frac{3}{10}$ per cent. interest. These were so rapidly taken up by the people that in less than four months the Treasury was freed from all its embarrassments, the army was paid and disbanded, the extraordinary expenses of the war were stopped, and the revenue alone, before the end of 1865, provided the means of carrying on the Government. The Secretary never alluded in his Reports to this part of his administration without showing a certain feeling of gratitude and pride. ‘ If few men,’ said he in 1867, ‘ entrusted with the management of the finances of a great nation, were ever in a position so embarrassing and trying as was that of the Secretary of the United States Treasury in the months of April and May 1865, none certainly were ever so happily and promptly relieved.’ With this final crisis at the moment of discharging the army, came an end to the many shifts to which the Government had hitherto been driven by the necessity of raising money, and from this time the Secretary was able to turn his attention towards restoring the credit of the nation and placing it on a solid basis.

Of the 600,000,000*l.* which, according to Mr. M'Culloch, was the highest amount ever reached by the public debt, only 570,000,000*l.* ever appeared in any permanent form of indebtedness, the remaining 30,000,000*l.* having been subsequently paid out of surplus revenue or debts actually due at the close of the war. Little more than 200,000,000*l.* was funded in such a manner as to relieve the Secretary from any anxiety in regard to it. The remainder, of which about 100,000,000*l.* served as currency, and 260,000,000*l.* principally in 7·30 notes were liable to redemption at different periods within three years, constituted the floating debt, with which Mr. M'Culloch was now obliged to deal.

In the whole range of political economy no one principle has been more often established than the dangers, not to mention the expense, of a depreciated and fluctuating paper currency. Every day's delay in restoring the standard of value tended to fix prices on a scale too variable for economy but too firm to be shaken without a serious shock to credit. There were good arguments enough to prove that a gradual return to specie payments was theoretically the wisest plan, and that any violent experiment was the worst plan of all; but yet it was perfectly clear at the time, that this was one of those cases in which the worst policy would succeed where the better policy would fail. We cannot indeed tell what disasters might have been caused by immediately calling in and funding the legal-tender paper, but we know that the gradual process has been tried without success, and that the end would have justified the means. The Secretary, however, had no right to take any steps without the authority of Congress. So soon, therefore, as he had fairly overcome the immediate difficulties of his position, and the Government expenditure had been reduced so far that the revenue was alone more than sufficient to meet it, he turned his attention, as true policy required, to the currency, and attempted to give such a direction to public opinion as would stimulate Congress to immediate action. In an often-quoted speech at Fort Wagner, a town of Indiana, in October 1865, he announced the policy to be pursued:—

‘I am not one of those,’ said he, ‘who seem disposed to repudiate coin as a measure of value, and to make a secured paper currency the standard. Whenever specie is needed the paper currency of the country should be convertible into it, and a circulation which is not so convertible will not be, and ought not to be, long tolerated by the people. The present inconvertible currency of the United States was a necessity of the war, but now that the war has ceased and

the Government ought not to be longer a borrower, this currency should be brought up to the specie standard, and I see no way of doing this but by withdrawing a portion of it from circulation. . . . The longer the inflation continues, the more difficult will it be for us to get back to the solid ground of specie payments, to which we must return sooner or later. If Congress shall, early in the approaching session, authorise the funding of legal-tenders, and the work of reduction is commenced and carried on resolutely, but carefully and prudently, we shall reach it probably without serious embarrassment to legitimate business ; if not, we shall have a brief period of hollow and seductive prosperity resulting in wide-spread bankruptcy and disaster.'

Congress met in December, and Mr. M'Culloch in his official Report repeated and elaborated his argument in favour of contraction. Few persons as yet dared to oppose openly a policy on which all the financial operations of the war had rested, or to deny the implied pledge of the earliest possible return to specie payments, which lay at the bottom of all their legislation. Congress at once gave its approval to Mr. M'Culloch's doctrine, and the House passed on the 18th of December, by a vote of 144 to 6, the following Resolution, which proved that Congress was still correct in its financial opinions, although its ideas on the subject of English grammar and composition were irregular :—

' Resolved, that this House cordially concurs in the views of the Secretary of the Treasury in relation to the necessity of a contraction of the currency, with a view to as early a resumption of specie payments as the business interests of the country will permit ; and we hereby pledge co-operative action to this end as speedily as possible.'

A sceptical critic might even at this early time have suggested that the House had selected its words very happily if its purpose was only to pledge itself speedily and not to pledge speedy action. Mr. M'Culloch, however, having carried his point, probably troubled himself very little about the grammatical peculiarities of his friends. He waited for them to redeem their promise of 'speedy action,' and four months later, on the 12th of April 1868, just a year after the close of the war, Congress passed an Act authorising the Secretary to withdraw 2,000,000*l.* of the legal-tender currency within the next six months, after which he was at liberty to withdraw 800,000*l.* a month. During the first year, therefore, the extreme contraction could not exceed 6,800,000*l.* in a total of 80,000,000*l.*

A member of the House ventured to trifle with its dignity, by comparing this policy of piecemeal contraction to 'the

‘unwise philosophy of a humane man who was too kind-hearted to cut off his dog’s tail at one stroke, and accordingly took only a little piece off each day.’ The member who made this criticism had humour, if he wanted refinement. The illustration smells a little of the kennel, but there was force in it. The process chosen by the House was calculated to excite the greatest possible amount of resistance and to prolong the struggle for years, with almost a certainty that popular clamour would force Congress to abandon the effort long before the result was reached. Mr. M’Culloch had not asked for this measure, and only resigned himself to it as being better than no measure at all. He had asked for absolute discretionary power over the whole ground, to contract rapidly or slowly according to the condition of the country; and he believed that this contraction could be so skilfully managed as to save credit and society any severe shock. Congress can scarcely be blamed for refusing to place such a power in the hands of a single man who was not responsible to it for his action; but if Congress was determined to rely on its own judgment, success should have justified such an interference. We believe Mr. M’Culloch to have been too sanguine, but he would probably have been more successful than Congress. To elevate the standard of value from 72 to 100 is a task which becomes excessively difficult if prices have settled at the former point; it implies a great pressure on values and an entire overthrow of a corrupt system which in the United States had already taken deep root. Mr. M’Culloch believed that the effect on prices would be merely nominal, and we will not undertake to say that he was mistaken; but whether nominal or not, the process is so difficult that no Government has ever succeeded in carrying it out, although nearly every Government in the history of the world has at one time or another degraded its standard, as the mere names of coins so commonly show. The example of England in 1819 served only to mislead public opinion in America. Mr. Tooke, in his ‘History of Prices,’ has sufficiently proved that the Bank of England note between 1797 and 1819 belonged to a different class of currency from that in which assignats and green-backs and other forced issues are to be placed. We must go back to the famous episode in English history of which Locke and Montagu were the heroes, before we can find an example of a forcible elevation of the standard; but so far as Government paper-money is concerned, issued not in bank-discounts but by force, not regulated by public demand, nor liable to be thrown off the market if superfluous, there has been, we

believe, no single instance in history where such a currency, once depreciated to any considerable extent, has ever been redeemed at its par value. Two methods of restoring a fixed standard have been tried; the barbarous method of permanently degrading the standard itself; and the civilised method of redeeming the paper at its supposed market value, or repudiating it altogether. The United States Government has pledged itself not to repudiate its obligations either in one way or the other. It has promised redemption in full, and if it succeeds, it will offer an example to the many nations now suffering under the same difficulties, which they will be glad to follow. If it fails, Europe will have the satisfaction of knowing that no new principle of finance has yet been discovered beyond the Atlantic, and that there is no danger threatened to European pride from the superior honesty of the United States.

The result of the Act of April 12, 1866, was precisely what one might have predicted without laying any claim to peculiar foresight. During the year 1866, and a part of 1867, Mr. M'Culloch was allowed to exercise his right of contraction until in November the amount of legal-tender currency was reduced from 80,000,000*l.* to about 73,000,000*l.* The year 1867 was everywhere one of severe depression; prices and wages fell in the United States as they fell in Europe, and a cry was immediately raised against contraction. Mr. M'Culloch yielded to the popular demand, and stopped contracting, in the hope of quieting complaint. In his annual Report of December he made an earnest appeal to Congress to persevere in its policy; and when it became evident that Congress was panic-stricken, he even pledged himself to withdraw no more paper until better times should return; but all his entreaties were absolutely thrown away, and almost the first act of Congress was to hurry a bill through both Houses with scarcely a pretence of opposition, by which the policy of contraction was finally abandoned, after an experiment of eighteen months and the withdrawal of about 7,000,000*l.* in legal-tender notes. The whole subject has remained a mere topic of empty discussion since the passage of this law in January 1868.

In the meanwhile, although the Secretary was not permitted to exercise his own discretion in funding legal-tender notes, no opposition was offered to his other funding operations which were on a scale such as very few financial ministers have ever known. Within three years after the close of hostilities, Mr. M'Culloch was obliged to dispose of a floating debt equal to about 260,000,000*l.*, and this operation, which even in the

quietest time would have given the strongest Government good cause for anxiety, had to be effected on the unsteady basis of a depreciated currency, the daily value of which depended on a thousand chances, with society and industry still disorganised, and in the face of a threatened financial crisis which was generally expected as a necessary result of reckless national expenditure and of an inflated and unsound condition of trade. In order to guard, so far as he could, against the dangers he foresaw, the Secretary accumulated a large gold reserve in the Treasury which he held as an encouragement to regular trade, and as a threat over the heads of speculators. No act of Mr. M'Culloch's has been more sharply criticised than this, and we are inclined to think that in no other act did his peculiar training and ability show themselves in so strong a light, or, taking everything into consideration, did they deserve more applause; but, whether we are right or wrong in this opinion, Mr. M'Culloch at least has against all criticism the triumphant answer of success. 'A great war has been closed, large loans have been effected, heavy revenues have been collected, and some 260,000,000*l.* of temporary obligations have been paid or funded, and a great debt brought into manageable shape, not only without a financial crisis, but without any disturbance to the ordinary business of the country.' Meanwhile, if allowance is made for the reserve fund in the Treasury, the debt on the 1st of July, 1868, had been reduced from 600,000,000*l.* to 500,000,000*l.* According to the Secretary's last Report, more than 125,000,000*l.* had actually been paid out of surplus revenue on debts due at the close of the war. The remainder had been funded for the most part in so-called 5-20 bonds which could not be touched until five years had expired, and which the Government was pledged to pay in full at the end of twenty years. About 320,000,000*l.*, or three-fifths of the entire debt, existed in this form, bearing interest at 6 per cent.

The part of Mr. M'Culloch's policy which from an English point of view is most open to attack, is that which allowed him to devote so large a sum to the mere discharge of debt at a time when relief of industry from destructive taxation was a matter almost of life and death, as we shall presently show. Mr. M'Culloch firmly believes that he is in the right, while all England would probably agree in pronouncing him to be wrong. In adopting his course, however, he was only following out the traditional policy of the United States Government which has been always based on the principle that a permanent debt is a permanent danger, a source of corruption to repub-

lican institutions, pressing unequally on the people, creating discontent at home and weakness abroad. We shall show presently some illustrations of the American argument drawn from the effects of high taxation on public prosperity and morals. Another illustration, still more significant, is supplied by the immediate rise of a party which, on one ground or another, insists upon a forcible interference with the rights of creditors.

Simple repudiation has of course never been suggested. The point, as put by its supporters, has been one of the equitable rights of the debtor as opposed to the strict claim of the creditor. The 5-20 bonds, which, as we have already said, form the bulk of American indebtedness, were 6 per cent. bonds issued partly in 1862 and partly in subsequent years, which the Government pledged itself not to redeem until five years had elapsed after their date, but which must be redeemed in full at the end of twenty years. The five years' grace has already expired so far as a portion of these bonds is concerned, and the Government is at liberty to pay them off and reduce the interest, if it can obtain the money, but unfortunately the market value of the bonds is only about 80 per cent. of their nominal value, and the operation would be a difficult one. Meanwhile the creditor who bought five-twenties at prices ranging from 40 to 80, has received from 8 to 15 per cent. per annum on his investment ever since the purchase.

The law authorising the issue of 5-20 bonds, did not in words pledge payment in coin merely for the reason that the legal-tender paper had at the time only just been invented, and no one as yet conceived the idea that it was to become a permanent standard of value. There is no question that the bonds were sold on the understanding that they were to be paid in coin when due, and that they could not have been sold at all, at least during the war, except on this understanding. But for anything that appears on the bonds itself, there is no reason why it may not be paid in 'lawful money,' or, in other words, legal-tender paper. In this particular the advocates of repudiation have possibly the strict law on their side, while equity is on the side of the creditors, but this point could only be determined by the Supreme Court.

Apparently this right of redemption in paper would seem to imply a corresponding right to issue an indefinite amount of greenbacks for the purpose of effecting the redemption, and such no doubt was the first idea of its inventors. But when it became evident that public opinion was firm against any further inflation, a more moderate idea was suggested. The

bonds, it was said, were lawfully payable only in the same currency in which they were issued, and this was legal-tender paper, it is true, but paper which by the solemn pledge of the Government, never could be issued to a greater amount than 80,000,000%. With this limitation no injury could be done to the creditor, who would receive all the value to which he was legally or equitably entitled. This is the ground which seems to have been finally taken by Mr. Pendleton, the leader of the so-called 'greenback party,' and it is not materially different from the scheme so strongly pressed in England at the time of resuming specie payments, which was summarily rejected by Parliament.

In the early part of 1868, before the general election, this doctrine seemed to be making great headway both in the democratic and in the republican parties which are outbidding each other in their local organisations for the popular vote. Some of the republican leaders in Congress began to waver, and John Sherman, senator from Ohio, Chairman of the Committee on Finance, and one of the most cautious and respected among the republican chiefs, undertook to effect a compromise which should finally dispose of the controversy. He brought in a bill, not from his committee, but on his own responsibility, offering the public creditor a 5 per cent. bond secured from redemption for ten years, and finally payable in gold, in place of his 6 per cent. bond which was now payable at will; and, while disclaiming the idea of employing a threat, Mr. Sherman added that if this offer were rejected, he should himself vote in favour of redeeming the bonds in currency. The proposition was not in itself unreasonable. The creditor might very possibly consider ten years' undisturbed possession of his 5 per cent. interest as a fair equivalent for the 6 per cent. bond with its liability to immediate redemption, and it is not unlikely that he would ultimately have been a gainer by the bargain; but the threat of compulsion alarmed the public and tainted the whole measure. The republican party refused to follow Mr. Sherman, whose position among his friends was gravely compromised, and the democratic party, with Mr. Pendleton at its head, demanded of Mr. Sherman the reason why, if he thought so well of its policy as a means of compulsion, he did not adopt it as a principle. If the bonds were payable in paper, why not pay them in paper?

Another proposition was now introduced as a political bribe in the election, and the protection of this was assumed by General Butler of Massachusetts, a member of Congress better known in England for his military notoriety. With his usual

ingenuity Mr. Butler advanced his measure as one framed upon English law. The interest upon national securities pays income-tax in America as well as in England. Nay! said General Butler; England, whose example is so loudly vaunted for financial integrity, taxes the *principal* as well as the interest of her debt in the case of her terminable annuities, whereas we only propose to imitate the English practice so far as to collect the income-tax at the Treasury instead of trusting the honesty of each individual for a correct return.

At first sight the suggestion seemed innocent enough, and the House was so well pleased with it, that without allowing debate it adopted a resolution instructing its Committee of Ways and Means at once to report a bill for levying a 10 per cent. tax at the Treasury on the interest of United States securities. The instruction revealed the true nature of the project by dropping the whole pretext of income-tax, and directing the imposition of a new tax in addition to the old one, unaffected by its exemptions and striking especially at foreigners. The members of the Ways and Means Committee, whose chairman is leader of the House, after trying in vain to stop the Resolution, were obliged to submit in silence while the House passed it over their heads by a vote of 92 to 54. A very amusing, but rather undignified, contest then ensued between the House and its Committee. On the 2nd of July, three days after this scene, Mr. Hooper of Massachusetts reported a bill from the Committee, accompanying it with the following extraordinary defiance:—

‘The Committee repeat that in reporting the bill they act in obedience to the positive directions of the House, and contrary to their own best judgment. They reserve to themselves their rights as members of the House to oppose in every possible way the adoption of a measure which they regard as hostile to the public interest, and injurious to the national character.’

The House, whose duty it was to take offence at this unceremonious lecture, did nothing of the sort, and left to General Butler the task of vindicating its dignity as well as the honesty of his own measure, both of which duties Mr. Butler performed with his usual boldness, indulging at the same time in many energetic and spiteful sallies against the Committee and the bill itself, which he declared had been carefully framed for the purpose of making the House odious and ridiculous. General Garfield retaliated by charging General Butler with having attempted to deceive the House in regard to his measure, and with having succeeded. The bill itself was buried under other pressing business, and could not possibly come up for

action until the next session of Congress ; but its supporters, determined to obtain a vote on the direct principle, offered, by way of amendment to a funding bill then before the House, another proposition, much more cautiously framed and very moderate in character. The tax was reduced to 5 per cent. ; all income-tax exemptions were allowed in deduction ; and the amount levied at the Treasury was to be considered as a full discharge of all income-tax so far as national securities were concerned. The member who offered this measure declared his only object to be the exact reproduction of the English law. As such the House divided on the amendment, and rejected it by a vote of 73 to 38, thus sustaining its Committee against its own previous vote of instructions.

The shrewdest politicians were entirely deceived as to the popularity of attacks on the national credit, and, when the elections came, this issue, which the republican party had feared and evaded, and which the democratic party had tried to press, seemed to exercise a disastrous influence on its friends. Mr. Pendleton failed to obtain the democratic nomination as President, and Mr. Seymour, who was opposed to all these schemes, had the honour of being defeated by General Grant in his stead. Mr. Sherman, as Senator, held his office without re-election, but his influence was greatly shaken. General Butler was subjected to an extremely bitter contest on the ground of his financial heresies, and although he carried the day, his republican allies in Congress were not so fortunate. Very few of them were returned.

The election of November 1868 was therefore supposed to have decided the point that repudiation had no friends, and that, whatever happened, the public debt would be paid in full, in coin, when due. Much surprise was, therefore, felt when President Johnson, in his December message to Congress, suggested the idea of repudiating the whole debt in eighteen years and a-half. The President's influence was so totally destroyed that no proposition made by him would have had the least chance of consideration, and in this case he only succeeded in giving to his old enemies in Congress the opportunity of making easily a reputation for superior virtue by condemning his scheme. In point of fact, Mr. Johnson's suggestion was only a curious indication of his own character and faculties ; for, strange as it may seem, this proposal was made by him in good faith as one to which the public creditor 'might not be averse.' He seriously expected that the bondholders might be persuaded to accept his offer, not because it was their interest, but merely because in view of their past

profits their sense of justice would acknowledge that the arrangement was equitable. His meaning was that they should convert their bonds into a terminable annuity having eighteen and a half years to run, which would have been equivalent to a perpetual annuity at about 2 per cent. interest. The public, however, distrusting him personally, and unable to conceive the simplicity of a President who really imagined that creditors were influenced by ideas of abstract justice, set Mr. Johnson down as the worst repudiator of all, and rejoiced in the consciousness that he had at last destroyed with his own hands the little respect which had still been preserved for him.

At the close of an exhausting war, a deficit in the peace budget seems the natural condition of nations. We have already mentioned that the United States Government had not to suffer this last and worst of financial annoyances, but has on the contrary devoted 125,000,000*l.* of surplus revenue to the reduction of debt since September 1865. The true difficulty has here not been a want of money, for the country is very wealthy, and its resources, at least in the Northern States, were untouched by the war, but how best to collect the needed revenue has proved an unexpectedly awkward problem. Under the pressure of necessity Congress had imposed excessive taxes which produced large sums of money but were destructive to healthy industry, and violated every economical law. The merest necessities of life and the simplest materials of labour were taxed and taxed again. Clothing, boots and shoes, cotton fabrics, raw cotton, leather, coal, and woollens, furnished several million pounds to the internal revenue; iron in every shape, pig and bar, sheet and castings, all manufactures of iron and of steel, lead, machinery and similar agents in productive industry, furnished millions more; and these duties being collected in the form of a tax on the sales of each manufacturer, not only caused an excessive duplication of taxes, each new process counting as a new manufacture, but increased the cost of the finished product to a far greater extent than was represented by the amount of the tax, heavy as it often was. Railways, steamers, and companies which forwarded merchandise, and telegraph companies, all modes of conveyance and intercommunication, were heavily taxed. Repairs of engines, carriages, ships were burdened with a penalty. Insurance companies paid on their gross receipts, and joint-stock banks on their capital, circulation, and deposits. Finally, a heavy income-tax crowned this tremendous scheme, but did not tell the whole story of the unfortunate

consumer. Perhaps the most mischievous tax of all which eat into the heart of society like a cancer, was that which resulted from the additional profit charged by every tradesman or manufacturer as a compensation for the risks to which he was subjected by the daily fluctuations of the currency.

Partly in order to furnish artificial protection for native industry, partly also to compensate for the effect of these internal taxes which gave artificial protection to foreign industry, Congress thought proper to raise the Customs' duties to a point which at first sight seems inconsistent with international trade. The average rates were increased until they reached nearly 50 per cent. on the invoiced value of all dutiable articles. No description can present the condition of American industry in a more painful light than the bald fact that these enormous duties are universally agreed to have failed in giving the protection intended.

An effective collection of such taxes, both internal and import, was of course impossible, and indeed had they been rigorously collected, the country could scarcely have stood under their pressure. In a single year 115,000,000*l.* in currency, equivalent to 80,000,000*l.* in coin, was paid in taxes to the national Government, and yet the Commissioner of Internal Revenue estimated that the laws were enforced with so little vigour that half the taxes were evaded. Four years of reckless national expenditure, followed by such a system of taxation, and based on such a currency, had changed materially for the worse the habits and moral standard of the community. Productive pursuits, especially in the eastern States, unless artificially stimulated, ceased to yield any return nearly equivalent to the rapid gains of trade and of speculation, with their additional chances for successful fraud. The rural districts threw a greater proportion than ever of their surplus population into the great cities, which grew with rapidity in spite of the rise in rents and in the cost of living; while everyone whose occupation or condition of life precluded the chance that he might cheat his neighbour as his neighbour cheated him, was ground into the dust. Slight symptoms indicated the tendency of society. The stock-exchange, for example, has as a rule been in no country a fashionable or an honoured field of activity, and America in former days offered no exception to this ordinary law; yet it had now become in the great cities a favourite career. The same young men who in 1861 had sacrificed income, health, family, and, during four years, from motives as purely patriotic as human nature on its great scale is capable of producing, had endured every hardship that war

could inflict, now returned as colonels and generals, with their honours and their wounds, fresh from the famous armies of Virginia and Tennessee, glorying in their military career, fairly adored by the nation, proud in the consciousness that Europe had watched their campaigns with partisan eagerness—and returned to job merchandise or to plunge into the profligate and swindling transactions of the stock-exchange and the gold-room. Mr. Wells's first annual Report, made in December 1866, nearly two years after hostilities had ceased, described a condition of things which seemed to offer all the signs of an imminent convulsion. The discharged soldiers seemed not to have returned to their old occupations; they had sought new homes and new interests. The system of apprenticeship to trade had almost ceased to exist; skilled labour was difficult to obtain at any rate of wages, and when obtained was no longer that of native but of naturalised citizens. All parts of the country continued to grow in population, but the growth of the cities was out of all proportion to that of the rural districts. The currency acted as a violent spur to speculation, and as a screen for unfair profits. Taxation amounted to 2*l.* 7*s.* (gold) a head, against 2*l.* 5*s.* in Great Britain, and 1*l.* 13*s.* in France. Smuggling had become a system, and fraud a habit. Rents and the prices of staple articles of consumption had risen nearly 90 per cent. in six years. Exports had diminished and imports increased in value, while the difference had been paid in United States bonds. Flour could be imported from Europe at a profit. The shipping interest was almost destroyed, not merely by the war, but by the cost of materials and the absence of freight.

The flush of returned peace, the flood of money poured out from the Treasury, and the heavy investments sent from Europe to purchase American securities, carried the nation easily over its first year of repose before the Government had thought it necessary to adopt a single measure for the prevention of its threatened difficulties. The revenue furnished a surplus* of 7,600,000*l.* for the financial year which ended on

<i>Receipts.</i>		1865–6.	<i>Expenditures.</i>	
Customs	179,046,651		Civil Service	41,056,961
Lands	665,031		Pensions and Indians	18,852,416
Direct tax	1,974,754		War	284,449,701
Internal revenue .	309,226,813		Navy	43,324,118
Miscellaneous . .	67,119,369		Interest on debt . .	133,067,741
Total	\$558,032,618			\$520,750,937
Surplus	\$37,281,681	(7,600,000 <i>l.</i>).		

the 1st of July 1866. The only law which Congress passed for reducing the taxes dated from July 13th, fifteen months after the war had ceased, and gave relief to the amount of about 13,000,000*l.* on articles of first necessity, without touching the system itself which was now beginning to rouse deep popular discontent. The second year began so prosperously for the Treasury that Mr. M'Culloch, in his annual Report of December 1866, was able to promise a surplus for the 1st of July 1867 of not less than 30,000,000*l.*, a promise that was literally kept.* Such a disproportionate excess of income over expenditure could not in the nature of things be permanent, and the time had now come when the tide which had thus far floated the country over all its perils had reached its highest point and had begun to ebb. The year 1867 was everywhere one of stagnation and disaster. The United States suffered no more, or even less, than many other countries; but there was a general fall of about 10 per cent. in prices, and a sharp pressure on profits and wages—the premonitory symptoms of a return to the natural conditions of industry. Congress, meanwhile, had on the 2nd of March 1867 made another reduction in taxes to the extent of about 8,000,000*l.*, accompanying this gift by extravagant appropriations calculated to counteract all attempts at enforcing economy for some time to come and to make proper reforms impossible. By the close of the year 1867, the growls of popular dissatisfaction became so energetic that there was no longer a possibility of neglecting them, especially since the general election of 1868 was close at hand, and there was great danger that the dominant party in Congress might lose its control of power unless some attention was paid to the public interests. Popular forbearance had been severely tried. After three years of experience, the fact was no longer to be disguised that the whole revenue system was a mass of corruption, intolerable even in America, where public opinion tolerates abuses such as would excite in England a revolution. This statement may seem exaggerated and unfair, but our language is weak when compared with the official reports of the authori-

1866–7.

Customs . . .	176,417,810	Civil Service . .	51,110,027
Lands	1,163,575	Pensions and Indians	25,579,083
Direct tax . .	4,200,233	War	95,224,415
Internal revenue	266,027,537	Navy	31,034,011
Miscellaneous .	42,824,852	Interest on debt .	143,781,591
Total .	\$490,634,007		\$346,729,127
Surplus . .	\$143,904,880 (29,732,000 <i>l.</i>).		

ties who, next to the President, were trusted with the execution of the laws. Mr. Rollins, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, in his Report of December 1867, speaks as follows of his own department:—

‘ If all the various means resorted to by many modern distillers for the accomplishment of their designs upon the revenue and its officers, could be truthfully written, the very safety of our institutions might well be questioned. . . . The failure to collect the tax upon distilled spirits, and the imperfect collections from several other objects of taxation, are attributable more to the frequent changes of officers, and to the inefficiency and corruption of many of them, than to any defect in the law. I write this in the advocacy and the defence of every worthy, honest officer, *but I write it with shame*. The legal evidence of its truth may never be found, but the moral evidence is patent to every thoughtful observer. . . . There is reason to believe that more public dissatisfaction arises from the failure to secure the tax upon spirits than from all other causes combined, and unless some remedy is obtained, I apprehend further demoralisation extending through other sources of revenue, and corrupting even the business relations of individuals.’

Mr. Wells spoke still more strongly:—

‘ The necessity involved imperils not only the revenue, and consequently the public credit, but even the very existence and maintenance of republican institutions. . . . What a spectacle is to-day presented to the country of the law in repeated instances breaking down; of a large proportion of the assessed internal-revenue taxes remaining uncollected, or collected for the benefit of some other recipient than the national Treasury; and of fraud and incompetency in official position becoming daily more apparent and disastrous in their consequences. But in this exhibit, painful as it is, the case is only half stated. The demoralising influence of successful evasion of the revenue and the accumulation of profit thereby, has penetrated deeply into the community, and public sentiment has become influenced to such an extent that no serious disgrace attaches to transactions in which Government is a party, which, if committed against individuals, would be universally branded as infamous.’

The duty on distilled spirits which threatened the very existence of republican institutions, and threatened it more seriously than all the armies of the rebel confederation, amounted to about eight shillings (currency) the gallon, which was two shillings less than the English duty when reduced to the same standard of measure and of value. The production of distilled spirits at a moderate estimate was forty-five million gallons per annum, which should have produced a revenue of 18,000,000*l.*, and actually produced in its best year about 6,000,000*l.*, while even this small receipt fell off to 3,000,000*l.* in the year 1867-8. During the whole existence of this tax,

the market price of distilled spirits was never sufficiently high to yield anything but a loss to the distiller after paying the tax. Every distiller must therefore of necessity have defrauded the Government, and the public must have paid to fraudulent distillers and their agents at least 10,000,000*l.* per annum, which belonged of right to the national Treasury. This immense plunder created an organised interest commonly known as the 'whisky-ring,' which pursued systematically the business of deceiving or corrupting the Government officials with such success as Mr. Rollins and Mr. Wells have described in the extracts we have quoted. Nor was this an isolated case. The frauds in tobacco, fermented liquors, and coal-oil were believed to be relatively greater than those in distilled spirits. According to universal agreement, little more than half the internal taxes were now collected, while, of the other half, two-thirds probably went into the pocket of the fraudulent dealer in order that the public might save the other third.

The Treasury groaned and Congress stormed over so scandalous a condition of affairs. The press grew absolutely weary of complaint, and timid citizens trembled at a future which seemed so probable and so unexpectedly near. Nor was it only in the national service that venality showed itself superior to Government and more powerful than law. The great corporations whose wealth and power were now extending beyond limits consistent with the public interest, found no difficulty in buying whatever legislation they wanted from the State Legislatures, and whatever justice they required from the elective judiciary of New York. The facts were notorious. A mere glance at the daily press of New York is enough to show that the general want of confidence in men and institutions closely resembled a panic.

There is, however, one peculiarity of the situation which strikes an English mind with especial surprise. That the head of the most important service in the Government should calmly accuse his subordinates in a mass of being in collusion with thieves, seems astonishing, but that after such an accusation everything should go on as before is almost incredible. One assumes as a matter of course that some political jealousy was involved, and that the charge was at once denied by the Secretary of the Treasury or by Congress. Nothing of the kind occurred. On this point Mr. M'Culloch was in sympathy with Mr. Rollins, while members of Congress had good reason to know that the charge was true, since it was their influence which had appointed to office these very men who were now shown to be thieves. The accusation was undenied, and no

man in the United States doubted its truth, yet nothing was done to correct an evil which in England would have cost the strongest Ministry its office, and the largest Parliamentary majority its seats.

The secret of this inaction lies below the surface of American politics. Whatever may be the amount of social corruption in the United States, and we believe it to have been greatly exaggerated, the political corruption is serious. *Primo magis ambitio quam avaritia animos hominum exercebat.* Party organisations in America have obtained a wonderful development and a dictatorial power. Resting as they must upon the most numerous and therefore the poorest classes of society, they undertake to account for the political opinions of every citizen. They are marvellously effective, but they are excessively costly, and they can only be held together by two influences, money and patronage. Few men are so pure as to devote their time and labour to an organisation of this sort from mere motives of patriotism. The United States Government, in consequence, has never had an efficient civil service, since for forty years past it has been almost constitutional law that no civil servant of the Government holds his place on any other tenure than the will of the political party in power; and this right of removal, with its corresponding right of appointment, has been the most highly valued prerogative of office and the most effective weapon in party warfare. Even the President clings to his right of personally appointing to small offices. Any English visitor who calls upon him in his private cabinet, may see in the ante-room the applicants for office waiting hour after hour for a personal interview. Each President in turn—Mr. Lincoln not less than Mr. Buchanan, and Mr. Johnson not less than Mr. Lincoln—has fostered this abuse of power. Each member of Congress nurses still more carefully the share of patronage which falls to his hand. If a friend of the Administration, he may control his constituents by alternately bribing or threatening the local politicians who control the primary caucuses of their party; and if an enemy of the Administration, he has almost a greater influence in the possible patronage which a party triumph may bring. This practice was barely tolerable before the war, when the executive patronage was small; but the new revenue system vastly increased the number of officials, and gave to them powers which until now had been unknown to the United States. They were able, if they chose, to annoy and perhaps to ruin their enemies, and to make the fortunes of their friends. If they were zealous and generous in their support of the winning

cause, few members of Congress would be too curious about their accounts, and complaints might commonly be stifled. The system was one which tended directly to interest the officer in encouraging fraud or in assuming its existence, because he could thus control the influence of the fraudulent and sometimes of the honest dealer under a threat of ruin, while either political party was interested in supporting and protecting the official who acted most effectively in its behalf. The disorganised condition of the Government under President Johnson left no check to this form of corruption, but it was not peculiar to that or any other Administration. It was an essential part of the political system, one of the most effective and necessary agents in party organisations. The remedy was simple, had parties honestly wished it; for, without any legislation whatever, a mere abandonment of the practice of removal from office without cause would in a short time have corrected the evil, but parties could not persuade themselves to cut away the props of their power. Mr. Rollins indeed could say that he wrote his charges with shame, though he had no personal share in these abuses, but as between the two great political parties, to one or the other of which every citizen was almost obliged to belong, there was in respect to this kind of corruption very little to choose. The evil has now flourished for years at an expense of 20,000,000*l.* per annum to the Government according to estimates furnished by the Treasury officials, but there is only a vague and distant prospect of any vigorous action on the part of Congress.

Congress could, however, and did storm violently at the 'whisky-ring,' and at all the other 'rings' which infest American politics, while members who would have thought themselves disgraced by the offer of their money, did not hesitate to use their political power. Nevertheless, the public discontent was now beginning to fasten upon particular abuses like that of the whisky-tax and frauds on the revenue, symptoms of the disease but not the disease itself, and with declining revenue, suffering industry, and an imminent general election, Congress, on meeting in December 1867, felt that prompt action was urgently required. Its first reform was such as its enemies might have predicted. It instantly passed an Act stopping the contraction of the currency, while Mr. M'Culloch in despair urged that, if only the power were left him, he would promise not to use it. The next reform was to repeal the tax on cotton. A third law, approved March 31, 1868, swept from the statute-book all the remaining taxes on manufactures; and, finally, after long and painful discussion, the tax on dis-

tilled spirits was reduced from eight shillings to two shillings and sixpence the gallon. These reductions were equivalent to a sacrifice of 14,000,000*l.* of revenue without estimating any loss from the duty on spirits. They were in themselves wise so far as they went, and they cured some part of the disease, not by purifying the system, but by narrowing the area of corruption. They were not reform itself, but they were the last expedients possible before Congress was driven to reform. A single further step will oblige the nation to study its own condition and to understand its dangers. Meanwhile the financial year ended with a surplus * of nearly 6,000,000*l.*

No further reduction of taxes was attempted in the session which has just closed, but we believe that the result of the financial year ending with the 1st July next, will show a considerable surplus of revenue, which may be moderately estimated at 4,000,000*l.* In the meanwhile, the new, reduced tax on distilled spirits, which for a time seemed to answer every purpose of its supporters, has proved as ineffective as the heavier duty. The price of distilled spirits has again fallen to a point which proves the existence of fraud; and the distillers, driven from the eastern cities, have succeeded in corrupting western officials by some process which the Government has hitherto failed to discover. The new Administration, however, has undertaken to purge the revenue service, and will probably succeed in better collecting the taxes. On the other hand, Congress has finally settled the fate of repudiation by passing with large majorities in both Houses a Bill which pledges the country to redeem its bonds and notes in coin; and the success of this measure, supported by the energetic language of President Grant's inaugural address, has already raised the price of United States securities until a reduction of interest on a great part of the debt seems nearly practicable. The leader of the House ventures to hope for a surplus of 20,000,000*l.* for the year 1869-70; and with only ordinary prudence the taxes may be greatly diminished, and at the same time both capital and interest of the debt considerably reduced.

<i>Receipts.</i>		1867-8.	<i>Expenditures.</i>	
Customs	. . .	164,464,599	Civil service	. . . 60,011,018
Lands	. . .	1,348,715	Pensions, &c.	. . . 27,883,069
Direct tax	. . .	1,788,145	War	. . . 123,246,648
Internal revenue	. . .	191,087,589	Navy	. . . 25,775,502
Miscellaneous	. . .	46,949,033	Interest on debt	. . . 141,424,045
Total		<u>\$405,638,081</u>	<u>\$377,340,282</u>	
Surplus		. . \$28,297,800 (5,800,000 <i>l.</i>).		

If we now sum up the results of the four years, we shall find that a debt, which if funded at the close of the war would have reached 600,000,000*l.*, has been successfully converted into 6 per cent. bonds for the most part, and reduced to 530,000,000*l.*, paying 26,000,000*l.* annual interest. These bonds will be redeemed and the interest lowered whenever the Government succeeds in borrowing at a cheaper rate. During the administration of General Grant the financial policy may be considered as fixed, and all danger of interference with the creditor, except on just terms, at an end; but long before these four years are over, it is probable that the 5-20 bonds will all be redeemed, and the question of repudiation settled by the issue of new certificates bearing a lower rate of interest, and payable by law in coin.

The currency question remains untouched; but if the funded debt is successfully treated, and the capital gradually reduced, the floating debt must sooner or later be redeemed. We do not, however, venture any opinion as to the process which will be followed or the time which will be required.

The internal-revenue taxes have been reduced about 35,000,000*l.*, and most of the worst burdens have been removed from industry; but the import duties have not been touched, and the revenue service, in both its branches, is a public scandal.

If we are right in our statements, it is clear that what progress the United States Government has made in settling its financial difficulties has been due to its resources, and not to the skill with which its resources are managed. A more extravagant and wasteful system than the one adopted in America does not exist in any civilised country. The internal-revenue system, it is true, has now been reduced to very moderate proportions, and the amount of tax collected (28,000,000*l.*) is not great; but even this moderate sum costs the people dearly. There is a difficulty peculiar to America in the way of excise taxes, a difficulty of enforcing law. The Government began boldly and confidently with the theory that political economy as practised in Europe was applicable to the United States, but no Government ever deceived itself more completely. Within a very short space of time it was proved that not only were the country and the institutions peculiar, but the nature of the people was refractory. Congress could easily enough impose an eight-shilling excise duty on spirits, but the temptation of immense profit at once called into action all the resources of Yankee ingenuity, all the shrewd and unscrupulous qualities of the people, to defeat the scheme; and we have shown how

the struggle, after shaking society to its foundations, ended in an absolute overthrow of the law, until, so complete was the disaster, few Americans can now comprehend how such a tax can be anywhere collected, under any system however perfect. The idea of taxing very heavily a few articles of large consumption had to be abandoned, and the only resource was a diffusion of taxes by means of licenses and stamps, which still had the disadvantage of interfering with industry, and allowing wide latitude of evasion without being equally productive. The Government was of necessity thrown back upon its import duties as the only very productive taxes that could be cheaply and thoroughly collected. Tax for tax, the internal duty was much the more expensive of the two.

High duties on imports, the highest that were consistent with trade and with healthy home industry, became, therefore, not merely advisable but inevitable; and no foreign nation would have complained so long as they were adapted to bear equally and steadily on honest commerce. Even this result would have been difficult, if not impossible to attain, for within the borders of the United States are produced many of the staple articles of trade from which England and the other European nations derive the bulk of their income. Tea and coffee could bear high duties, but tobacco, sugar, and wine are all produced in large quantities in the United States, and high duties upon them were merely protective to the home producer. But Congress did not stop to consider what might be the most perfect form of tariff. With few exceptions, it imposed duties upon all imported articles with the avowed intention of stimulating home industry. Mr. Wells's last Report furnishes some illustrations of the result in three prominent instances—lumber, salt, and pig-iron. We prefer to quote his authority because it is official, not because we might not furnish other examples which would be equally curious.

The duty on lumber is 20 per cent. *ad valorem*, equivalent, with resulting charges, to 25 per cent., and is of course directed only against Canadian competition. The price of the import regulates domestic prices. 'The net invoice value of the importation of rough lumber during the fiscal year 1868 was about 1,500,000*l.*, while the value of the domestic product for the same period, or that part of it which entered into competition with the foreign import, may be approximately estimated at 12,000,000*l.* For every dollar, therefore, which is taken in the form of a direct tax, seven are taken indirectly through the increase of prices; or, in other words, 450,000*l.* are received into the Treasury at an indirect cost of about 3,200,000*l.*'

The duty on salt is from 100 to 170 per cent. on its importing price, or almost prohibitive. The consumption is not stated by Mr. Wells, but we believe it is equal to at least 15,000,000 bushels, and the unnecessary enhancement of cost, or tax, paid directly to American salt companies, is about sixpence on each bushel, or 375,000*l.* per annum, with no advantage to the Treasury.

The duty on pig-iron is equivalent to 50 per cent. on the cost of production in the United States. 'The community at large has been compelled to pay an unnecessary profit of from 28*s.* to 40*s.* per ton, on a present annual product of 1,500,000 tons,' and has therefore been subjected during the past year to a tax of from 2,000,000*l.* to 3,000,000*l.*, paid of course to the manufacturers of pig-iron exclusively.

These instances are merely common examples of the recklessness and extravagance which is characteristic of the United States tariff, and their pith is contained in the fact that the lumber-merchant, the salt-company, and the manufacturer of pig-iron collect every shilling of their taxes, though the Government cannot collect more than sixpence in the shilling of its own. Lumber, pig-iron, and even salt cannot be smuggled in quantities large enough to affect the price. The whole tax falls directly on the consumer, and of these articles, every man, woman, and child in the United States is directly or indirectly a large consumer.

The Government, therefore, collects one tax, amounting to 60,000,000*l.* or thereabout. Certain favoured interests collect another tax, the amount of which we are unable to estimate. A third tax is collected by the smuggler. We have already mentioned the sum paid under this head during several years to the 'whisky-ring,' and we have public official statements that fraud is equally successful in other branches of the internal revenue. The customs-duties are probably better collected, but any responsible man may contract in Montreal or Liverpool for the delivery of smuggled goods in New York. This is the last report of the Commissioner of Customs, the third Commission we have to cite as to abuses on the revenue service. Mr. Wells states that the number of duty-paid foreign cigars, which in 1859 was reported at about 800,000,000 per annum, was reduced in 1867 to 30,000,000 under a duty of 150 per cent. *ad valorem*, although the actual consumption is supposed to have increased. So too with champagne, opium, and many other dutiable articles. The consumer probably saves a certain amount by paying tax to the smuggler rather than to the Government, but the burden must be borne, and

the cost of production in the United States must ultimately tell what this burden amounts to.

Finally, the capitalist collects a fourth tax. Every influence, whether we call it tax or not, which increases the cost of production, increases immediately the amount of capital required to produce the same result as before. In the United States capital has always been deficient, and 7 per cent. per annum even before the war was a moderate return for its use. Government then intervened as a borrower, and has practically fixed the minimum of interest at between 7 and 8 per cent. This system of taxation compels every employer of capital to use a larger amount in his business than would be required if the system were reformed. The borrower, therefore, is compelled to increase the competition for capital, and to pay higher interest on a larger sum, with the understanding that his industry must perish unless he can compel the consumer to pay not only the additional interest but also a certain additional profit in consideration of the increased risk incurred on the increased capital. Nor is this all. The currency is a discredited and fluctuating medium of exchange, and the capitalist charges his increased risk on this score also to the borrower, who must necessarily throw off the double risk again on the consumer. Government then intervenes and taxes the capitalist on his increased profits in order to escape taxing labour, and the capitalist quietly counts the increased tax as so much additional expense, and throws it off upon the borrower, who must either throw it on the consumer or become bankrupt.

The Government seizes, let us say, 20,000,000*l.* from the public, and gives it to certain favoured citizens who spend a considerable portion of it in hiring labour, creating an artificial demand, and raising the standard of wages. Increased wages imply increased capital, increased interest, increased cost of production, and so back again to increased wages. This process continues until capital commands 10 per cent. interest where it formerly received 7, and an average duty of 50 per cent. on all imported articles that pay duty at all, is acknowledged both by free-traders and protectionists to be no longer protective.

In all this operation there is no new principle involved, and if all political economy is not a deception, the ultimate pressure must sooner or later fall upon labour. The profits of capital are not diminished, and it is not likely that in a country like America the demand for capital can be permanently checked. But the tendency of the system is to increase the wealth of

individuals and corporations at a more rapid rate than the wealth of the public at large. Capital accumulates rapidly, but it accumulates in fewer hands, and the range of separation between the wealthy and the poor becomes continually wider. Mr. Wells, in his last Report, has collected a great amount of evidence to prove that the burden has in fact fallen upon wages, as was to be inferred from *à priori* reasoning, and that the purchasing power of a day's labour in 1868 is considerably less than it was in 1860. But hitherto the stress of suffering has fallen most severely on the intermediate class, whose incomes were, to a greater or less extent, fixed. The ordinary expenses of life have nearly doubled in eight years, but in many cases incomes are not greater in paper than they were in 1860 in coin. All liberal professions have felt the shock. The Universities with their instructors were reduced to a pitiable condition. The clergy of all sects found themselves struggling with poverty hitherto unknown. The great mass of lawyers and the bench suffered a similar degradation. Science and literature languished. The United States Government in its western surveys could obtain the services of its botanists and zoologists at 10*l.* a month in currency, while it paid 15*l.* to the cook and mule-driver who accompanied them. We do not now speak of the inhabitants of great cities, nor of the few distinguished men whose incomes were swelled beyond the average, but of the population at large, especially in the rural districts of the older States, where changes went on in silence, and men, who in old times lived plentifully, now restricted their expenses, eat meat four times a week instead of every day, and said nothing of their economies. The public press seldom pauses to mark such silent changes as these. They lie underneath the surface of society, but they indicate disaster to the principle of social equality.

Agriculture, at least in the western States, did not suffer, partly because the introduction of machinery has neutralised the rise in wages, partly because the western farmer is little affected by taxation and almost independent of society; partly, too, because all the harvests except the last have been short, and high prices have been maintained. The natural increase of population keeps pace with the development of new lands which the Government practically gives for nothing to the settler. The West, therefore, exists under exceptional conditions. But in the main, it is true, as Mr. Wells has said, that the rich become richer and the poor poorer; nor is this fact in any way disproved by the corresponding fact that production increases with great rapidity. The system is corrupt, it is an

outrage on common sense, it is extravagant beyond belief, it exalts fraud and ruins honesty; but the physical growth of the country is in itself so energetic that misgovernment can at best pervert, but not seriously check it. The labourer can bear a diminution in his wages. The mechanic may be forced to economise and yet live well as compared with his rivals in Europe. A mere failure to increase production so rapidly as it might be increased, is all that can be predicated; a mere retardation, not a stoppage, of national prosperity. But in the meanwhile all articles of export rise in price until foreign nations will no longer buy, and the country can only send gold and certificates of debt abroad to pay for purchases which no tariff nor law can stop.

We will not undertake to predict how long this process can last. If its results please the American people, England will not complain, for she will not be the principal sufferer in this drunken bout. Foreign nations, carrying out a selfish political policy, will probably find it to their interest that the United States should continue to produce for herself only, and pay her enormous imports in notes bearing practically 8 per cent. interest, the return of which in any large quantity would damage her credit and disorganise her trade; that she should elevate the scale of social expenditure, and at the same moment depress the standard of the working class; that she should build up an oligarchy resting on corporate and private wealth, and prepare the way for that corruption which, in its own time, will overthrow her institutions. The great responsibility of the new Administration is to itself and not to the world. The best Americans are looking to it with the deepest anxiety, to save the country so far as possible from its dangers by effecting a reform the principles of which we have pointed out; but if the hope is disappointed, even though the country should go on increasing its wealth and power more rapidly than ever, the world will have a right to believe that neither the skill of the Government nor the virtue of American institutions has had any share in the result, except so far as the nation is receiving and exhausting advantages left to it by a past and purer generation.

ART. IX.—*The History of the Life and Times of Edward III.*
By WILLIAM LONGMAN. 2 vols. London: 1869.

A FAVOURITE topic for the sarcasms of the wits of the last generation was the want of literary culture, and even of ordinary information, under which they conceived the publishers of their day for the most part to labour, and which disqualified those persons from being themselves competent judges of the merits of the works submitted to them. The charge, which was probably a good deal exaggerated, could certainly not have been made at all during the greater part of the last century,* when the trade was in the hands of such men as Cave, Dodsley, and Richardson, who were all not only publishers but authors of fair repute; and one of whom achieved a fame which a hundred years and even the pre-eminent merit of some of his successors have not been able to surpass. Not only did Cave found the ‘Gentleman’s Magazine,’—which survived till a very recent period in its original form, now somewhat modified, and which has an undeniable title to be regarded as the parent of the whole family of Magazines, Miscellanies (need we be ashamed to add Reviews?)—but his own pen furnished many, and those not the worst articles which appeared in it. Dodsley has not only the high honour of having been one of the earliest appreciators of the talents of Burke, whom he selected as the first editor of his ‘Annual Register,’ and of having suggested the ‘Dictionary’ to Johnson, but was himself the author of one or two very tolerable poems, and of several farces of more than average liveliness and humour. The last of the trio, Richardson, was in fact a printer rather than a publisher, though in his trade capacity he became Master of the Stationers’ Company. These things are lost sight of; but the author of ‘Clarissa’ and ‘Sir Charles Grandison’ can never be forgotten, though fashions may change, as long as truth of character and delicacy of sentiment are admired in English literature.

* Young’s sarcasm—

‘Unlearned men of books assume the care,
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair’—

refers to booksellers, not to publishers, though it does not follow that they looked on it as a censure; since Mr. C. Knight (‘Shadows of the Old Booksellers,’ Introduction, p. 13), tells us that ‘there was an axiom amongst *some* of the old vendors of literary wares that a bookseller should know nothing of books beyond their title-pages.’

Under the two last Georges the pens of publishers do indeed seem to have slumbered, but their long rest refreshed them; and in recent years more than one member of the brotherhood has disdained to content himself with sending forth to the reading world only the works of others. Mr. Murray, whose sagacious estimate of the requirements of this locomotive age led him to project the admirable series of handbooks which bear his name, is understood not only to have planned them, but to have assisted in the compilation of some of the earlier volumes. Mr. Bohn has translated some of the works of Machiavelli; and the Philobiblon Club are indebted to him for a Dictionary of Quotations and a biography of Shakspeare. And Mr. Charles Knight has not only shown himself a judicious and tasteful editor of and commentator on Shakspeare, but has given us also an autobiography of great interest; and his popular History of England is, perhaps, the most impartial existing record of the annals of this country.

Their example has not been wholly lost upon their foreign brethren; one of whom, the great Parisian printer and publisher, M. Didot, has recently applied himself to the task of determining the orthography of his native tongue, and, if we may so say, codifying the laws of French spelling. Such a task can rarely be easy, and is especially arduous in a case in which, according to the complaint of one grammarian, the sound of a letter and its sign, the written and the spoken language, are so fatally divorced;* in which the delicacies of pronunciation are so numerous and minute that another grammarian desires to expand the alphabet into not fewer than forty letters to enable him to express them,† and where the admitted arbiter of all literary matters, the Academy, is often equally indifferent to precedent and to analogy. But M. Didot, inspired with the laudable hope of thus contributing, as he describes his object, to the propagation of the knowledge both of his language in general, and of the chief works of its most excellent authors, has not shrunk from undertaking the duty, which devolved on him by a sort of inheritance from his father and his uncle; and he has executed it, if a foreigner may be

* ‘Alors (in the sixteenth century) commença le fatal divorce entre le *son* et le *signe*, entre la langue parlée et la langue écrite.’ (Raoux, quoted by M. Didot, *Obs. sur l’Orthographie française*, p. 200.)

† ‘Domergue reconnaît 21 voix ou voyelles distinctes, qu’il représente par 21 signes; 19 articulations, qu’il exprime par 19 consonnes, dont chacune, comme chaque voyelle, a un emploi fixe et incommunicable.’ (Ib. p. 169.)

permitted to pass a judgment on such a subject, with very considerable success.

The work before us is a still more creditable specimen of literary taste and industry in the extensive and toilsome field of general history. It might have been supposed that a share in the superintendence of one of the largest publishing establishments in the world, however much its labours may be lightened by the organisation wrought out by experience and tradition, would have left a gentleman so employed but little leisure for the extensive reading, the patient research, the careful comparison and estimate of different authorities, which are required of the historian above all other writers. But a ruling passion generally finds or makes a way for its gratification; and it is fortunate when that self-gratification tends, as in the present instance, to the general instruction and advantage. Books devoted to a single reign or a limited period do this good service among others, that they bring before the reader minute incidents and apparently trivial circumstances which writers on a more extensive plan are apt to pass over, but which, nevertheless, as indicative of the customs and feelings of a bygone age, are at least equally valuable with many events more imposing in their outward appearance. With such the present volumes are richly stored; as, indeed, the period to which they relate is one which can hardly be exceeded for the materials of that kind which it reveals to a curious and discerning inquirer. For certainly of all the sovereigns of the middle ages, there are few who deserve to fill so large a space in the eyes of posterity as Edward III.; no one whose reign presents such diversified features to attract minds of every class. Hume remarks that ‘no reign among those of our ancient monarchs deserves more to be studied,’ though the inferences which he deduces from its transactions do not altogether coincide with those which have been drawn from them by writers more attached to the constitutional rights of the people. The soldier and the lover of martial enterprise naturally turn with admiration to an era pre-eminently rich in military glory. He who shares the regret so eloquently expressed by Burke for the graceful virtues of chivalry, can find no more brilliant representation of its most splendid and most attractive qualities than the royal family itself, Edward, the Black Prince, and Philippa, a wife and mother worthy of such a husband and such a son. The literary man remembers that it was by Edward that Chaucer was despatched on the embassies to France and Italy which contributed to give him that insight into character, and that fertility of invention in describ-

ing the feelings of different classes which are the principal charm of the 'Canterbury Tales.' While deeper than that felt by warrior or student is the interest with which all who value religious liberty must regard this great reign; since it was then that Wiclif gave the first blow to the superstitions with which Rome had overlaid true religion, and, by disputing at once the doctrine and the temporal authority of the Pope, paved the way for the emancipation of this nation from his yoke, and for the restoration of a purer worship. And, indeed, it would seem that it is rather from a sense of the importance of the period that Mr. Longman has selected it as his subject, than from any admiration for, or approval of the character of Edward himself, to whom he allows scarcely any virtue but courage; qualifying his praise even of that attribute, as in his case not unalloyed with rashness, and as at the best a quality which has distinguished 'barbarians at all times.' We confess that we are disposed to rate him more highly; and we think that Mr. Longman himself, whose painstaking investigation of both sides of every question and scrupulous accuracy of narrative are worthy of all commendation, furnishes grounds for a more favourable estimate of his character.

It cannot be denied that Edward succeeded to the throne under peculiar difficulties: the infamy of his mother, the authority exercised by Mortimer, in spite of the general detestation in which he was held; his own youth (he was scarcely emerging from childhood) were all causes of weakness, but too well calculated to encourage disloyalty at home, and to invite hostility from abroad. The latter was not slow to show itself. Scotland was still under the rule of the warlike Bruce, who was already meditating an invasion of the northern counties, and who lost no time in sending Edward a formal challenge. The war which ensued led however to no incidents of importance, nor had the peace which terminated it any influence on the conduct or fortunes of either kingdom, though one of its conditions was the marriage of Bruce's son with Edward's sister, an arrangement which was intended to unite the two countries in a lasting friendship, but which only supplied one more instance of the little power which connexions of that kind have to sway the calculations or check the ambition of statesmen and warriors. One incident in the campaign of 1327 is however worth noticing, partly for the example which it affords of the way in which history, especially that of nations in a state of immature civilisation, reproduces itself; and partly as a specimen of the watchfulness sagaciously and skillfully displayed by Mr. Longman to illustrate the period of

which he is writing by parallels drawn from other countries and widely different ages. ‘A guide, Thomas de Rokeby, led the English to the banks of the Wear, on the opposite side of which, in a strong position, the Scots were encamped. The English saw, however, that it was in vain to think of passing the Wear, and attacking the Scots where they were posted, and therefore, in accordance with the chivalrous spirit of the times, invited them to cross the river, saying that they would retire to give them room to fight, but that, if this did not suit the Scots, they would do so themselves on similar conditions.’ (I. 14.) The parallel is complete between this invitation and that sent by Tomyris to Cyrus as related by Herodotus. And we may be inclined to question the propriety of the general estimate which would call the Massagetæ barbarians, when we see their conduct so faithfully imitated by such ‘a mirror of knight-hood’ as the Conqueror of Crécy and Founder of the Garter.

Parallels such as this add not only an interesting embellishment, but even a positive value to history. At the same time, the discovery of such resemblances is so flattering to the ingenuity, that a writer skilful in detecting them is tempted to an excessive indulgence of his acuteness, and is led to fancy a likeness in events of which it would be more correct to point out the contrast. And we think that Mr. Longman is less happy in another parallel and in the inference which he appears to draw from it. Thus he suggests in a note a similarity between the expedition of Balliol to recover his father’s throne and the enterprise of the ‘Alabama’; though he forbears formally to charge Edward with intentionally promoting Balliol’s attempt. Still, by the care with which Mr. Longman points out that it was ‘an attack upon a nation with which Edward was at peace’ (i. 55), he manifestly implies a censure on him, and therefore on our Government during the late American war. But, on the one hand, if Mr. Longman adopts the view of Edward’s motives taken by Hume and Scott, the parallel fails, because it is beyond all question that the Ministry of 1863 permitted the departure of the ‘Alabama,’ not from any wish that she should succeed in her warfare against the Federals, but because they had not sufficient evidence to detain her. And, on the other hand, if he does not adopt that opinion, with which in truth his narrative nowhere expresses any concurrence, then he has no ground for blaming either Edward in the earlier, or Lord Palmerston’s Cabinet in the later instance. For then the case would merely be that Balliol persisted in his enterprise in spite of Edward’s proclaimed disapproval of it, because no law existed to justify the English

monarch in detaining him; and that the 'Alabama' sailed out of our port without molestation for the very same reason. And however plausible may be the doctrine that the designs of Balliol, which indeed were openly avowed, and the object of the owners of the 'Alabama,' which however was only suspected, would have alike justified the King in the one case and the Ministers in the other from venturing on a proceeding beyond the law, yet no one, we apprehend, can ever constitutionally blame those who make the strict law the rule of their conduct, and, while taking care in no respect to fall short of its requirements, steadily refuse to overstep it.

On the real character of Edward's discountenance of Balliol we confess ourselves disposed to agree with the writers to whom we have referred; and we think that Edward's subsequent invasion of Scotland shows that his connexion with the young king David Bruce, who was his sister's husband, weighed less with him than the conspicuous advantage to his kingdom—may we not say to both kingdoms—which would ensue from the union of the two divisions of the island under one crown. And the result of that invasion must have been peculiarly gratifying to the national pride of both himself and his people, for Bannockburn had left in every English heart an uneasy feeling of deep humiliation and disgrace, which Halidon Hill nearly effaced, and which at no very distant day was totally extinguished by the surprising victory of Neville's Cross, and the strange spectacle of a Scottish sovereign meeting the French monarch as his fellow-prisoner in London.

But when the question is of war, all the triumphs of the reign, and indeed of the whole period of the middle ages, fade into nothing when compared with those which Edward achieved in France. They are related—Sluys, Crécy, Poitiers—with faithful minuteness, by Mr. Longman; but his conscientious desire to set the whole history of these wars, and of our relations with France at the time, fairly before the reader, betrays him into some seeming inconsistency. He is fully aware of, and cannot avoid sympathising with, the general judgment of posterity, that Edward's claim to the throne of France was the mere pretext of an ambitious warrior, conscious of personal prowess and high military talents, and eager for an opportunity of displaying them; and accordingly, in more than one page he denounces the invasions of France as selfish and iniquitous. But at other times, as if fearing to carry his condemnation beyond the requirements of justice, and so to press too hardly on the memory of one of whom he equally feels that all Englishmen are still proud, he places

in a stronger light than we remember ever before to have seen them exhibited, the provocations which Philip's designs on Aquitaine continually gave his vassal; describes with industrious accuracy Edward's repeated declarations of willingness to avoid the appeal to arms by negotiation and treaty; and does not even altogether renounce his claim to be considered the lawful heir of Charles IV. as wholly indefensible, since he permits himself to assert that it was 'in accordance with the opinion maintained by some French jurists' that Edward originally made his demand (i. 23). We confess ourselves unable entirely to comprehend this statement; since, if a mother, though incapable of sustaining a claim in her own person, could yet transmit it to her son, it was notorious that that principle would have established the right of Charles of Navarre, and not the pretensions of Edward.

However, whether any French lawyers looked on Edward's pretensions as well founded or not, he advanced it the moment that Charles IV. died. And though he almost immediately afterwards practically renounced it by doing homage to Philip for territories which he held of the French crown, he never abandoned the idea of reviving it at some more favourable opportunity; but, when crossing over to France, he made a secret protest, registered in England, that 'in doing homage to the King of France, he did not thereby intend to renounce his claim to the French throne.' (I. 28.) Such secret disavowals of the plain meaning of outward actions were in those days not so unusual as to taint the author of them with dishonour. And this one, though intended to be secret, probably came to Philip's knowledge; since, in spite of a formal treaty of peace which was signed between the two princes in 1330 (i. 45), and of a friendly visit which Edward afterwards paid to the French Court, in which he proposed to contract the young Prince of Wales, then just a year old, to the 'haute et puissante Princesse' Philip's daughter, of a still more tender age, Mr. Longman points out that the friendship between them 'could not but be hollow, so long as Edward persisted in refusing to recognise Philip as the lawful king of France, and Philip continued to strive for absolute sovereignty over Aquitaine.' (I. 65.) That any king of France, who had either personal ambition or a true perception of the interests of his people, should be anxious to emulate the exploits of Philip Augustus, and to re-annex to the Crown these great fiefs which rendered the King of England's power in France almost equal to his own, was natural enough. And accordingly, 'while Edward was in Scotland, Philip kept up a ha-

‘ rassing interference with his lieutenants in the Duchy of
‘ Aquitaine. When Edward did homage to Philip, it had
‘ been agreed that commissioners should be appointed to settle
‘ various still outstanding disputes between them; but Philip’s
‘ seneschal in Agenois’ (the district that Charles IV. had
recovered by outwitting Edward II., and deluding him into a
surrender of it, which that weak prince believed to be only
formal and temporary), ‘ encouraged doubtless by Philip him-
‘ self, took the law into his own hands, and expelled Edward’s
‘ vassal, Aymeric de Durfort, by main force.’ (I. 72.) Philip
even prepared to invade England, making ‘ preparations in
‘ Sicily, Genoa, and in Norway and Holland, under colour of
‘ an expedition to the Holy Land.’ These preparations were
indeed checked by the rulers of the different countries who
had either not been consulted, or who did not favour Philip’s
hostile views towards this country. But these disappoint-
ments did not weaken the French king’s settled purpose to
recover Aquitaine by any means; and if it could not be reco-
vered otherwise, to provoke Edward into the declaration of
war; as if that step would make Philip less a wrongdoer,
or at least make his wrongdoing less evident. ‘ The shores
‘ of England were not safe from French invasion.’ Our his-
torian is speaking of the year 1336, ten years before Crécy.
‘ The English provinces in France were vexed and harassed
‘ by the French.’ (I. 93.) ‘ Taking these and other circum-
‘ stances into consideration, it becomes doubtful whether
‘ Edward’s claim to the throne was the real cause of the war’
which ensued; ‘ but he (Edward) soon found it necessary to
‘ make it his pretext, and to style himself King of France.
‘ The resolve of Philip to wrest Aquitaine from the rule of the
‘ King of England, and Edward’s determination to keep it,
‘ are seemingly its main and true cause.’ (I. 94.)

If this was really the case, and we cannot deny that Mr. Longman brings strong evidence to prove it, and that, in fact, there can be no question that Philip was steady and persevering in his desire to acquire the actual as well as the nominal sovereignty of Aquitaine, then we cannot see why Edward’s conduct in warring against France should be branded as unjust, and dictated by selfish ambition or the unauthorised lust of conquest. For Aquitaine certainly belonged to him by a right of inheritance as clear as that which had given France to Philip: as such he was justified in defending it, was indeed bound to do so; and if, as a general he saw that it could be best defended by an invasion of the northern provinces of France, he had a full right, when once war was declared, to

invade them: to wage the war in that or any other manner which afforded the best chance of success. Not, indeed, that the circumstances and early steps of the quarrel are all in Edward's favour. For it is plain, even from Mr. Longman's relation of them, that his claim to the French throne was made before Philip had time to give any indication whatever of his designs against Edward's authority in the southern provinces; and equally plain that that claim had not a shadow of right for its foundation; though we are not on that account disposed to visit Edward with a censure as severe as his conduct has drawn down upon him in these volumes, or as severe as we ourselves should pass upon a sovereign who should wage war on a pretext as unfounded at the present day. Edward, like other public characters, must be judged, in a great degree, by the feelings and practice of his own time. It was a time in which statesmanship was very rare; the abstract love of justice and the desire of peace were rarer still. Something of the old principle of the classical ages still remained—that the natural condition of every brave people was war. 'Do you think,' asks Sir Lucius O'Trigger, 'that Achilles, or my little Alexander the Great, ever inquired where the right lay? No, by my soul, they drew their good swords and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it.' That spirit still animated the knights of the middle ages; and the volumes before us even furnish some excuse for their not devoting their attention to the justice of their acts, since they show that that is a point on which the lazy sons of peace are not altogether agreed to this day.

Whether, however, Edward was unwillingly drawn into war by the ambition of another, or was only gratifying his own passion for fame and aggrandisement, as early as the year 1336 he began to make preparations for war. The charge of 'inconsistency' (i. 100) which Mr. Longman brings against him for doing so while 'engaged at the same time in ostensibly earnest negotiations for the preservation of peace,' seems dictated by the writer's desire to hold the scale of justice perfectly even, and therefore to balance the arguments which he in other places advances for his acquittal by facts which he looks on as capable of a less favourable construction. For, as the very circumstance of peace being the subject of a negotiation at all proves that its preservation was a matter of uncertainty, it was clearly the part of a statesman to make provision for the less desirable alternative. This indeed is the general practice; and so well calculated is the knowledge that each party is prepared for war to inspire each with

an inclination to avoid it, that *Si vis pacem para bellum* has passed into a proverb. Of Edward's preparation Mr. Longman gives us many details which are full of interest from the light which they throw upon the organisation and equipment of armies in those days. Every earl was expected to bring up a body of soldiers from his county. The chamberlains of North and South Wales were required to furnish 1,000 men, who 'for the sake of more hastily procuring' the cloth should be all clothed in cloth of one colour' (i. 120); an order which our historian records as 'the first instance of soldiers being dressed in uniform.' (I. 120.) From Ireland* Edward claimed a smaller number—116 men-at-arms and 250 hobelers' (i. 207); these latter being 'soldiers lightly armed, obliged always to have a horse ready in case of invasion.'† (I. 264.) The archers he himself furnished with their weapons, allowing each man about fifty arrows. Their bows cost a shilling a piece; or eighteen pence if they were painted white; and their sharpheaded arrows sevenpence a dozen (i. 187–189). While their pay—for neither did the proudest earl, nor even the Black Prince himself, give gratuitous service—was regulated on the following scale:—

For the Prince per day 4*l*.

For each earl or bishop, 6*s*. 8*d*.

For each baron or banneret, 4*s*.

For each knight, 2*s*.

For each squire, 1*s*.

For each horse-archer and hobeler, 6*d*.

For each archer on foot, 3*d*.

For each Welshman (these are always mentioned as a separate description of force; but from p. 128 and 236, it seems that half of them were bowmen, and half spearmen), 2*d*.

Edward's first victory, however, was by sea. Even the pusillanimous John had had shrewdness sufficient to see of

* Leland, 'History of Ireland,' vol. i. p. 309, raises the force to 190 men-at-arms and 500 hobelers, and adds, that they did good service. The Earl of Kildare particularly was so distinguished by his valour at the siege of Calais that 'he received the honour of knighthood at the King's hand, and returned to his country with that consequence naturally derived from the royal favour, and the brilliancy of the service in which he had engaged.'

† Lingard's description of a hobeler differs slightly from this. He says: 'The hoblers were another description of cavalry more lightly armed, and taken from the class of men rated at 15*l*. and upwards. They were mounted on inferior horses, and equipped according to the provisions of the Statute of Winchester.' (Vol. iii. p. 244.)

what vital importance the mastery of the sea was to his island subjects; and by an edict, which even then was rather the enforcement of an old claim than the assertion of a new one, he had enjoined English sea captains to compel all foreign vessels to strike their colours in token of homage to the English flag. The first naval victory that graces our annals after the Conquest was gained in his reign by the Earl of Salisbury, when he destroyed the French fleet in harbour. Edward was not likely to abandon any claim so fully authorised by precedent. He issued a proclamation affirming that 'his progenitors, kings of England, were lords of the English sea on every side.' (I. 74.) And, avowing his resolution to suffer no diminution of his honour in that respect, he gave effect to his declaration by inflicting on the French fleet at Sluys a defeat as decisive as any which they had yet sustained. Our limits, however, forbid us to dwell on the different triumphs which made this war with France memorable above every other war in which England was concerned for the first six centuries after the Conquest. Nor should we even have mentioned Sluys had it not been due to the honour of our seamen to correct an apparent error in Mr. Longman's statement of the numbers of the two fleets. He says (p. 171), 'Edward sailed from Orwell with a fleet of about 250 vessels,' and immediately afterwards he tells us (p. 172), 'According to the very interesting account which the King himself sent to his son, the number of the French fleet was 190.' If, then, we were to look on these figures as both resting on the same authority, the English fleet must have been more numerous than that of the French. But it is clear that Mr. Longman does not mean to affirm that he has equal grounds for his estimate of the English force as for his statement of the strength of their enemy's. The truth is, that besides what Sismondi, copying Froissart, calls *gros vaisseaux*, a term which we may look on as equivalent to sail of the line, and which in the French fleet amounted to 'upwards of 120' (Froissart, c. 50), there was a vast crowd of smaller vessels which were not taken into the account, any more than frigates have been reckoned in computing the strength of English and French fleets in modern wars. There is no record of the precise strength of the English. According to the best accounts the French outnumbered them in the proportion of four to one. But though this is probably a patriotic exaggeration, it is certain that the English were greatly inferior to the French in the number, and were equally overmatched in the size, of their vessels. Indeed we do not suppose, however much his

language may be open to misconstruction, that Mr. Longman meant to intimate any other opinion; though an earlier passage in which (i. 113) he says, 'It is clear that the King had 'also ships of his own,' seems to show that he has a belief in the existence of a more formidable 'Royal Navy' than was really known in those days. It is evident that he has found only the names of *two*, the 'Christopher' and the 'Edward;' the latter of which was what we may call the King's flagship in the great battle. And in fact these two were the only ships belonging to the Crown in this reign. The rest of the victorious fleet was furnished by the Cinque Ports, by the other towns on the southern coast, and even, as Mr. Longman himself tells us, by the French city of Bayonne (i. 113). Such were the sources from which for above two centuries the maritime defence of the country was supplied. One hundred and twenty years later Edward IV. boasts of having six ships, as a force which none of his predecessors had equalled. The navies of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. were not much more numerous; and above 240 years after Sluys, the ships belonging to the Sovereign were hardly a sixth of the fleet with which, when the safety of the nation was at stake, Lord Howard sailed forth to encounter the Armada; the other five-sixths were still furnished, as in the time of Edward, by the towns and cities of the southern counties, including London; and their size which, in many cases, did not exceed thirty tons, shows that the very smallest traders, and even fishing-boats, in that hour of pre-eminent danger, were pressed into the service.

On Crécy and on Poitiers we have no space to dilate. The interest of single battles soon passes away, especially since the change of weapons and of the entire equipment of the warrior has involved a total change of the manner of fighting and of tactics. Tactical skill in those ages was usually shown rather in making judicious dispositions before the conflict, than in the handling of the troops while the battle was actually raging. And in this part of a leader's duty, Edward at Crécy, and the Black Prince (profiting, no doubt, by his father's example) at Poitiers, showed a marked superiority to their enemies. Indeed Crécy was at least as much won by the protection afforded to the British flanks by the trenches which Edward cut on each side of his position the night before the battle, and which turned the superiority of numbers enjoyed by the French against themselves by confining their movements to a narrow space, as by the prowess of the archers. Nor, though the power of dismounted knights to

resist the fiercest charges of cavalry had been fully shown in the Crusades, was it a slight proof of Edward's sagacity to recur to that almost forgotten arrangement, or of the deference paid to him and of his force of character that he was able to induce his proud chivalry to adopt such a mode of fighting when it was no longer forced on them by necessity. For the victory of Poitiers was even more conspicuously owing to similar foresight in the preparations of the Prince; and both are achievements of which the whole nation still is proud. To this day, sympathy with his countrymen surrounded by apparently inextricable dangers, and exultation at their triumphant deliverance, quicken the pulse of every Englishman worthy of the name at the mention of those great days of battle and victory. And the depth of the impression made by them once for all on the English mind may be seen in the greater frequency with which they are appealed to in ordinary conversation than Agincourt, though that was won under very similar difficulties, was followed by immediate results of far greater moment, and is further recommended to our recollection by one of Shakspeare's finest plays, while Crécy and Poitiers *caient vate sacro*. Shakspeare himself, however, did not overlook the impression left on the mind both of France and England by those great victories; and on the eve of Agincourt he made the French King remind his nobles that King Harry—

‘Is bred out of that bloody strain
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witness our too much memorable shame,
When Cressy battle finally was struck,
And all our princes captived, by the hand
Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales;
Whiles that his mountain sire—on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crowned with the golden sun—
Saw his heroical seed.’

On one circumstance only connected with these wars we must touch for a moment, because in his relation of it Mr. Longman shows a desire to adopt an opinion which Hume intimated in a note, though he forbore to introduce it into his text—that the story of the intended execution of St. Pierre and his fellow-citizens is ‘somewhat to be suspected.’ Hume's doubt of the accuracy of the generally received story seems founded chiefly on the inconsistency between the conduct imputed to Edward and the humanity which all agree that he displayed ‘at the beginning of the siege in allowing a free passage to all the women, children, and infirm people.’ And, following him,

Mr. Longman hints that 'Edward may have been acting a part 'from the beginning,' and may never have intended to carry out the cruelty which he threatened. We fear we may not adopt so charitable an interpretation. It was one thing to be merciful to an unarmed crowd, who by their very flight were renouncing all idea of resistance to his will; and another to spare the armed and stubborn burghers, who had so long defied and baffled his efforts. How resistance hardened the heart of the gentlest warrior of those days may be seen in the massacre afterwards perpetrated at Limoges by the Black Prince—a massacre which moved Froissart to an expression of eloquent sympathy: 'The soldiers had orders to plunder and murder, 'sparing neither man, woman, nor child.' 'It was a great 'pity,' says Froissart, 'for men, women, and children threw 'themselves on their knees before the Prince crying, Mercy, 'mercy, gentle Sire! He would not listen to their cries; and,' continues Froissart, 'there is no man so hard of heart that, if 'he had then been in the city, and had thought of God, he 'would not have wept tenderly over the great mischief which 'was there; for more than 3,000 persons, men, women, and 'children, were killed that day. God have mercy on their 'souls, for they were truly martyrs.'

That even before he died Edward saw all the acquisitions which he had made wrested from his grasp is the strongest proof that can be conceived of the folly and impolicy of the attempt to subdue a kingdom so full, as even in that day France was, of all resources for war, and a people animated by so warlike a spirit—a spirit which was so little subdued by the most discouraging disasters, that, even while their King was a prisoner in London, and Edward was prosecuting his conquests in Champagne and Burgundy, they had the hardihood to retaliate on his own dominions, crossed the Channel, and in March, 1360, 'landed at Winchelsea in great numbers, while the 'people were hearing mass. They broke into the church, 'and committed the most horrible atrocities; set the town on 'fire and ravaged the neighbourhood.' (II. 52.) The guardians of the kingdom were not slow to put the coast in a state of defence against a repetition of such an insult. But it is not unlikely that the conviction which it forced on Edward, that he could not persist in his invasion of France without exposing his own subjects to such disasters, may have had no little share in inducing him to make peace, which he signed at Bre-tigni in less than six months afterwards.

These wars, however, profitless as they eventually proved abroad, produced, as has been remarked by other historians

also, important consequences at home, in the rapid growth of the power of the two Houses of Parliament, and especially of the lower House—the Commons; though they had not as yet monopolised the right of granting of supplies; and though, in one notorious instance, they showed that they looked on themselves as only authorised to discharge the servile duty of delegates, instead of occupying the more honourable position of representatives, and ‘declared that they could not grant ‘an aid without consulting the Commons of their counties.’ (I. 161.) But in most of the matters relating to revenue, the Peers were well inclined to go hand in hand with them; and both so soon found out the weight which the holding the strings of the national purse gave them, that as early as 1340, ‘the Commons protested that the grants were made on condition of the petitions for the redress of grievances being ‘granted.’ (I. 166.)

Towards the end of the reign the reality of the growth of the authority of the two Houses was shown in a most remarkable manner by the impeachment, conviction, and punishment of Lord Latimer, which, to a certain extent, may be looked upon as the first assertion of the great principle of the responsibility of Ministers. The Houses, however, did not confine themselves to the redress of grievances, but by several Acts which they passed on different occasions during this reign, sanctioned and co-operated with the far-sighted policy by which the King strove to place the existing wealth of the nation on a solid footing, and to ensure its continual progress and improvement through the encouragement of commerce and manufactures. Mr. Longman, indeed, is not inclined to allow the King the honourable title of ‘The Father of English Commerce,’ to which Hallam pronounces him to be entitled (i. 4). Hume had long ago pointed out that some of the regulations which he had framed, especially those which prohibited the exportation of certain manufactured articles, were not really well adapted to effect the objects which he had in view; and Mr. Longman, expanding this judgment, affirms that the effect of many of his commercial laws was not only ‘prejudicial’ (i. 76), but ‘quite contrary to the true principles of commerce’ (i. 90); in the first passage further condemning some of them as being prompted solely by the desire ‘to increase revenue,’ and in the second affirming that ‘it would have been more to the ‘interest of the country if Edward had allowed trade to take ‘its natural course without any restrictions whatever.’ On these observations we must remark, that the second is a condemnation of the King for not being not only in advance of

his age, but centuries in advance of it; and that, as to the first, increase of the revenue is so far from being an object which a commercial Minister cannot keep in view without reproof, that it would be an evil day for Britain and for every trade in it if ever increase of the revenue and encouragement of commerce were regarded as incompatible. It seems to us rather that, even in the laws for which he is thus reproached, Edward was at least on a level with the most enlightened political economists of his day, if we may use such a term without an anachronism; and that, for a war-like prince, he took unusual pains to keep himself so. One of his very earliest measures, as described by Mr. Longman himself, was to summon 'a commercial Parliament, apparently 'more numerous than the national Parliament itself, to 'discuss questions of trade' (i. 4); and a few pages afterwards we further read that 'the principle of summoning these 'class parliaments, as they may be called, was often acted on 'in Edward's reign, and is a great proof of the growing importance of trade.' Still more is it a proof of the King's sagacious appreciation of that importance; though to the name of Parliament such bodies can have no pretension. They must rather have resembled the Royal Commissions to inquire and report, of which we have seen so many, and are likely to see so many more. And, whatever at the present day we may think of the advice which they gave, it can hardly be denied that a king who set the example of procuring information from so competent a source, was animated by an enlightened desire to acquaint himself fully with both the leading principles and details of the different branches of commerce, and to use the knowledge which he might thus acquire for the advancement of the best interests of all. More than one of the alliances by which he hoped to obtain aid towards his French wars was made subservient to the extension of the foreign trade of our own merchants (i. 100); and his encouragement to foreign weavers and artisans skilled in other manufactures to settle in England was not only a lasting benefit to the kingdom, but a proof also of enlightenment very unusual in that age, when jealousy of foreigners, and especially of foreign inventions, was the prevalent feeling in most countries of Europe, and in the hearts of most of her rulers. Nor is it unconnected with the question of Edward's merits as a commercial legislator to point out the statutes by which he provided against the debasement or falsification of the coinage; a measure by which other sovereigns, both before and after his time, endeavoured to enrich themselves at the expense of their people, but which no

previous ruler had ever perceived to be of a character equally injurious to both people and king.* It seems to us, therefore, that the law enacted towards the close of the reign of Henry III., and a charter which his son granted to foreign merchants and afterwards repealed, cannot in fairness be allowed to deprive the King of whom we are speaking of the credit of being the first English sovereign who steadily made the encouragement of the commerce and manufactures of his country one leading object of his policy, even though we of the nineteenth century may see that some of his measures were not those best adapted to secure the objects which he had in view. And the merit of his example is seen even more in the circumstance that more than a century elapsed before it was followed by any of his successors; and that when Henry VII. turned his attention to the subject, he adopted all Edward's principles, and committed the very same errors (as we now think them), even if we may not say that he exaggerated them.

One matter which engaged the attention of Edward and his Council is explained by Mr. Longman with unusual care, because, in truth, it is still one of the questions which most perplexes our statesmen at the present day. In 1348, the plague fell almost as heavily on the cities of England as on those of Tuscany, producing throughout the kingdom 'a fall in the value of land, and a rise in wages.'

'Labourers being scarce, they naturally demanded higher wages, and the King and the Parliament then engaged with them in that long struggle between labour and capital, between employers and employed, which continued till the end of the reign; was one of the causes of Wat Tyler's rebellion; has never since ceased; which never can and never should be attempted to be put down by legislation; and which can only be prevented from breaking out into an open war, ruinous to each, between the two classes, by cultivating a mutual good feeling and a mutual appreciation of each other's interest. It is remarkable that at this period it was the employers who combined to keep down wages by the terrors of legislation, whereas in modern times it is the employed who endeavour to raise them by intimidation; but the history of the measures taken immediately after the Black Death, and repeated, as will be related in the course of this history, from time to time throughout the reign, will

* Edward I. had indeed inflicted terrible punishments on the Jews for the adulteration of the coinage; but his severity seems to have been dictated by hatred of the criminals rather than of the crime. And at this very time the French ruler, the Dauphin Charles, King John being a prisoner in England, was endeavouring to remedy the distress of his people by the debasement of the coinage.

show that the endeavour to fix and keep down wages by criminal law is as futile and as mischievous an attempt as that of trying to raise them by terror.' (Vol. i. p. 309.)

Mr. Longman correctly points out how inevitably all the measures devised by Edward to check the rise of wages failed. One ordinance, indeed, according to which 'labourers were to bring their implements openly in their hands to the merchant towns, and there be hired in a common place, and not secretly' (i. 311), seems calculated by its own provisions rather to secure a defeat of the object aimed at; since clearly no inducement to persist in a demand of increased payment could have been stronger than was afforded by a meeting which showed how numerous were the hirers, how few those desirous to be hired. But the whole question is even now so full of difficulties that we cannot wonder that it proved beyond the statesmanship of the fourteenth century. That no legislation ought to avail or can avail to keep down wages, all parties are now agreed; but we may remark that, if the employers are grown wiser, the workmen have not learnt moderation from them. In the time of Edward the spirit of combination was only roused among them by the improper interference of the law to keep them down; but at the present day they combine without any such provocation, and display not only a settled hostility towards their masters, but a ferocious tyranny towards their own class, which the insurrection of Wat Tyler—which Mr. Longman pronounces one of the fruits of the measures now adopted—affords no example.

A curious law, which Mr. Longman mentions, was probably not wholly unconnected with the object of making sacrifices for the promotion of trade—since trade could not but suffer if all classes of people were impoverished through domestic extravagance. We refer to a statute, which followed up another regulating the apparel of different classes, by limiting the quantity and variety of food which was permissible. It had a moral as well as an economical purpose; for the preamble, which we may abridge a little, recites that 'the excessive and over many sorts of costly meats which the people of this realm had used, more than elsewhere.' 'It had led to the great men being sore grieved, and the lesser people, who only endeavoured to imitate the great ones in such sort of meats, were much impoverished, whereby many evils had happened as well to souls as bodies,' and therefore 'our lord the King hath ordained and established that no man, of what estate or condition soever he be, shall cause himself to be served at dinner meal or supper, or at any other time, with

‘ more than two courses, and each mess of two sorts of victuals ‘ at the utmost, be it of flesh or fish,’ &c. &c. (I. 84.) More curious, perhaps, than that such a law should ever have been conceived is the fact that the monarch himself submitted to it, reducing the weekly expenses of his round table at Windsor from 100*l.* a week to 9*l.*; and certainly more curious than either is the circumstance that we ourselves have in former days been in danger of its penalties; for Mr. Longman informs us that ‘ the Act was left unrepealed till the 19 & 20 Vict. c. 64.’ We had inferred from Hallam that it had been abrogated the year after it was enacted;* but we bow to Mr. Longman’s accuracy, and can only be thankful that the informers who in our boyhood were rife enough, and not unaware of the value to them of an old statute, overlooked the harvest which even the table provided by an Eton master for his pupils would have furnished them.

But there were laws passed in this reign in which no political economist can find a flaw, and which certainly entitle Edward to the respect and gratitude of all who value either the Protestantism or the independence of the kingdom; for by some of these was the first seed sown of that Reformation of which two centuries later England became the most powerful supporter. If we except the statute of Mortmain, passed by his grandfather, it may be said that hitherto no English sovereign had attempted to restrain or limit the authority of the Pope. But Edward soon showed himself resolved not only to check but to extinguish that authority in all matters save those of doctrine; and even on points of doctrine he allowed it to be impugned, if he did not actually encourage and prompt those who called it in question. The tribute of Peter’s Pence had been paid or acknowledged as a debt since the days of the Saxon kings; the pusillanimous John had added the obligation of a far larger payment known as the Census. Edward caused the two Houses of Parliament, including the prelates, to abrogate both payments for ever. In a subsequent Parliament he enacted the celebrated Statute of Provisors, or, as Lingard more correctly terms it, against provisors, ‘ aliens,’ as the Act described them, ‘ which did never dwell in England ’ (i. 346), but on whom the Pope had long been in the habit of accumulating English preferments. And when some of the monks undertook to contest the power of Parliament to call in question the Pope’s rights, Edward employed the celebrated Wiclif to draw up an answer on behalf of the Parliament

* M.A., ch. ix. pt. 2.

(an earlier *Defensio populi Anglicani*), and encouraged him to deliver public lectures against the supremacy—spiritual as well as temporal—which Rome had so long claimed; against the superstitions with which she had overlaid the simplicity of true religion, and had caused it to ‘degenerate into shows and ‘ceremonies;’ nor did he withdraw his protection from him when his zeal led him to denounce the Pope himself as Anti-christ, and when Gregory XI. in consequence fulminated bulls against him, and caused the Bishop of London to proceed against him for heresy. It would be straining the circumstances unduly to attribute to Edward any anticipation of the controversy against the doctrinal errors of the Church of Rome; or any careful appreciation of the importance of such matters. His conduct was probably guided by much the same motives as those which afterwards impelled Henry—by a determination to permit no interference with his kingly authority, which was clearly encroached upon by the attempts of the Pope to appropriate the nominations to the preferments which belonged to the Crown. But even with this limitation, considerable credit must still be given to Edward for his clear perception of what was not only due to his own dignity, but indispensable to the real independence of his kingdom. The temptations to an opposite course, to that of upholding the power of the Pope, in order to employ it as an instrument for the attainment of his own objects and the humiliation of his adversaries, were so strong that even his illustrious grandfather, fearless and politic as he was, had yielded to it; condescending to appeal to the Pope against both the King of France and his own subjects, though such an appeal inevitably placed him in a position of acknowledged inferiority and submission to the potentate whom he thus made a judge of his conduct. The steadfast assertion by Edward III. of his own supremacy, and the learned arguments of Wiclif, may for a time have produced no visible fruit. The labours, indeed, of the theologian stood in need of the great invention of printing to give them effect. Guttenberg and Caxton are the real authors of the Reformation; but Edward III. was the prince who struck the first blow at the temporal authority of the Church of Rome, and as such is in no slight degree the founder of the subsequent greatness of this nation.

We would gladly dwell for a moment on some of the other matters related and discussed in these volumes. On the affairs of Brittany, which had so large a share in inflaming the enmity of the Kings of France and England; but as to which we can only stop to point out that the circumstance which

strikes Mr. Longman as ‘singular, that the promise of assistance given by Edward to De Montfort was not considered a breach of the truce just renewed between England and France,’ may be paralleled in a much later age. For in the last century England had been in arms for two years as the ally of Austria, and France on the side of Prussia, and their armies had fought the battle of Dettingen nine months before it occurred to the Governments of either nation that the two countries must be at war with each other, and before any declaration of the fact was formally announced. We would gladly examine the description of the original early history of the empire; of the condition and affairs of Flanders, and of that singular governor of the country, Jacques Van Artevelde (whom, by the way, Mr. Longman (i. 109) denies to have been a brewer, and) who, in his zeal for the depression of France, seems to have anticipated the feelings and policy of that greater Dutchman, William III.; of the tumults of the Jacquerie, and the designs and deeds of the early French reformers, Etienne Marcel and his ally the bold Bishop of Laon: all of which, with many other events in the history of foreign countries, Mr. Longman relates with scrupulous care, though with becoming brevity, for the sufficient reason, as he explains in his Preface (i. vii.), that ‘Edward’s wars brought him into such complicated relations with various foreign states, that they cannot be properly understood without some account of their history, and of their connexion with each other.’ Still more important to an English student are the notices so judiciously and carefully collected of the changes in the constitution of Parliament; of the gradual growth of the power of the House of Commons; and the sketch of the history of Ireland, since its acquisition by Henry II., with the singular policy which the English Government considered it necessary to adopt, towards both the Irish natives and the English settlers, between whom it prohibited all intermarriage; while readers of a lighter turn of mind would probably be glad to learn the true origin of the Institution of the Garter, the proudest of all the orders of chivalry; and there might even be some to whom the information that ‘then began the English matrons to glorify themselves in the dresses of Celtic Gaul’ (i. 294), would not be devoid of interest. But for these and many other matters we must refer them to the book itself.

Mr. Longman’s estimate of Edward’s character and even of his abilities is, as we have already shown, less favourable than that which we ourselves have formed. But he has related his whole career so minutely and so fairly, that we need appeal

to no other source of information than these volumes as warranting a more lenient, or more complimentary judgment of both. Even as a warrior, Mr. Longman seems to deny him any eminent merit but that of courage, and as we have already mentioned, looks upon that too as alloyed in no small degree by a rashness 'discreditable in king and leader of 'his army' (ii. 296). We doubt whether a censure which would justly be incurred by a modern general who should gratuitously engage in a hand-to-hand combat such as that of Edward and de Ribault, is equally applicable to a chief in the days of chivalry when no troops would have long obeyed one of whose personal prowess they did not behold continual proofs; and we have shown that to dauntless valour he added a high degree of such tactical skill as was practised in that age. The mere recital of his triumphs, untarnished by a single defeat or the failure of any operation in which he was personally concerned, is surely sufficient proof that as a general he had other great qualities besides the indispensable one of courage; and that judged by the standard of his day he was as pre-eminently skilful a commander as he was an unrivalled knight. As a statesman we cannot refuse our praise to him who, though so far mistaken as to believe protection and monopolies to be the best mode of encouraging manufactures, yet discerned clearly (and was the first of our kings to discern) the importance of commerce of every kind, and who spared no exertion to the best of his judgment to promote it. As a patriot king we still cannot regard him who dealt the first blow to the supremacy previously usurped by Rome, and who thus set an example which, in process of time, contributed to the entire emancipation of these kingdoms from the yoke of popery, without grateful admiration. The triumphs of peace, if less showy, are usually more durable than those of war. Edward accomplished both in abundance; and though his latter years were clouded by vexations, some of which, as cannot be disputed, were the direct fruit of his own errors, Mr. Longman must forgive us for agreeing with what is certainly the general voice of posterity; for pronouncing his reign as a whole glorious and fortunate, and for placing him high among the princes who both for intention and action have deserved well of their country.

ART. X.—*Lives of Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham*. By the late JOHN LORD CAMPBELL, LL.D., F.R.S.E. London: 1869.

LORD CAMPBELL'S volume has now been before the world for some months; and the world, unhappily, has made up its mind beyond retractation on its extreme inaccuracy, and its extreme ill-nature. The criticism which had been passed on the preceding volumes of the *Lives of the Chancellors* is even more pointedly applicable to this; 'the style is entertaining, the facts anything he chose to make them, and the spirit depreciatory to the last degree.' It were in vain for us, even if we were so inclined, to urge anything in arrest of a judgment so unanimous. Our contemporaries, most of them in the field somewhat earlier than ourselves, have only added the weight of their critical authority to the verdict which every competent reader had pronounced in his own mind. As to the first charge, we will only say thus much in mitigation, that although Lord Campbell's credit for accuracy certainly did not stand high on the evidence afforded by his former volumes of biography, and although those who knew them were fully prepared to expect a constant sacrifice of the interests of truth to the love of producing a smart effect by anecdotal gossip, yet it would be unjust not to remember that in the present instance we are judging a posthumous work. It is impossible to suppose that he conceived the daring idea of publishing it in his lifetime, even if he had outlived two men almost his coevals; but he might have corrected many an oversight on which his critics have seized if he had prepared this volume for the press. For the charge of malignity, especially as regards Lord Lyndhurst, there is no such extenuation to offer. He left this volume—there is no disguising the fact—as a legacy to mankind of his vindictive feeling towards two great men who had eclipsed him, and—which was less to be pardoned—had not scrupled to show him that they felt their own superiority. With a singular refinement of malice, he took measures to insure the publication of this attack on the memory of those whom he had called his friends, when they should no longer be here to defend themselves. We know not whether Lord Campbell has succeeded in lowering the characters of Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham, but this much is certain, that he has succeeded in placing himself immeasurably beneath them, and that not only in the qualities of the intellect. This is the more to be regretted, because, had Lord Camp-

bell been really aware of his own strong points—had he not been a prey to that unhappy vanity of seeking to rival his intellectual superiors—he might, not quite unworthily, have claimed a place beside these two great lawyers. He started from as low a level as they, and attained a station as high, as far as external position is concerned; he won his way against the like impediments with themselves; but he rose by ‘industrious valour,’ they by genius. A man who has succeeded, without a tincture of that ethereal quality, by mere perseverance and worldly wisdom, can rarely in his heart forgive those who have soared where he has only crawled and climbed.*

But besides the display of this loftier kind of envy, if we can be allowed to apply such an epithet to such a quality, he exhibits proof enough, especially in the case of Lord Lyndhurst, of the existence of pique of another description; a fantastic jealousy, more common amongst ladies of fashion and ladies’ maids, than in the reminiscences of solemn statesmen and great legal functionaries. ‘Having known Lord Lyndhurst familiarly’ (he says) ‘for almost above half a century both in public and private life, I ought to be able to do him justice. . . . All rivalry between us’ (how condescending!) ‘has long ceased, and I am sure I can never be induced to disparage or to blame him from resentment or envy.’ Had Lord Campbell really enjoyed that kind of personal familiarity with his precursor on the woolsack which he seems here and in other passages to affect, the tone in which he speaks of him would have been the more inexcusable. But he does himself injustice. Copley and Campbell were friends at the bar merely in the ordinary sense of legal good fellowship. They were not of the same circuit, they

* It is said that Lord Lyndhurst’s good offices had something to do with obtaining the Chancellorship in 1859 for Lord Campbell, when two other candidates were supported respectively by leading members of the Cabinet; and that Campbell said to Lyndhurst in the House of Lords on the day he took his seat on the woolsack, ‘I owe this to *you*.’

The following letter was addressed by Mr. Campbell to Lord Brougham, in November 1832, upon his appointment to the Solicitor-Generalship:—

‘Court of King’s Bench.

‘My dear Lord Chancellor,—Allow me instantly to express to you my warmest thanks for your kindness, *which I shall never forget to my latest hour*.

Yours most gratefully,

‘J. CAMPBELL.’

So much for gratitude!

never belonged to the same set ; and when Copley married, the slight social relation between them entirely ceased. ‘ Lady ‘ Copley’ (he says) ‘ weeded her visiting-book almost entirely ‘ of lawyers, and their wives and daughters.’ How much wounded feeling lies perdu behind these significant lines must be matter of conjecture. On these points ‘ tout homme est ‘ homme,’ and lawyers assuredly not less than others. One can easily conceive that the kind of fashion, though second-hand at first and somewhat Bohemian in character, with which the ambitious Solicitress-General contrived to surround herself, was a cause of long-enduring soreness to excluded outsiders. Lord Campbell, we believe, never dined in Great George Street in his life, except on occasions when professional usage brought him there ; and when he speaks, with affected circumstantiality, of ‘ the corps diplomatique who were constantly to be seen at his table and at Lady Copley’s receptions,’ he speaks of what his bodily eyes never saw. In fact, Lord Campbell was far too heavy to rise to Lord Lyndhurst’s social level, or to acquire that kind of ‘ chic ’ which distinguished his language and demeanour ; while his solid but rather tiresome qualities provoked the mercurial impatience of Brougham. ‘ We easily pardon those who bore us,’ says La Rochefoucauld, ‘ but we never pardon those whom we bore.’

Lord Campbell’s account of Copley’s early years is simply a tissue of careless gossip full of inaccuracies, which the slightest care would have been sufficient to rectify. But they are not absolutely inaccuracies without an object, the purpose being to connect with his American parentage the accusation that Copley was ‘ a turncoat from the democratic side. But the truth happens to be entirely the other way. All the bent which the young Copley could possibly have derived from his Transatlantic origin must have been of the Tory or Loyalist kind. His mother, whose maiden name Lord Campbell ‘ was ’ not able ‘ to discover,’ was the daughter of Richard Clarke, a merchant of Boston. This Richard Clarke was so staunch a friend of the English Government that he earned the unlucky distinction of being one of the commissioners to whom was consigned the memorable cargo of tea, thrown into Boston harbour at the commencement of the insurrection. Of course, Boston was not long a fit place of abode for him ; and his son-in-law, the painter, Lord Lyndhurst’s father, was involved in his destiny. Mr. Copley happened to be in Italy, prosecuting an artistic tour, when the war of independence broke out. His wife and children, including the future chancellor, a child of three or four years old, rejoined him in England. Mr. Clarke came

over soon after as a fugitive loyalist; and Lord Lyndhurst never revisited Boston until he went there as a travelling fellow from Cambridge. Such are the simple facts; they may be contrasted with Lord Campbell's version of them by anyone who thinks it worth his while. Lord Lyndhurst, the least egotistical of men, certainly would not have taken the trouble to rectify such small matters as regarded himself. 'I never kept a diary,' he says in a short note in his own handwriting, from which we take these details, 'nor have I any memoranda to refresh my memory.' He never, we believe, kept a letter, even on the most important affairs.

Lord Campbell, however, very characteristically takes a different view of this pococurantism on the part of Lord Lyndhurst in matters relating to himself. He complains that no peerage gives any account of his hero's ancestry; 'they all begin with his own birth on the 21st May, 1772. The account of himself which he sent to these genealogists seems to disclose a weakness—that he was very unreasonably ashamed of his family.' Everyone who knew him, and survives to give an account of him, is able and ready to contradict this small insinuation. Lord Lyndhurst lived in his father's house, among his father's pictures, and it was his constant habit to exhibit them to visitors, and to enter into familiar conversation respecting his father. Not only is the suggestion quite gratuitous, but it shows, what many other passages in the diary confirm, not merely a deep grudge against Lord Lyndhurst, but a radical inability to enter into the real character of a mind so intellectually great, and simple in its greatness, as his.

If, as we believe, his youthful notions were democratic, they certainly did not derive that complexion from any affinity with Yankeedom. The fact that they were so, is one on which Lord Campbell is positive. Speaking of Copley's period of studentship (rather unusually protracted, for he was not called to the bar until the ripe age of thirty, after a year or two only of special pleading), his biographer says:

'In those days I never met him in private society, but I did meet him not unfrequently at public dinners of a political complexion. In after life he asserted that he had never been a Whig—which I can testify to be true. He was a Whig and something more, or, in one word, a Jacobin. He would refuse to be present at a dinner given on the return of Mr. Fox for Westminster, but he delighted to dine with the Corresponding Society, or to celebrate the anniversary of the acquittal of Hardy and Horne Tooke.*'

* He earned his first guinea at the Kesteven Sessions, 1803. Mr. Fox's Westminster election took place in 1784 when young Copley

How much of this kind of talk is founded on fact, and how much mere fringe, we cannot tell: all those are dead who could have refuted or confirmed it. But general belief certainly represented Copley not only as having commenced life in the spirit of youthful Jacobinism, but having retained a partiality for that creed until the time when—at the age of forty-three—the Tory Government of Lord Liverpool enlisted him as a dependent. Some have imagined what Lord Campbell omits to notice—that he learnt his creed from personal communication with Volney the French philosopher. Volney was certainly Copley's companion in part of his journey, when travelling fellow, through the Northern States of America. But the anecdotes which the latter used to retail about his associate referred much more to his helpless ways in travelling, and his awkwardness on horseback, than to any transcendental lessons of politics derived from him. However, that Copley was, not in youth only but in middle life, a pretty resolute 'Whig and something more,' rests on much better authority than Lord Campbell's acrid gossip. Lord Denman was a man in earnest, and veracious, and he had been Lyndhurst's contemporary and comrade for years on the Midland circuit.

'Really (he said, on the occasion of the debate on the Municipal Reform Bill, in opposition to which Lyndhurst took a strong Tory part) I feel somewhat astonished that when we are considering what were in truth the opinions of my noble and learned friend on political questions of the highest importance, which divided his contemporaries into keenly conflicting parties, he should plead forgetfulness as to the opinions which he entertained on these questions—twenty years ago undoubtedly, but when he had reached mature years. If these opinions are forgotten by himself, they are not forgotten, and cannot be forgotten, by others. They were not uttered merely in the presence of those who were on terms of close intimacy with him, or in the course of private conversation, but they were openly avowed rather as if my noble and learned friend felt a pride in entertaining and avowing them.' (P. 107.)

But it matters in truth very little, except from his hesitating way of meeting the charge, whether Copley was or was not one of those admirers of the French Revolution who grew in later life into partisans of reaction and alarmists. The real charge which weighs on a memory, in many respects so

was *twelve* years old. He was twenty-two in 1794 at the time of the acquittal of Hardy and Horne Tooke, and the Corresponding Society was suppressed a year or two afterwards. Lord Campbell, who was seven years younger than Lord Lyndhurst, must have been at that time a child in Scotland.

illustrious, is very different. It is simply this—that he never cared a straw for politics except as a game in which he excelled; that he abandoned Jacobinism for Liverpoolism, the Orange cause for that of Emancipation, Protection for Free Trade, when the convenient time for each change arrived, with as much real indifference as he would have felt in changing partners at whist. Such is the opinion respecting Lord Lyndhurst's political convictions which was unanimously held throughout his active life by his enemies, and against which his friends never seemed seriously to defend him. We are not his judges. Some think that the highest order of pure intellect—and to that order he belonged—is really incapable of political partisanship: that its possessor sees over the heads of all the busy crowd who are involved in such controversy around him. If so, we can only commiserate the condition of one possessed of such pre-eminence, but forced—by the passionate love of this world's enjoyment and ambition—to take continually a part of assumed vehemence in contests of which he sees the insignificance and to affect sympathy with honest bigots whom he despises. But we cannot commiserate—we contemplate with far more severity—that intellectual perversity which exults in the success of imposture, and endeavours to use the influence which mental power and the perfect command of irony confer, especially in circles of younger men, to persuade the world that all earnestness is mere fanaticism.

Nor can it be said that Lord Campbell, thorough lawyer as he was, has touched the real landmarks of Lyndhurst's career as a judge with more delicacy than those of his political life. In this, as in the other main aspects of life, he exhibited the highest intellectual power with no corresponding moral elevation. He had every qualification for a great judge but one, the wish to become such. He had no more of the 'last infirmity of noble minds' than of the favourite infirmities of vulgar minds. His judgments on the Bench were such as a master spirit like his might be expected to deliver. But he never seemed actuated by a higher object than to get through the work of the day, and amuse himself afterwards. For common applause he cared not at all. To the appreciation of minds of the highest order, such as those of his abler brethren of the Bench and Bar, he was fully alive; but he did not value it enough to go out of his way to secure it. In the Court of Exchequer, as on the woolsack, it is quite true, as Lord Campbell says, that 'if he had liked, he might have earned the very highest reputation for judicial excellence. Still he would not heartily give his mind to judicial business: his opinion was, and is, of small weight in West-

'minster Hall.' His indolence was fundamental and extreme. Not but that he could shake it off with ease when stirred by passion, as in political warfare; but it required a strong excitement to rouse his powers when judicially engaged; and even at the bar, his disinclination to labour was such as not unfrequently to endanger his success.*

One singular instance of this weakness occurred, according to his own account of the matter, at the very turning point in his career. 'This crisis of Copley's fate,' at the bar, in Lord Campbell's opinion, was the occasion offered him by his successful defence of Doctor Watson in 1815. Lord Campbell, however, does not mention the picturesque way in which the hero of the tale himself recounted it (as we have heard from one who still survives) at a little dinner at his own chambers in the Temple in 1817, at which Jack Campbell himself made the third. Copley confessed to his guests that his prospects on that occasion were within an ace of utter ruin, and that he was only rescued by a marvellous turn of events. He had relied implicitly on his leader Wetherell's proved ability and willingness to occupy the Court for two days at least by his speech in defence; and, with the habitual indolence of his nature, put off preparing himself to follow until he should become aware of the ground over which his leader had travelled. To his horror, Wetherell, after about a couple of hours of rambling introductory talk, suddenly sate down as if he had no more to say. Perdition stared Copley in the face. He was just about to rise in utter unpreparedness, and leap into the blank gulf before him, when Wetherell, his eccentric fit of sullenness or desperation over, jumped up and exclaimed, 'By God this will never do,' dashed at once into the heart of the case, declaimed for the whole of that day and half the next, and enabled Copley—taught by his leader's example what to avoid as well as what to insist on—to succeed him in a speech, which Lord Campbell characterises as

* Lord Campbell states, as an instance of Lord Lyndhurst's indolence, that he only once attended to hear an appeal, as an ex-Chancellor, at the Privy Council, and that was on the celebrated case of 'Jamie Wood's Will,' when he delivered the judgment of the Court. The Reports show that this statement is incorrect. But Lord Campbell has also wholly omitted to state that Lord Lyndhurst was one of the chief promoters of the Act which gave the Privy Council its jurisdiction for the extension of Patents. From his love of mechanical inventions, he took great interest in these matters; and for many years he sat at the Privy Council on all the Patent cases which were heard there, and he framed the rules which still govern these proceedings.

‘one of the ablest and most effective ever delivered in a court of justice.’

As for his eagerness to obtain and retain office, of which his biographer makes as much as possible, his character is in this respect also entirely misunderstood.* To Lord Lyndhurst the emoluments of office were no doubt all but essential: for he was a man of narrow fortunes all the best part of his life; as he evinced when, on descending from the woolsack, he accepted the place of Chief Baron from his political enemies. But for patronage he cared little: for dignity not one fig. Nor is it at all true, as his biographer would have us believe, that he exhibited any undue clinging to office, when the time for duly surrendering it arrived. He fought the battle of party several times to the bitter end; but it was his colleagues' battle as well as his own. On the occasion of an attack, made on him towards the end of the session of 1845, he is represented as

‘looking unhappy, as if struck with a presentiment of his official death. This was at no great distance, but it came about in a manner which no one then anticipated, and which gave him little pain: for the ministerial vessel went to the bottom, and instead of the Chancellor being thrown overboard, as he dreaded, the rest of the crew perished with him.’ (P. 157.)

The fact is, that Lord Lyndhurst had for some time past been urging Sir Robert Peel to let him resign on the ground of infirmity, for he had then nearly lost his eyesight, and was operated on for cataract not long afterwards; but that the Premier conjured him to persevere and share the common destiny which he foresaw.

Another cause which tended to impair his influence in politics as well as on the Bench, was no doubt his contempt for mankind in general. He was thoroughly aware of his own infinite superiority to the ordinary run both of lawyers and politicians. The antics of a Brougham and the solemnities of an Eldon found equally little mercy from his powerful and sarcastic spirit. In his earlier days of slow advance

* It is carelessly said by Lord Campbell (p. 129) that Lord Lyndhurst was ‘four times Chancellor.’ He held the Seals three times only—under Canning and his successors from 1827 to 1832; under Peel in his ‘hundred days’ of 1834; under Peel again from 1841 to 1846. Probably the mistake originated in the circumstance that, for six days of the year 1832, Lord Grey was actually out of office—driven from it by an intrigue of Lord Lyndhurst's own—the Duke of Wellington was named to succeed him, and Lyndhurst was no doubt potentially his Grace's Chancellor. But Lord Brougham continued to hold the Great Seal.

his manner was deemed 'supercilious;' and though his 'good taste corrected this defect, it probably arose from the attitude of defiance which one conscious of his own real value is apt to assume towards the world, when he sees himself outstripped by inferiors with better luck. The habit 'like stern Diogenes 'to mock at men' becomes the tenant of a woolsack no better than the tenant of a throne. Men—whether they be lawyers or politicians—do not readily work their best with, or under, one who belongs to a different rank of mind from themselves, and who, though he may not display the difference offensively, yet cannot assume a deportment more humble than really belongs to him. The sobriquet of 'Mephistopheles' was strangely suited at once to the fine but somewhat mocking cast of his countenance, and to some leading points in his disposition. Yet he presented the rather uncommon contrast of a sneering propensity combined with a singularly genial character. Kind, friendly, placable and urbane, those who enjoyed his society in familiar life, those who had favours to seek at his hand, those who had true occasion to call on his sympathies, expressed themselves very differently concerning him from those who judged of him at greater distance or under less attractive aspects; and yet both judgments were in a sense true. He inspired at once affection and distrust—tender and considerate to those about him; pitiless to the world.

One of his few oddities on the Bench was this: that although he exhibited singular patience, and very rarely interrupted counsel, yet the motion of his lips frequently showed that he was talking to himself. The sound of these mysterious utterances never reached the barristers' table. But his registrar—more conveniently placed—could now and then catch them, and interpreted them in senses by no means complimentary to tedious orators or to prevaricating deponents. On one occasion (it is related in a privately printed memoir),—

'A barrister, whom he had not previously heard, was retained to argue before him. The counsel was a man of ability, but began in a very confused, floundering manner. Lord Chancellor: "What a fool the man is!" After a while he got more cool and collected. Lord Chancellor: "Ah! not such a fool as I thought." Finally he quite recovered himself, and proceeded admirably. Lord Chancellor: "Egad! it is I that was the fool."

It is no cause for surprise that Lord Lyndhurst contributed nothing to the progress of Law Reform, which began after the removal of the old obstructive potentate Lord Eldon. In fact, he only retarded it. He had neither zeal, nor application, nor ambition to set about it himself, but he had a ready critical

faculty for the purpose of detecting the errors of others, and making the worst of any mistake or extravagance which they might commit.

‘His merits (says an ingenuous Quarterly panegyrist) as a law reformer are less generally known than his singular abilities as a judge and a statesman. Nor is it more for the bills he has promoted than those he has *prevented*, that he is entitled to distinction. . . . No one has rivalled him in the acute discrimination between plausible fallacies and real improvements.’

Thus it was that he succeeded, with the assistance (if we remember rightly) of an accomplished member of the bar, in defeating and postponing for years the bills for the establishment of Local Courts. Lord Campbell appears never to have forgiven Lord Lyndhurst for having overruled his argument on the vexed question of irregular marriages (*Rex v. Millis*, 1842), and afterwards settled the question by legislation in a reasonable and constitutional way. He gives a still more perverse and blundering account of the bill brought in by Lord Lyndhurst on the subject of marriages between a widower and his late wife's sister. The original proposal of Lord Lyndhurst was to legalise all such marriages, and no doubt he took up the question in compliance with the wishes of the then Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, who were so married. Two of the Bishops strenuously opposed the bill; and Lyndhurst accepted the strange compromise that all existing marriages of this character should be declared to be good, and all such future marriages be void. This arrangement covered the case in which he took an interest, and he cared nothing for the future consequences of the law to others.

Greatness cannot be achieved in any pursuit, even with the aid of the most powerful faculties, unless the heart be engaged in it; and that of Lyndhurst was never really on the Bench. It was far away, at one or other of the three shrines at which he really worshipped: party politics, pleasure, and fashion. As to the latter cause of seduction, it is scarcely necessary to say that our considerate biographer does his best to colour and ridicule the taste of Lord Lyndhurst for the attentions of society. Exempt from a great many ordinary weaknesses of mankind, neither age nor dignity entirely cured him of this. He had tried hard, even in earlier days, to follow that difficult way, impracticable for the tactless man and seldom practicable for the self-respecting man, which leads out of professional society into the sunlight of the high-bred drawing-room. But his success became far more distinguished when, in middle life, he had united himself to a

lady so well qualified by personal charms and ambition to be a leader of fashion as the first Lady Lyndhurst—‘his beautiful wife, so like one of Leonardo da Vinci’s pictures,’ as Lady Charlotte Bury, no superficial judge of the charms of her own sex, describes her on her first coming out.*

One advantage which he possessed in a very high degree, for enacting at once the man of fashion and rank, cannot be passed over even in the most trivial notice of him—his splendid personal appearance, and the easy gracefulness of manner which accompanied it. We can remember following three great law lords of the day—Lyndhurst, Denman, Langdale—as they happened to walk together arm-in-arm in Lincoln’s Inn, admirable models, each in his way, of manly beauty, and drawing in our own minds the Jacobinical inference, that the Peerage, with all its Norman blood, had no other three specimens to show equal to these—the sons of a painter, a doctor, and a Cumberland ‘statesman.’

Lord Campbell’s own ideas of the career of a man of fashion, it must be owned, partake a little of the May Fair novel order. Lord Lyndhurst, he says,

‘gave dinners in the most splendid style, heightening the effect of the artistic performances of his French cook and Italian confectioner by his own wit and convivial powers. It was rumoured that his band of attendants at table was sometimes swelled by sheriffs’ officers put into livery, there being frequent executions in his house; but I believe that for these stories, so generally circulated, there was no foundation.’ (P. 55.)

Certainly not: and we may add that the Italian confectioner is as much a creature of Lord Campbell’s invention as the sheriffs’ officers.

But the pursuits of fashion and pleasure, strong as was the relish with which he followed them, were, after all, mere inter-

* We do not mean to trouble our readers with Lord Campbell’s gossip about the first Lady Lyndhurst and her conjugal relations with her lord, or with his ill-bred and inaccurate allusion to the second lady who bears that name; but one of his anecdotes is worth noticing. Speaking of the first Lady Lyndhurst’s death, which took place in Paris, he says, ‘Her husband was sitting as Chief Baron in the Court of Exchequer when he received the fatal news. He *swallowed a large quantity of laudanum*, and set off to see her remains. But his strength of mind soon again fitted him for the duties and pleasures of life.’ Lord Campbell was probably not aware that Lyndhurst was through great part of his life addicted to the use of laudanum in small quantities mixed with water. He habitually took it thus when travelling to enable himself to sleep in a carriage. A circumstance which no doubt gave rise to this story.

ludes in the great game of politics, the real and engrossing passion of his soul. He applied himself to it with all the ardour with which any exciting occupation, be it love, or gaming, or party conflict, is usually embraced by those who become addicted to it late in life; for he was upwards of forty when he entered Parliament. But it was very long before his real power was fully recognised. Lord Campbell is mistaken in assigning to him a much more prominent part than he really played in the successive ministries of which he was a member before the Reform Bill. He seems to be misled by the same professional bias which, throughout the series of his 'Lives of the Chancellors,' inclines him to ascribe to lawyers an ampler share in this world's affairs than really appertains to them. 'The Chancellor,' he says, speaking of the Duke of Wellington's advent to power in 1828, 'now filled a larger share in the public eye than at any former time. He was reputed to have had the principal hand in forming the new Government.' So far was this from being the case, that he was merely recognised among his colleagues at this time as an able speaker whom circumstances had rendered indispensable, but in whom the Duke of Wellington had small confidence, and Peel (as Lord Campbell himself allows) none at all. We have it on better authority than Lord Campbell's, that as late as the crisis of 1830 'the Duke never talked to or consulted his Chancellor, and all the time they were at Walmer together they had no more communication than if he had been the lowest clerk in the Treasury.' The truth is—besides the ordinary difficulties against which a mere man of talent, without connexion or patrons, had to struggle in a Cabinet of very second-rate and exclusive politicians, in which there was no other man of Parliamentary eminence except Peel—the Chancellor lay under disadvantages special to himself. He was thoroughly distrusted. His famous *volte-face* on the subject of Catholic emancipation in 1829, which his biographer characterises as a 'good-humoured abandonment of character,' had set the seal on the reputation for unscrupulousness which he had acquired at the very outset of his career. Years passed before men ever spoke of Lyndhurst as a political personage, without a shrug or a glance which seemed to recognise him as a discreditable necessity of the times. He was fully conscious of this prepossession, and fully conscious, also, that his only method of rehabilitating himself was by the exercise of temper and patience, joined with unrivalled talent and daring. When placed in opposition by the change of administration in 1830, he found himself for the first time free from the trammels of

office, and able to give free scope to his incomparable power of sarcastic criticism. But, even then, the cloud of suspicion hung heavily over him. If the Whigs regarded him as the most dexterous of their enemies, the Tories held him as yet for a very unsafe friend. It was predicted amongst them (falsely, but characteristically) that he would vote for the second reading of the Reform Bill. His clever consort was apt in conversation to side openly with the Reform party, and visitors were often edified with a half-playful contention on the subject between the two heads of the household. A well-informed observer of that period quoted in this Journal for April 1867 (in a review of the Correspondence of William IV. and Lord Grey) thought him, just at this crisis, 'undecided;' 'that he had 'always had a hankering after Lord Grey and the Whigs; and 'had expressed himself in very unmeasured terms upon the 'Duke's blunders, and the impossibility of his being again 'Prime Minister.' But this was not all. We have already made allusion to Lord Lyndhurst's pecuniary circumstances and expensive habits; and he did not possess that faultless mail of character against which the common imputations drawn from poverty and extravagance rebound without making at least a temporary impression.

Such was the state of things in the Tory camp, and such the precarious condition of Lord Lyndhurst's reputation, when he astonished both parties by his daring, and (for immediate purposes) well-timed motion of May 17, 1832, for 'postponing 'disfranchisement to enfranchisement.' The face of affairs was altered at once. Ministers were beaten by a majority of thirty-five; they resigned; and within a week were in office again, imposed on the sovereign by the irresistible voice of the people.

Lord Campbell takes (as might be expected) the received view of this proceeding: a very shortsighted view in our opinion.

'Lord Lyndhurst's indiscretion (he says) gave a complete triumph to those who shouted out, "The bill, the whole bill, and nothing "but the bill." When the Peers were to discuss the bill clause by clause in committee, he resorted to a manœuvre which he thought very clever, but which was not only transparent, but clumsily executed. He moved that the disfranchising clause with which the bill began should be postponed till the enfranchising clauses were disposed of: this he did in a speech against all disfranchisement, clearly betraying his purpose to defeat the measure altogether. The Duke of Wellington, and the whole Tory party, confiding in his prudence, though wishing he had taken a more straightforward course, rallied round him, and his amendment was carried by a large majority. When the division was announced, he chuckled

exceedingly, and in a stage whisper exclaimed, "Grey is check-mated!"

He then proceeds to recount, in dramatic style, the scene which followed when Lord Lyndhurst was called from the bench of the Exchequer to form a Government, and his failure in the attempt. 'Brougham has often told me with glee,' (he adds in another passage) 'the fatal mistake which Lyndhurst committed by his sweeping motion. Lord Grey might have exclaimed, "The Lord hath delivered them into my hand!"'

The occasion, we suspect, demanded an acuter and less commonplace critic than Lord Campbell, or than Brougham himself, if Campbell has correctly reported him. It is true that the battle and the campaign were lost, but Lyndhurst had done his best to cover and retrieve the defeat of his party. Like Napoleon in the campaign of 1814, nothing seemed too desperate to be attempted when the alternative was annihilation; and the effort made, with a transient and deceptive success, proved that a force existed which, wisely directed, might still prove the nucleus of a party and offer hereafter a steady and not ineffectual resistance. Lord Lyndhurst did, on the whole, the best for his party, and certainly for himself. He inspired the Tories with that unconquerable spirit, and that restored unanimity, which brought them back to power in a few years, although their chance, with a Reformed Parliament, had been pronounced by all observers absolutely hopeless; and he taught them that confidence in himself which made him one of their most powerful chiefs, though he never attained to the real leadership of the party.

Still, it was some time before he acquired even this amount of supremacy. Even in 1834, when the short Peel ministry was called into existence, he told a friend that he 'was not much consulted in the formation of the Cabinet,' although for the second time Chancellor. Even in 1841 we believe that Lord Lyndhurst endeavoured to persuade Sir Robert Peel to give office to Mr. Disraeli, by making him Secretary to the Admiralty, which was then the object of that statesman's modest ambition: but Sir Robert Peel refused. Much arose out of that refusal. This being so, those who love romance may believe, if they can, the extraordinary story told by Lord Campbell, apparently on the authority of the 'Times,' that he was offered the Premiership and with it the title of Earl Copley, at some unknown period between 1835 and 1841. This assertion is totally inconsistent with all the known facts of that period.

But to Lyndhurst, as to most men of the critical tempera-

ment, office, however coveted, did not afford the soil in which his genius really throve. It was after the return of Lord Melbourne to power, in the ensuing period of opposition, that he culminated. His annual 'reviews of the session' were masterpieces of the contemptuous style of oratory. Had not their purpose been at once so temporary, and their performance so carefully suited to the mere occasion, they would have ranked high among our records of political eloquence. As it was, they were effective at the moment, and then perished.

But it was not by these obligatory speeches, delivered like a poet-laureate's odes as a matter of official duty, that Lord Lyndhurst acquired his real influence in the House of Lords and in the country. It was an influence, the like of which has never been possessed there by any other man in modern times: not easily intelligible, nor definable except by negatives. It was not that of eloquence: it was not that of the persuasive power which arises from recognised political honesty. It was not created by a sense of subjection to his extraordinary knowledge, or even extraordinary political acuteness. It was not the singular spell which mere resolute egotism casts over inferior minds: for never was there a less egotistical man of eminence. He was, as we have said, no writer: Lord Campbell speaks of him, absurdly, as one who 'would rather starve than disgrace himself by authorship;' the fact simply being that he was far too indolent, even when at the bar, to try this slow and thorny road to employment: he never reported a case or published a treatise. Nor was he a reader: in early life he had been a student, but not a hard one; late in life he was fond of books, but for purposes of entertainment and general information only; in middle life he read hardly at all. His knowledge was chiefly of the 'cram' order, and he was well aware of this, and smiled at it. During the debates on the law of divorce in 1857, he was hard pressed by the Bishop of Oxford with something out of St. Augustine. On the next renewal of the controversy, he informed their lordships that 'in consequence of that statement he had felt it his duty to look into the voluminous 'writings' of that saint; and thereupon gave the House the benefit of his learning by telling an indelicate story on Augustine's authority.

His power was founded in truth on sheer intellectual pre-eminence. None assuredly of our days, perhaps none of any day, have equalled him in the great Parliamentary, as well as forensic, art of unfolding a subject in such a manner as to carry conviction by mere strength of exposition. It used to be said

when he was at the bar that the statement of a case by Copley was worth any other man's argument. The same feature in his Parliamentary oratory is brought prominently forward in the very able sketch of his character which appeared in the 'Times' newspaper on the occasion of his decease.

'No doubt, every subject that came under his powerful and scrutinising mind was subjected to the keenest and most searching analysis; but, that analysis once made, every trace of it disappeared. Let the question be ever so intricate or complicated, when Lord Lyndhurst applied himself to expound it, it became clear, simple, and easy. The effect which he produced upon his audience was that there was but one possible view of the subject, and that view was before them.'

It is a pity, doubtless, that the biography of Lord Lyndhurst must conclude, if it is to be justly written, with a passage of his life which happens to be almost the last of public interest, and which illustrates a certain side of his character only too completely. Lord Campbell alludes to it, and his book has been criticised on account of that allusion: but, for once, Lord Campbell has done no more than an act of justice. Lord Campbell had introduced into the Lords (1857) his well-known bill to prevent the sale of obscene publications. Never was enactment more called for: and, considering the obvious difficulties in the way of dealing completely with such a subject, few police measures of recent times have had greater practical success. And it must be said, in due honour to its promoter, that he acted in the matter entirely under a righteous sense of what was required for the public good—other interest in it he could have none. Man of the world as he was, he knew full well that he was exposing himself, for that object only, to the sneers of well-bred society, especially in that class in which his own ordinary conversation at this time lay; if he did not, in addition, make himself a mark for the coarser fun of the libeller and the caricaturist. Of course there was much to be said, and reasonably, as to the questionable policy of such a measure. But Lord Lyndhurst—*ætatis* eighty-five—was not content with merely indorsing the prudential reflexions of other peers. He could not be satisfied without at once turning his old associate into ridicule, and indulging in a vein of criticism which we must suppose to have had peculiar attraction for him. He seems to have felt, like his prototype in Faust.

'Ich bin des trocknen Tons nun satt,
Muss wieder recht den Teufel spielen.'

This was on the second reading. Lord Campbell had the bad

taste to comment on Lord Lyndhurst's objections to his measure by personal offensive remark, and that delivered in so low a tone—purposely, as some averred—that his infirm old adversary could not hear him. Lord Lyndhurst had his revenge a few days later, and took the same opportunity (on the third reading) of making a kind of apology for the offence which he had given to those large classes of his countrymen who could not exactly comprehend the delicate refinement of his erotic distinctions. Such was the unfortunate subject of one of his last contributions to Parliamentary oratory. Happily for his memory, he lived even yet to take part in discussing some of the nobler topics of the day, and almost his latest appearance on the stage which he had so long adorned was to enforce the great duty of national defence.

We pass from the biography of Lyndhurst to that of Brougham with a feeling of relief; because, although our author retains in it his character of a careful chronicler of faults and follies, it is conceived on the whole in a less petty spirit of detraction. The characteristics of Brougham's intellect were, after all, more akin to those of Lord Campbell's own. His was a mind, with all its power, of far coarser texture than Lyndhurst's. Although a greater man in many respects; although he has left a name that will live, while that of his rival will have perished from men's memories in two or three generations; he was, notwithstanding, compounded of grosser clay. He lacked originality of genius. After all that can be said of him, his portrait, as given after their quarrel by his friend Barnes of the 'Times,' than whom no one knew him better, is in substance the true one:—

'To him the *creative* is not given. He is an advocate, and nothing more: an advocate who gains attention without inspiring any deep or enduring interest; an advocate who entertains his audience, who strives to cut away objections or obstructions by the edge of sarcasm and by the power of reason; an advocate who can be vehement, but never earnest; who exhibits heat of temper but not of passion, and could as rarely win the sympathy of jurors as he could the sober sanction of the judge.' (*Campbell*, p. 508.)

Another trait of the same kind may perhaps be added: that with much power of amusing by extravagance and banter, he was deficient in wit. We cannot remember a single witty saying of his recorded in conversation or expressed in writing. Hence the extreme difficulty of preserving any record of what was at the time so strange and diverting. There is no man of whom it will be more impossible to hand down a distinct image to posterity.

To such a mind, as we have said, that of Lord Campbell was more nearly allied than one of finer texture. Moreover, the spite which he conceived against the Whig Chancellor was of a less intense order than that with which he judged of the Tory; although he believed that he had more substantial cause of offence against the former.

‘I am sorry to say (he informs us, speaking of a supper at Jeffrey’s in 1834) that this was the last reciprocation of cordiality between Brougham and myself till more than ten long years had elapsed. He now began (without any fault of mine, as far as I am aware) to view me with jealousy, suspicion, and ill-will, and to do everything in his power to thwart my plans and to injure my prospects.’ (P. 457.)

Brougham, in Campbell’s belief, interfered to prevent his rise from Attorney-General to Master of the Rolls. ‘He felt ‘that he had injured me, and he hated me accordingly.’ This sounds like a morbid suspicion of injury: but it may be true. Brougham was as eccentric in selecting the objects of his antipathies, as capriciously malevolent in stinging and persecuting them, as any wicked fairy in the old French story books: and Campbell may have been one of these objects, though we have no better authority for it than his own. Moreover, Brougham was in the habit of making the matter-of-fact Scotchman the subject of his rough jests and coarse style of depreciation. But all this sank far less deep, and rankled far less severely, than the keen sense of inferiority provoked by the loftier and more polished contemptuousness of Lyndhurst, and the calm exclusion from his and his wife’s society, of the ambitious, pushing, and really able aspirant after place and fashion. There are minds which cherish the memory both of injuries and slights: but they feel that they have repaid, or can repay, the former: not so the latter.

Lord Campbell’s sneers at the ancestral vanity occasionally displayed by Lord Brougham have no doubt a little more foundation than his sarcasm on Lord Lyndhurst for being ashamed of his father’s profession. But a few harmless romances about the Broughams of Brougham Hall scarcely deserved so much ill-natured comment. Whether the Chancellor’s immediate family were, or were not, connected with the baronial race which (heraldically) died out in the fourteenth century, must be left to the decision of future antiquaries, when the present stock shall have attained greater antiquity of its own. The Chancellor always assumed that it was so; and his family believe the claim to be well founded. But he was more proud of his Scotch descent through his mother than of that

from the Broughams, who, he declared, even in the fighting Middle Ages, were noted for being 'rather prudent than daring.' The most distinguished among them, he used to say, was in danger of his head for having given up Appleby Castle to the Scots; was let off with a fine, but sent by way of commutation to the crusades, whence he contrived to return unscathed, and died in his bed. He asserted that the fiery portion of his blood came from the Celtic element in that of the Robertsons—the clans of Stuart and Kinloch-Moidart. His grandfather, according to Lord Campbell, was an attorney, and became steward to the Duke of Norfolk. His family, we believe, deny the attorneyship. But it is certain that when the Mr. Brougham in question died, the then Duke, Charles, who lived at Greystoke, attended the funeral with other neighbouring gentlemen. It came off with circumstances such as beseemed the presence of so jovial a patron. As soon as the party assembled at the funeral collation, the Duke proposed the health of the family physician, 'the founder of the feast!' Due honour was given to this and many other toasts; and when the party, thus primed, arrived at the church door, the hearse indeed was found to have accompanied them, but the coffin was missing! It had fallen into the river Eamont by the way, the drunken driver having contrived, probably in some violent lurch, to bring his vehicle into collision with an overhanging rock. The oaken case was smashed to pieces, but fortunately the leaden one remained entire, and lies to this day in the vaults of St. Ninian's, with the marks of contusion upon it. The misadventure not only sobered the company for the time—as well it might—but was said to have occasioned the disuse of similar orgies in after time.

They were, however, strong-blooded races, both Broughams and Robertsons. Though neither Lord Brougham's father nor his grandfather attained an advanced age, yet longevity was hereditary among them. One of his aunts was a centenarian. And he says, in a memorandum made in the latter part of his life,—

'It is a certain fact that I, now writing in the latter half of the nineteenth century, have heard my grandmother, then about ninety years of age, relate the circumstances of the execution of Charles I., as they had been told to her by an eye-witness, who stood opposite to Whitehall and saw the King come out upon the scaffold.'

For Lord Brougham's mother everyone who has spoken with authority respecting her expresses a high veneration.

'Henry (says Lord Campbell) traced to his mother both his genius

and its early cultivation. She thoroughly understood his disposition, and was ever on the watch to encourage his laudable aspirations and to repress his irregularities. In all the vicissitudes of his life she continued to show her discernment and disinterestedness, insomuch that, when she first heard of her boy being Lord Chancellor and a peer, instead of exulting as most mothers would have done, she exclaimed: "Well, if he is pleased I must not complain; but it would have suited our Henry better to have continued member for the county of York, and a leader of the Liberals of the House of Commons." (P. 223.)

Lord Brougham, says his biographer on the other hand, 'never spoke irreverently of his father, but evidently did not consider himself under any peculiar obligations to him.' This disparagement of the paternal, as contrasted with the maternal element in the composition of great men, is rather characteristic of our present age of goddess-worship. But the fact is, as we have been informed, that Lord Brougham always expressed himself as peculiarly indebted to his father (who had been sent to Eton) for one portion of his culture, in which he had greatly the advantage of his young Scottish associates. This was his knowledge of the classics: which everyone would have admitted to be very respectable, had he not himself thought proper to lay claim to a very exaggerated share of it, as in parading his pretentious translation of the *De Coronâ*, which affords his biographer occasion for many gibes. The power of nervous, and especially close, rendering into English of classical originals was one of the minor accomplishments which he certainly possessed and cultivated. Blest, as he honestly avowed, with no poetical faculty whatever, he confined his efforts in verse to translations, making it the object of his ambition to render his original nearly word for word. He gave a curious instance of his power in this way when, in the House of Commons, wanting to quote the trite Horatian lines,

'Falsus honor juvat, et mendax infamia terret
Quem, nisi mendacem et mendosum?'

he gave them, off-hand, in English instead of Latin,

'False honour charms, and lying slander scares
Whom, but the false and faulty?'

Jonathan Raine and other men of classical acquirements were urgent with him to find out where he got the translation; but he could only answer 'Nowhere.'

We must needs pass over the account which this volume contains of Lord Brougham's boyish life and Edinburgh studies: the circumstances which it recapitulates are generally

known, and with some good and authentic anecdotes (obtained chiefly from Lord Cockburn) is mixed, as usual, a great deal of very worthless gossip. Perhaps the following reminiscence will be set down as such:—

‘Brougham’s companions (in his college days at Edinburgh) consisted of two sorts, viz. intellectual men, such as Jeffrey, Cockburn, and Murray—and fellows of dissipation, fun and frolic, such as Sandie Finlay, Jack Gordon, and Frank Drummond. Perhaps these two sorts of associates might have occasionally blended themselves together. But after having been found discussing literary and philosophical questions with the first set, he was sure soon after to be found rollicking in taverns, ringing bells in the streets, twisting off bell-pulls and knockers, or smashing lamps, with the second. ‘On one occasion, when there seems to have been a coalition of the two sets—for Jeffrey, Cockburn, Moncrieff, afterwards Lord Moncrieff, and Cunninghame, afterwards Lord Cunninghame, were present—Brougham, after having himself twisted off divers knockers and smashed divers lamps, suddenly disappeared; and the result showed that, for the sake of having a wicked laugh against his companions, he had gone and given information against them to the police, that they might be shut up all night in the *Tolbooth*, and carried next morning before the Lord Provost. However, they took to their heels on the police appearing, and they all escaped except one, who likewise got off by a bribe of five shillings to his captor.’ (P. 231.)

For once, this trivial anecdote may be received as orthodox by those who take an interest in the early follies of Lord Chancellors. This kind of raid on the knockers was one of the constant exploits of the set; their ardour being mainly excited by the fact that in their venerable Old Town knockers as yet had no existence, while they were insolently paraded on the doors of the upstart New. The number thus torn off must have been prodigious, for Brougham declared that he recollected a large dark closet in his father’s house of which he kept the key, literally filled with these *spolia opima*. They had in truth no choice but to hoard them, as discovery would have been ruinous. It is strange to be informed that the last and most audacious of these piratical expeditions occurred when Brougham had reached the age of four and twenty—still stranger that one of his comrades was actually the sedate Francis Horner, rather the elder of the two.

It was in his twenty-second year, and that of his call to the Scottish bar (1800), that an event occurred which, though unrecorded by Lord Campbell, was very deeply felt by himself, and of which the influence long remained unextinguished by time and change of scene. This was the death of his favourite

brother, Peter, who had just joined the army, in a duel, by the hand of a brother officer, at Bahia, on his way to India.

The strong and even passionate nature of Brougham's family attachments was at all periods of life a marked feature in his character. It seemed the one yielding point in an iron nature; its one propensity, disengaged from self. Yet there was something abnormal and unhealthy, even about so fine a quality. His love of his mother is very inadequately described by Lord Murray (note to p. 223) where he says that Henry Brougham was 'a most affectionate son, though he was no way disposed 'to display that or any other of his tender feelings.' His fondness for his only daughter—the short-lived 'Eleanor Louise' to whose memory his château at Cannes was dedicated—was engrossing, and her loss went near to break his heart, absorbed as he then was in the multitudinous world of employment which he had created for himself. In the last years of his life the same intensity of yearning was almost revived, the object being a little son of the present Lord, whom for some time he could scarcely bear out of his sight. But of all his kindred, in early life, Peter* was the best beloved: his favourite, the trusted confidant of all his feelings and fortunes. This sudden and tragical bereavement (so he himself believed) actually unhinged his mind for a time. There were various periods in Brougham's life in which that over-vigorous mental frame underwent a partial collapse; and this was one of them. He was—or afterwards fancied that he had been—possessed by an irrational desire of vengeance on the murderer, and burned to set out without delay in pursuit of it, under a temporary forgetfulness that the object of his anger was in another quarter of the globe.

Lord Campbell's account of one of the best remembered incidents in the early life of his hero, namely, his participation in the establishment of this Review in 1802, has that legendary flavour which attaches to most chronicles of the commencements of great human enterprises. Having, in truth, nothing of his own to say about it, he has thought proper to borrow, without any acknowledgment, the story facetiously told by Sydney Smith in the Preface to his works, instead of resorting to the plain narrative given in Lord Cockburn's *Life of Jeffrey*.

'The scheme was concocted in a room on the eighth or ninth story or flat of a house in Buccleuch Place, then the residence of Jeffrey :

* This name, we suppose, had some particular popularity in the family, since Henry (according to Lord Campbell) was entered of the Scottish bar as 'Henry Peter.'

and instead of the motto ultimately adopted from Publius Syrus, "Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur," it was proposed to take the line from Virgil's first eclogue, "Tenui Musam meditamur avenâ," "We cultivate the Muse, living on a little oatmeal."

'The eighth or ninth story' is poetry: as it happens that Buccleuch Place is in the New Town, where the houses in those early days rose to the uniform height of three stories only. Lord Campbell's taking Sydney Smith's classical joke as to the motto in earnest, is characteristic. But he proceeds to add to the picture a few imaginary traits. 'On the 10th October, '1802, the first number of the Blue and Buff actually appeared, 'with three articles from Lord Brougham's pen: Art. 23. on 'Wood's Optics: Art. 24. on Acerbi's Travels: and Art. 27. 'on the Crisis of the Sugar Colonies.' Brougham's contributions really amounted to *six* articles in the first number; the three additional being on Olivier's and Horneman's Travels, and Playfair's Illustrations; besides helping Jeffrey in another. But if scant justice is here done to Brougham's fertility in production, more than amends are made to him by the piece of exaggeration which follows.

'Lord Cockburn, the biographer of Jeffrey, told me the following anecdote, for the truth of which he said he could vouch: Brougham, after he came to reside in London, wrote to Jeffrey, saying that he had immediate occasion for 1000*l.*, which must be remitted to him by return of post, and for which there should be value delivered for the "blue and buff." The 1000*l.* was duly remitted, and in the course of six weeks Brougham sent down articles, on a vast variety of subjects, which made up an entire number of the "Edinburgh Review," one of these being on a "new mode of performing the operation of lithotomy," another on the dispute as to light between "the Emissionists and the Undulationists," and a third on the "Music of the Chinese." ' (P. 251.)

Anyone who will take the slight trouble of referring to the Index for the first twenty volumes will see that this facetious anecdote, attributed to Lord Cockburn, is not only inaccurate, but has not the slightest foundation. No such combination of articles as here suggested, nor anything which can be distorted into it, will be found. And the pecuniary part of the tale stands self-convicted, when we remember that at that time, and for some years after (as we are told in the Life of Jeffrey) contributors were paid at the rate of ten guineas a sheet only. But it is most true that Brougham was, as Jeffrey described him, 'wonderful for his vigour and variety.' In the first twenty numbers, Jeffrey wrote seventy-five articles; Sydney Smith twenty-three; Horner fourteen; and Brougham eighty.

To Brougham, with a mind of so miscellaneous a character as his—full of ambition, but ambition burning for distinction in many exciting pursuits, in literature, science, politics, ‘publicism’ as it used to be called, for which, in the days when he produced his ‘Colonial Policy’ and studied the subject of the Orders in Council, he believed himself to have a decided vocation—the labours of the Bar, to which he devoted himself through sheer necessity, inspired at the outset nothing but disgust. ‘That cursed profession’ he calls it in his last letter to his unfortunate brother Peter. We have seen a curious letter from the young advocate to Lord Grey, in which he expressed the desperate repugnance with which he started on his first circuit, and his consciousness that the store of law he took with him was exceedingly small. And though he raised himself to the highest position which the Bar can confer, he never became penetrated with its real professional spirit or professional style. He would have been a far inferior man—in the eyes of all but solicitors and his brethren of the Northern Circuit—if he had. In one sense of the word, perhaps, the greatest advocate who ever lived, he ranked in all its ordinary senses far below much smaller men; and, with all his vanity, he was fully aware of it. Of legal acquirements he was indeed by no means so destitute as his detractors used to maintain, when it was said of him as Chancellor that ‘if he only knew a little law, he would know something of everything.’ But such knowledge as he possessed was chiefly that of his early student-life, retained by the aid of a very tenacious memory: he ‘really was,’ says Lord Campbell, who may be believed when he speaks well of anyone, ‘a very respectable Scotch feudalist.’ And this qualification, improved by his employment on Scotch appeals, stood him in good stead when on the woolsack and in the House of Lords, the rest of his storehouse of technicalities being empty enough. As to his position on circuit and in Westminster Hall as a barrister, Lord Campbell’s description, allowing for the coarseness of much of its sarcasm, is no doubt true enough.

‘Not until he had become a member of the House of Commons, and acquired fame there as a debater, did he gain anything approaching to regular practice in courts of law. Occasionally he was employed where a splashing speech was wanted in an assault case or an action for slander, but it was soon remarked that he was more solicitous to gain distinction for himself than to succeed for his client: he could not resist the temptation to make a joke at his client’s expense: he showed no tact in conducting a difficult case; and if he was a “vigorous,” he never was a “verdict-getting,” counsel.’ (P. 256.)

choly mood. 'He greatly missed,' says Lord Campbell, 'the House of Commons, which had not only procured him agreeable excitement, and strengthened his claim to political promotion, but assisted him materially in his profession. Generally' (he adds with much acuteness) 'a lawyer's practice at the bar leads to Parliament; but in Brougham's case Parliament led to practice at the bar. His forensic performances, unaided, would never have given him any considerable position. Accordingly, his practice fell off, and he began to despond.' We have before us—in confirmation of this statement—a letter from Brougham to a political friend in 1813, in which he thus expresses himself:—

'If anything should come in my way soon, I should certainly jump at it. What frame of mind I may be in at the next dissolution, really I can't tell; for time and other pursuits change one's taste, and one's capacity not less: and I may then have no fancy for either Liverpool or the Westminster patriots. I mean to try my profession for a couple of years longer in town: and if I find I succeed well—if I don't get on a vast deal better than I have done during the last two years—I am not quite so young as to continue leading a disagreeable and unprofitable life in London, when I might enjoy more profit and a thousand times more ease in the country; confining myself to my circuit, on which I am pretty sure of success.'

'But about this time' (says Lord Campbell, very loosely in point of date) 'he began to form the connexion which finally led to the distinction' of becoming Attorney-General to Queen Caroline, and thence obtaining the right to a silk gown. In point of fact, that connexion commenced at a much earlier period; about 1806. It is impossible for us to enter into the history of this leading event in Brougham's life, or even to attempt a correction of the disjointed chat, rather than misrepresentation, in which Lord Campbell has indulged respecting it. On one point, perhaps, Lord Brougham's memory deserves some rectification of current misconceptions. For these he had, indeed, in great measure to thank himself. That he was for years the Princess of Wales's confidential adviser is well known: and it may be doubted (notwithstanding his panegyrics on himself) whether that ill-fated lady attained, on the whole, much benefit from her relations with him. But it has been not uncommonly asserted, of late years, that his statements that he was also the confidential and chosen adviser of her daughter, the Princess Charlotte, were unfounded or greatly exaggerated. The extraordinary *broderie* with which he himself adorned his narratives on the subject partly caused these suspicions. The revelations of Miss Knight's Remini-

scences, contradicting as they did flatly many of the particulars of Lord Brougham's account, and corresponding with the recollections of a lately deceased lady whose intimacy with the Princess was closer than that of any other person, only tended to increase them. There was, however, substantial truth at the bottom in his account of his own position towards the young Princess. In private letters of the time he says that he was invited by herself to advise her when, in 1812, she entertained the project of running away from Windsor, which she afterwards renewed and executed from Warwick House; and that he then succeeded in dissuading her. However this may be, we have good authority for believing that he was formally consulted by her, through Lady Charlotte Lindsay, in 1814, 'respecting her marriage, and the carrying her out of the 'country,' as the poor young lady, half frightened and half mutinous, chose to designate the project for uniting her to the Prince of Orange. The part which he took in the Warwick House affair was therefore not self-invited, nor as an agent of the mother. But as to his wonderful narrative of the details of that incident, very cursorily noticed by Lord Campbell, we have not a word to say in Brougham's support. It is, in plain truth, romance from beginning to end. Even the story, now quoted in histories of England, of his leading the young Princess into a balcony, in the early morning after her escapade, showing her the multitudes assembling for a Westminster election, and addressing her in language of solemn caution on the subject (p. 293), seems to be disproved by the simple fact that on the day in question there was neither a Westminster election, nor nomination, nor even a public meeting connected with it. We really in our own minds believe—and it is the most favourable supposition—that the whole circumstance was not an invention, but (to use a word which, as Lord Campbell says, was a favourite with Brougham himself), a 'hallucination.' Perhaps, as in the case of some other singular men, the memory of events, especially those of which he was himself the hero, gradually acquired in his mind new dimensions and new particulars, until he really believed in the truth of fancies which had first occurred to his imagination only in the shape of illustrations of what might have been.

We must pass over Lord Campbell's account of Lord Brougham's sayings and doings in the more important matter of his connexion with the Princess of Wales herself, terminating with his unrivalled exertions at her trial when Queen. The story has never been fully told, nor can be. The recently published *Life of Lord Liverpool* brings out in stronger

colours than before that one marked stain on the conduct of the great advocate, for which he never, we believe, attempted seriously to account. There we find the whole story of the letter of pacification addressed by George IV.'s Ministers to Caroline before her arrival in England, entrusted to her adviser for delivery, and not by him delivered. Had its contents become known to her at the time, the whole course of events might have been different. They were not known until the quarrel had gone too far for any basis of reconciliation to be fixed on. All that can be said is, that if Brougham was at that time guilty of the grievous error of judging of his client's interest by the light of his own, he repaired it, as far as it could be repaired, by the extraordinary vigour of his advocacy when the questions affecting her were brought to a judicial issue. Daring at once, and skilful, and cool-headed to a degree in which such qualities are very rarely found together, he conducted what to ordinary men seemed a desperate case to a triumphal victory. He so managed to keep up the popular interest respecting her, that never for one moment, notwithstanding all the odious revelations which were one by one disclosed, did the mass of the public falter in her defence; so managed to control himself in the face of a hostile tribunal and powerful opponents, that, without once giving ground, he never placed himself within their power. And this he did alone: of his legal assistants, some were zealous but wanting in tact, others inferior or inexperienced; all afraid of the hazardous course into which they deemed that their leader was seducing them. If the victory then obtained was thrown away, and only added bitterness to the final discomfiture of the unhappy client for whom he had won it, the fault was hers and not her advocate's.

The result of the Queen's trial raised Brougham to a pitch of popularity such as had never been achieved by English advocate before. That of Erskine, which perhaps came nearest, lagged far behind. His name was literally in every mouth; men of the world, in their admiration of his successful audacity, mingling their tribute with that of his ordinary supporters—the phalanx of Whig-Radicals in the centre, philanthropists on one flank and march-of-mind men on the other, who formed his body-guard. Nevertheless, there was again for a time an ebb in his fortunes, which he bore with little patience. It has been often observed, with truth, that notwithstanding the lamentable exposure of Royalty and its courtly appendages made through the Queen's trial, yet in point of fact their loss of popularity was of short duration. George IV.

was never so favourably received, nor had so much his own way, as during the short period between the death of the Queen and the break-up of the old Tory administration. Consequently, what Lord Campbell justly calls 'the King's pusillanimity in making a personal affair between himself and Brougham and Denman of what had passed during the Queen's trial,' by refusing them 'silk,' contemptible as it might be, was not an unsuccessful piece of persecution. This exclusion, which the pertinacious monarch maintained until finally overcome 'by the manly representations of the Duke of Wellington,' caused its victim a good deal of personal loss as well as annoyance. 'Nathless he so endured,' until the removal of Liverpool from the scene opened the avenue to place and power, first to the intermediate body which followed Canning, finally to the Liberals pure and simple. At the time of their advent to power, in 1830, Brougham was by far the most influential man among them through genius, audacity, and that strong hold of power over the 'masses' which he had recently increased by his famous Yorkshire election.

His position in the country was such that it gave great colour and weight to his pretensions to be a master and leader over those with whom he was acting on the formation of Lord Grey's Cabinet. They had therefore to buy off those pretensions at a high rate. It has been said that he employed his out-of-door power ungenerously, by forcing himself on his colleagues as Chancellor. We believe this charge to be altogether unfounded. Lord Campbell tells the tale of the negotiations between them as follows:—

'What Brougham's views and wishes originally were with respect to the office he should fill on the advent of the Whigs to power, I never could rightly learn. I hardly think that he had long aimed at the Great Seal, for this necessarily involved the loss of his dignity as member for the county of York, and for ever excluded him from the House of Commons—the only scene for which, as an orator, his powers were well adapted. He positively refused on this occasion to make any counter proposal, or to give a hint of the sort of place he desired, saying that "he was resolved not to be included in the arrangement, although he should be disposed to support the new Government *in as far as he conscientiously could.*" These portentous words caused great dismay, but the conference broke up, and the hour of the two Houses assembling arrived, without anything being settled respecting his appointment.'

Among the arrangements afloat during the formation of the Government, which were numerous and various, we believe that the one which Brougham would have preferred was to give the Great Seal to Sir John Leach, and to take the

Mastership of the Rolls himself, retaining his seat in the House of Commons. But Lord Althorpe positively declined to attempt the leadership of the House under the control of so formidable a coadjutor. There certainly was an ugly interval of doubt and uncertainty, which lasted a day or two, and is thus described by a well-informed contemporary:—

‘Brougham was displeased at not being consulted at first, but was indignant when Lord Grey proposed to him to be Attorney-General. Then he showed his teeth, and then they grew frightened, and soon after they sent Sefton to him, who got him into good humour, and it was made up by the offer of the Seals.’

Brougham's own version of the tale was, that he wanted the Seals to be put in commission, with three judges; but that Lord Grey would not hear of it and had forced him to take them. However this may be, the final success of the treaty was celebrated by a small dinner at Lord Sefton's, in company with the Greys and others of the winning side; when, under the genial influence of the most famous *chef de cuisine* of that day, Brougham expanded into high spirits and admirable fooling, while Montrond, in his broken English, addressed him, ‘You Lord Brougham? when you mount your bag of wool?’

Never, certainly, was such a magnificent option between two grand careers offered to any English lawyer, or perhaps to anyone engaged in English political life. Whether he chose wisely or not was much debated then, and has been generally decided in the negative since. He left a House, and a position, much more suited to the display of his peculiar talents. He gained honours which tickled the imaginative part of his disposition.

‘He was indifferent (says Lord Campbell) to the pecuniary emoluments of his office,* but much pleased with the immense patronage which belonged to it—partly from the pleasure which he sincerely

* Brougham had to refuse, as unprofessional, large presents which were in various ways pressed on him for his services in the great matters in which he was engaged. After the defeat of the bill of pains and penalties against the Queen, her Majesty pressed him to accept 7,000*l.* from her for himself, and 4,000*l.* to divide amongst her other counsel. He declined, and endeavoured to explain that professional etiquette rendered it impossible. She was disconcerted, and said ‘lawyers were inscrutable people.’ Weeks afterwards, Douglas Kinnaird suggested to her that the salaries of her law officers were unpaid. She refused to attend to the hint, saying the Queen must pay her debts before she paid her Attorney- and Solicitor-General. The sum thus due was under 200*l.*, and was paid—together with other legal fees on the ordinary scale—by the Treasury after her death.

felt in being able disinterestedly to oblige a friend, but partly also, perhaps, from considering what a high price he could now pay for praise, and how lavishly it would be bestowed upon him.'

But, we suspect, a deeper reason than any of mere immediate advantage lay below. Brougham was no Radical, how often soever in his agitated life he may have made Radicalism serve his turn. He was in truth very anxious (as is well known) to maintain those very parts of our old constitution which Lord Durham, and others among his coadjutors, were most eager to destroy. But though he was no enemy to rotten boroughs in his heart, he loved his own popularity more. He watched the popular movement around him with an anxiety which it was his interest to conceal, but which he could not always avoid exhibiting. He must have known well enough that the proud position of an independent power in the House of Commons could only be maintained by concession to democratic feeling, which would little suit his real inclination, and would compromise him whenever the next turn of the tide should occur. The ministerial leadership of the Commons was refused him. The Chancellorship, therefore, remained as an almost unavoidable alternative. It mattered, in truth, far less than he or his friends imagined, what choice he made. The fundamental and ruinous defects of his character must have made their way to the surface equally in any capacity. He could dazzle, stun, and frighten: but he could never have commanded either Parliament or the country, because he could neither control his temperament nor inspire confidence. Whether as the people's Member for Yorkshire, or as Master of the Rolls in the Commons, or as Lord Chancellor of the realm, his fate must have been the same—to raise the most splendid expectations, and to see them marred by a deplorable want of prudence, forbearance, and constancy.

Then, and still more in the following year, when the Reform mania reached its height, occurred another of those periods of intoxicating popularity which 'cet homme aux foudroyantes 'émotions,' as Dumas calls his Monte Cristo, enjoyed in the course of his life. At the coronation of William the Fourth,

'having been present myself as a member of the House of Commons (says his biographer), I can testify that when the Lord Chancellor, the first of the lay peers after the royal dukes, presented himself on the steps of the throne, knelt, and went through the antique ceremony of doing homage to his liege lord, the plaudits were so loud as not only to make the vaulted roof of the sacred edifice to resound, but almost to shake its massive walls.' . . .

'Brougham now bore his blushing honours thick upon him; and

may be considered as at his highest point of greatness. Although he held the Great Seal for two years more, ere long there were dissensions in the Cabinet, there were discontents among the Radicals, there were dangerous disturbances in Ireland, there were complaints that the Reform Bill by no means produced the felicity promised from it; discoveries were made that the Chancellor's judgments were sometimes rather crude, and heavy reproaches were levelled against him from many quarters that he had utterly forgotten solemn promises of promotion and patronage. But for a brief space—comprising the end of the year 1832, and the beginning of 1833—he enjoyed, I really believe, a greater supremacy and popularity than any of his predecessors, Cardinal Wolsey alone excepted. The nation was actually mad about the Reform Bill, and the merit of carrying it through the Lords was chiefly attributed to Lord Chancellor Brougham. He boldly asserted, and people for a while believed, that he had cleared off all arrears in the Court of Chancery—the first instance of such an exploit since the time of Sir Thomas More; he had promised reforms in every department of jurisprudence, which were to render the administrations of justice in all courts, civil and criminal, common law and equity, temporal and ecclesiastical, simple, speedy, certain and cheap. He circulated reports that in the midst of all his political and judicial labours he had renewed his experiments on light and colours, and that he was preparing a new edition, with notes and illustrations, of Paley's *Natural Theology*; and by the distribution of his own patronage, and borrowing liberally from the patronage of his colleagues—above all, by promising, five or six deep, places which were in his own gift, and many which were not,—he had enlisted in his service a corps of literary janissaries such as had never before existed or been imagined in this country. He was eulogised superlatively in all sorts of publications. The “*Times*” newspaper was called his organ—even the opposition journals excepted him from the censure cast on the other members of the Whig Cabinet, on the plea that, although associated with them, he was exempt from their odious aristocratic tendencies, while he eclipsed them all by his talents and acquirements. Dedications, attempting to describe his virtues, were showered down upon him by all classes, particularly by the clergy: strangers flocked to London from all parts of the kingdom to look at him: the Court of Chancery—generally a desert from its dulness—as often as he sat there was crowded to suffocation. When his carriage drew up in the street a mob of admirers gathered round to see him get into it, cheering him as he passed by; and the Italian image-boys gave orders for grosses of Lord Brougham in plaster of Paris, faster than they could be manufactured. In this palmy state he could not be accused of “high-blown pride,” for he was good-humoured and courteous and kind to everybody, and seemed to regret that he could not at all times enjoy social intercourse with old acquaintances on a footing of perfect equality.’ (Pp. 412–14.)

It might have been added, in the same vein, that this fit of

Brougham-worship gave birth to the shepherd's-plaid trousers, immortalised by Doyle; and to the serviceable little carriage, so familiar to our eyes and so strange to those of our fathers: 'an odd little sort of garden chair, belonging to the Chancellor,' Moore, the poet, calls it in his diary. One day when his Lordship had driven to the House in this vehicle of his own invention, which Robinson, the coach-maker, had christened after him, he was met in the robing-room by the Duke of Wellington, who, after a low bow, accosted him—"I have always hitherto lived under the impression that your Lordship would go down to posterity as the great apostle of education, the emancipator of the negro, the restorer of abused charities, the reformer of the law. But no—you will hereafter be known only as the inventor of a carriage." "And I, my Lord Duke, have always been under the delusion that your Grace would be remembered as the hero of a hundred battles, the liberator of Europe, the conqueror of Napoleon—but no, your Grace will be known as the inventor of a pair of boots." "Damn the boots, I had forgotten them: you have the best of it."

The relations between Lord Brougham and the Duke of Wellington were, it may be observed by the way, singular enough. The Duke, hostile as his position was to the Chancellor's, liked his banter and was amused with his eccentricities. His Grace had also, in his simple-minded way, a kind of mysterious reverence for lawyers: he regarded them as a kind of necromancers, whose black art was too powerful for him and lay statesmen in general to understand or to resist. And he was under the delusion also that Brougham was really a very great lawyer. On the other hand, Brougham, who feared few men, stood, for some reason or other, in peculiar awe of the Duke. The compiler of an unpublished diary of the day thus describes a curious interlude which he witnessed between the two:—

'March 22nd, 1834.—A few nights ago, Brougham was speaking in the House of Lords (upon Lord Radnor's motion about University Reform), and was attacking, or beginning to attack, the Duke of Wellington in that tone of insolent sarcasm which is so peculiar to him, when in the midst of his harangue the Duke from the opposite side lifted his finger, and said loud enough to be heard, "Now take care what you say next." As if panic-struck, Brougham broke off, and ran upon some other tack.'

The reader will find enough, and much more than enough, in these pages, of the grotesque extravagances with which the Chancellor diversified his really enormous labours during his

four years of office ; his overbearing vehemence, his fun and satire, his wearisome self-laudation, his quarrels with the Bar and the Bench. We gladly pass by this disagreeable part of the subject, on which the writer dwells with a kind of zest, not unnatural in a veteran sharer in these scenes, but which he cannot communicate to any reader except, perhaps, a few veteran lawyers of the same stamp, if any such survive. Lord Campbell, however, by his notice of one or two of the more remarkable of these instances of petulant irregularity, has called into the field the only important witness left of those days of discreditable memory, Lord St. Leonards. We would speak with all respect of a great lawyer, the father of the profession in our day : nevertheless, we must think that his Lordship would have consulted his dignity better by leaving the deceased biographer's small malice unnoticed, and not making so much of trifles as he has done in his 'Misrepresentations in Campbell's *Lives of Lyndhurst and Brougham*.'

The first story of which he complains is that respecting his indignation, as Sir Edward Sugden, at the Chancellor's very unbecoming habit of scribbling letters while counsel were addressing him.

'As the most marked and effectual intimation of his displeasure, he suddenly stopped in the middle of a sentence while the Chancellor was writing. After a considerable pause the Chancellor, without raising his eyes from the paper, said, "Go on, Sir Edward, I am listening to you." Sugden : "I observe that your Lordship is engaged in writing, and not favouring me with your attention." Chancellor : "You may as well say that I am not to blow my nose, nor to take snuff while you speak."—Sir Edward sate down in a huff ; but on this occasion he was laughed at, and the Chancellor applauded.'

Now Lord St. Leonards fully confirms the authenticity of this very important anecdote ; but then, he avers solemnly, 'huff, on my part, there was none ;' and 'the statement that I was laughed at, and the Chancellor applauded, is wholly untrue.'

The next disparaging passage to which Lord St. Leonards forcibly recalls our attention regards a circumstance which made noise enough in its day. It matters little now why, but on a certain occasion the Lord Chancellor, in his place in the House of Lords, so far exceeded even the outrages which he was in the constant habit of perpetrating not only on dignity but decency, as to call Sir Edward Sugden for something he had said in the House of Commons 'a bug.' The insult was filthy, and deserved not only resentment but punishment, and in their respective positions this was not difficult to administer. Yet soon afterwards, and whilst the Chancellor and Sir Edward

Sugden were not on speaking terms, Lord Lyndhurst was deputed by Brougham to offer to the very man he had so grossly insulted the office of a Baron of the Exchequer, a Privy-Councillorship, and the Deputy Speakership of the House of Lords. Sugden's answer to this unexpected proposal was dignified enough. 'Tell the Chancellor,' he said, 'that whilst things remain as they are, there is nothing which he can ever have to offer that I would accept.' This message, it seems, was not delivered; and shortly afterwards, Sugden having occasion to enter the Chancellor's room on a matter connected with the business of the Court of Chancery, the following strange interview and reconciliation took place:—

'Drawing a little back I said, "I am afraid before I leave this room I must say what may be disagreeable to you." "Good God! what can you have to say that is disagreeable to me?" "When," I said, "I entered this room, you held out both your hands; taken by surprise, I accepted one of them. I am compelled to tell you that whilst things remain as they are, those are terms upon which we cannot meet." "Good God! have you not seen Lyndhurst? have you not received a letter from me?" I told him of my interview with Lyndhurst, and that I had received no letter. "Well then," he said (it was so like him), "I will give you secondary evidence of its contents. At eight o'clock in the morning, in bed, I called for pen, ink, and paper, and I wrote a letter to Lyndhurst, but which was intended for you, in which I told him that I should think it the best act of my legal administration if I could prevail upon you to accept the offers I desired him to take to you." I remained perfectly still. He then said, "I think if I had been in your place I should have thought such an offer and such a letter a full satisfaction." Still I remained silent. Gathering himself up, and turning half away, he said, "Well, I think that when a man feels that he has done wrong, the sooner he says so, the better." I went up to him, gave him my hand, which he grasped kindly, and I said, "I am much obliged to you, and I shall never again think upon what has passed."'

The undignified disclosures which these opposite stories, contrasted and collated, make respecting the character of great legal sages and the lofty assemblies to which they belonged—the jealousies and the backbitings, the covert sarcasms met by coarse insolence, the utterly petty and personal nature of the quarrels themselves, the cool disregard of the public interest evinced by all the combatants, as when the place of Puisne Baron and a deputy speakership are offered, through a convenient friend, to soothe a personage whom the friend's friend had just called a 'bug'—these things incline one to fancy that one's lot would be better cast in a convent of middle-

aged ladies, than amidst a set of uncontrolled law lords and law officers. We will however adopt, at all events, as far as conscience will let us, Lord St. Leonards' concluding words.

'In rising even from this slight perusal, I cannot but feel how insignificant is my cause of complaint when England herself has just grounds of lament. With all their faults—and who is without them?—Lyndhurst and Brougham in civil life were two of the men of this age whom she justly admired: she was proud to call them her sons, and will not allow them to be thrown from the pedestal upon which she has placed them, and upon which they still stand. Their lives remain to be written.'

Lord Campbell himself had, we know, a very low sense of the dignity of the profession by which he contrived to rise to fortune. It is on record that he said one day to the late Lord Chief Baron, when they happened to be sitting together in the House of Commons, 'Pollock, we lawyers receive the high wages of an infamous profession;' and the tone of the present volume proves that, as regards himself, the sentiment was not an affected one. But we must protest against this being an honest or accurate description of the British Bench or the British Bar. Contrast with it the character of Lord Kingsdown, which we attempted to portray in our last number. Contrast with it numberless examples, both past and contemporary; and with none more than with another law lord of the period, who, if he were still alive to defend himself, would have stronger cause for an indignant vindication than Lord St. Leonards. A story is made up of Bickersteth's promotion to the peerage in 1837, 'it having been kept a profound secret from him that he was expected to be the champion of the Government against Brougham . . . He did not know what was expected of him till he had actually taken his seat on the Barons' bench, when he could not unpeer himself. He was then in great consternation, for he would as soon have met the devil as Harry Brougham'—and so forth. Lord Langdale, though no match for Lyndhurst or Brougham in oratorical power, and still less for the one in cynicism and the other in effrontery, was a man of sense and discretion, and, moreover, of too much self-respect to descend willingly into such a bear-garden as those two eminent functionaries had by that time made of the House of Lords. Far from entering the House of Lords as a 'ministerial champion,' Lord Langdale had reluctantly accepted a peerage solely on conditions that 'he was to be as free under Lord Melbourne's Administration as if he had received his judicial appointment from his opponents.' These were his own words to the Prime Minister. It was in the exercise of this freedom that soon after

his elevation to the Peerage he damaged Lord Cottenham's bill for 'bisecting the Great Seal,' by simply stating to the House a preferable proposal of his own—the very reverse of Lord Campbell's assertion, that he spoke 'intending to support the 'Government measure.'*

We turn with much greater satisfaction to topics which no fair biographer should lightly pass over, and to which Campbell himself does some, though we cannot say adequate, justice. It is the natural sequence of things that exaggeration of praise should be followed by undue depreciation; and this has been eminently the case with the hero of the English Revolution of 1832. Because Lord Brougham was possessed with an unworthy passion for self-laudation—because he magnified his own merits on all occasions, in place and out of it—because, as far as he could, he employed caresses, and intrigue, and persuasion to get everyone else to join in the chorus of encomium on his judicial merits, therefore the world, in disgust, has embraced somewhat too hastily the opposite conclusion, that his Chancellorship was in truth a series of promises without performance, and a failure. Nothing could be farther from the truth. We must remember the state in which he found the Court of Chancery: the congealed mass of 'cold obstruction' which he was called on to thaw and disperse. It seemed indeed a task beyond the forces of any man, let alone one who had in truth to learn the very elements of his business as an Equity judge. But he accomplished it. He vaunted himself enormously: but he performed his vaunts. The arrears in Chancery, the standing reproach of our domestic polity, were demolished. It is all very well to say that in this or that particular the work was unsatisfactorily done, or that it was really done by such and such minor help, and not by the unassisted club of Hercules himself: but done it was. The unhappy world of litigants breathed a freer atmosphere once more. And, with Brougham's determination, and his broad and clear views of jurisprudence, so far superior to those of the herd of working lawyers whose greater technical knowledge enabled them to sneer at him, the evil once removed would not have reappeared. We cannot but believe that had he retained his place and his faculties, Chancery reform, in this country, would have been a reality. The merits and demerits of that time-honoured anomaly, our equity system, would have been searched to the bottom, and the valuable residue cleared from the worthless accretion of centuries which has

* See Hardy's 'Life of Langdale,' vol. ii. p. 4.

grown around it. But this was not to be. Brougham's reign was short, and in its close disastrous. And the command of British jurisprudence was handed over once more to men of the ordinary stamp—to such as the Cottenhams and the Campbells: admirable equity lawyers, without an idea beyond the case which they were considering: or busy common lawyers, raised to their post, like Brougham himself, by politics, but without a spark of Brougham's genius. *Ex illo sublapsa referri spes Danaûm*—and the prospect of real reformation, not superficial, improvement, seems now as far off as ever.

But to Brougham's judicial achievements were added legislative achievements of a much higher character. How large his share may have been, as distinct from that of his colleagues, in their greater measures—the Slave Emancipation Act and the Municipal Reform Act—cannot now be ascertained; but they bear strongly the impress of his mind, and were mainly carried by his advocacy. Some of the most valuable modern additions to our judicial system are either directly the result of his conceptions (as the institution of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and that of the Central Criminal Court), or effected by other minds working on materials roughly shaped by himself (as the whole system of the administration of justice by the County Courts). His labours in the cause of rectifying the abuses of our charitable foundations were really enormous; but we cannot hold him so successful in these as in some other of his great designs, because, we think, he never fully apprehended the fundamental conditions of the question. Enough, however, has been said to establish a lasting claim on the nation's gratitude on behalf of her great though erratic child, not only as the partisan and defender of many a noble cause, but as one who did more than his full share of appointed work, for his own time and for posterity.

The account given in the Life before us of the part enacted by Lord Brougham in the great drama of the Reform Act of 1832 is of course very imperfect, the writer not having been at that time behind the political curtain, and not having had the benefit of the full revelation since made in the publication of the correspondence between William IV. and Lord Grey. Lord Campbell therefore was not aware—though he evidently had his suspicions—of the entirely fictitious character of the two startling narratives dictated, as it seems, by Brougham to Mr. Roebuck, the one respecting the Dissolution, the other respecting the manner in which the Royal disinclination to make Peers was overcome. We must refer the

reader on this subject to a former number of our Journal * in which the baselessness of these curious romances is, we fear, demonstrated. Were they mere inventions? or had they their origin in some delusion? The latter is our own hypothesis; and though the subject be a painful one to dwell on, it cannot be passed over in any attempt, however slight, to judge impartially of so great a name.

The truth is, we cannot doubt, that at this time Lord Brougham's head was turned—not in a figurative sense, but literally. Over-excitement, vanity sometimes gratified and sometimes irritated, incredible labour, and constitutional restlessness, had done their work on that powerful but abnormal brain. From the end of the session of 1834, through his wild visit to Scotland, and for many months after, his mind was clearly off its balance. We have already given our reasons for conjecturing that this was not the first occasion on which that sensitive organisation had given way. Not that he was ever insane in the medical sense of the word. But his temperament became for a time uncontrollable, his perceptions of facts and of reasoning greatly disordered.

Thus much requires to be said for the sake of justice. For it is a common, and a rather cruel, practice with sarcastic judges of mankind, first to fix on a man the stigma of madness, and then to lay to his charge all the eccentricities of which he may have been guilty as seriously as if they were the deliberate aberrations of one in full possession of his faculties. Lord Campbell repeatedly insinuates his belief (on good apparent ground) that Lord Brougham's mind was in some portions of his life disordered. And yet he exposes all the grotesque and lamentable exhibitions made by his friend during those unhappy intervals of eclipse with all the zest, and all the detail, of which the subject is capable. No doubt his book is rendered thereby much more amusing. But for our own part, we confess that even to read these anecdotes, of which the immediate interest has ceased for thirty years, causes something of that pain and indignation with which we should witness a malicious jester provoking amusement by inviting attention to the pranks of hapless idiocy or diseased fancy.

The causes of Lord Brougham's rupture with his allies in Lord Grey's ministry were no doubt many, and some of them have probably remained to this day in the condition of those few Cabinet secrets which are religiously kept. But we do

* Ed. Review, vol. cxxv. pp. 529 and 546.

not question that one at least of the reasons which implanted most strongly in the minds of the leaders their determination to get rid of him as soon as possible, and never to have anything to do with him again, was that referred to by Lord Campbell (p. 432), namely, his conduct in respect to the Irish Coercion Bill of 1834. Lord Grey, it will be remembered, imputed to his Irish Secretary, Mr. Littleton (Lord Hatherton), an indiscreet and unauthorised communication to O'Connell respecting that projected measure, though we may be able to show at length, on some future occasion, that it was not so, but had arisen from a correspondence with the Lord-Lieutenant. Lord Brougham thought proper to defend in the Lords a practice which was habitually resorted to by himself.

“He did not know how Government was to be carried on if certain leading men were to be considered as tabooed and interdicted from all communication with the Government. *He* was also,” he added, “in the frequent habit of corresponding with the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. He had communicated with him on every subject interesting on this or the other side of the water.”

It was inconvenient enough to be engaged with a colleague who was troubled with no scruples at all on a point which to Premiers is of all the most ticklish—that of the license of private communication respecting Cabinet plans with outsiders. But a Minister who avowed his superiority to all rule and restraint on this head was clearly intolerable. He must himself be Premier, or nothing. And from that time Lord Brougham had to submit to the latter alternative. Of this, however, it was long before he acquired the conviction.

‘Brougham has often told me that at this time (1834) he had himself the offer of being Prime Minister, but that he positively declined it, and named Melbourne. I strongly suspect that this only appeared to him in a dream, and that the story is now believed by him only because it has been so often narrated by him. But certain it is that, either without any such offer to Brougham or after it was rejected, the offer was made to Melbourne, and that he, despising all pretended modesty, at once agreed to become Prime Minister, if the King's sanction could be obtained. The King was cruelly disappointed; but he was told by sensible Conservatives that the time for his emancipation had not yet arrived: and he gave his consent.’ (P. 433.)

Lord Melbourne accordingly assumed the Premiership, the Chancellor showing, in his biographer's phrase, ‘a strong disposition to be Viceroy over him.’ Then followed the quarrel with Mr. Barnes of the ‘Times,’ which announced the dissolution of partnership between the two Thunderers in the famous words,

‘ We have stood by him fifteen years, but are now compelled ‘ to throw him over.’ One more triumphant progress, to which we have already referred, through Scotland (where his worshippers had not realised the fact of his enormous fall), and his reign was ended. The Duke of Wellington formed a new Government. Brougham, in his restless anxiety to be ever in the foreground, demeaned himself so far as to ask Sir Robert Peel for the office of Chief Baron—a step which we think he would not have taken, had he been then in sober possession of his faculties. Offended now by both parties, he contributed with all his vigour to the fierce warfare which drove the Tories in a few months out of place. Lord Melbourne returned to office: his Chancellor did not. Lord Campbell was then Attorney-General, and we may receive for authentic his narrative of this transaction. With characteristic self-possession, ‘ having been told of the difficulty about Lord ‘ Brougham,’ he urged on Government his own claims to the Great Seal as next in succession.

‘ Melbourne observed to me, “ With Brougham I cannot act, and “ I will not again make the attempt. We are sensible of your “ services, and have perfect reliance on your steadiness and “ your discretion; but there are circumstances which will render it “ impossible for us to give you the Great Seal at present, and we “ must think of some other arrangement.” ’

The wary Attorney-General missed his spring this time, and the Seals were put in commission; as he believes, in order to spare the late Chancellor the mortification of being superseded by a successor. Brougham continued, at all events, through the session, to fight the battles of his old party with feverish volubility. It was at this time that, by his coarse *outré* conduct, he began to do that durable mischief to the dignity and efficiency of the House of Lords as a deliberative assembly on which we shall have to dwell more closely when speaking of the latter part of his life. The following is the description of the daily scenes of that session given by a constant attendant on the debates:—

‘ Brougham’s insolence and violence have done great injury to the House of Lords, by lowering the style and character of its debates, and introducing coarseness and acrimony such as were never known before. Hardly a night passes without some discreditable scene of squabbling and vituperation, bandied between him and the high Tory lords, one or other of them: their hatred of him, and his scorn of them, are everlastingly breaking out. He and Lyndhurst, though constantly pitted against each other, are great friends all the time; but with the others it is a rooted passion of hatred and contempt mutually felt and continually expressed.’

It was not until the appointment of Lord Cottenham to the Chancellorship at the end of 1835, that Lord Brougham opened his eyes (according to his biographer) to the unhappy certainty that he was finally thrown over.

‘I have never learned,’ says Lord Campbell, ‘on any authority what Brougham said or did when first he heard that he had been betrayed, and that he was now an outcast, but there seems no reason to doubt that not only his bodily health but his mind was seriously affected. . . . Rumours were spread abroad that, like Lord Bacon, when disappointed at not being made Solicitor-General when he had a right to expect the appointment, he had resolved for ever to renounce public life, and to devote himself to philosophy ; but I believe that his secession is to be ascribed only to his utter incapacity for public business. Though generally plunged in deep melancholy, the recluse at times fired up and said “he would be off to London,” but his medical attendants would by no means permit him to leave Brougham Hall until his spirits should be more equal.’ (P. 476.)

The cloud, however, passed away, and at the opening of the session of 1837, Brougham ‘returned to London in full vigour ‘of body and mind.’ He was not yet sixty: his faculties as powerful as ever, his industry as unwearied: but his day was past. The rest of his course was to be ‘bound in shallows ‘and in miseries.’ His last hope of restoration to power vanished when the Queen at her accession placed the administration unreservedly in the hands of Lord Melbourne. He then went entirely into Opposition, ranged himself on all important occasions with the Tory side of the House, and became the most fluent and most rabid opponent of the associates of his former life. According to Lord Campbell—whom we quote without vouching for him—

‘his manner at this time was cool, collected, and dignified. He continued to sit on the ministerial side of the House, and he kept up a speaking acquaintance with his old colleagues when he encountered them in public ; but he long absolutely refused to meet any of them in society, and he not only would not interchange visits with them, but he would not enter any room where there was a risk of coming in contact with any of them. In his own mind he had vowed their destruction, and he was indefatigable in the efforts he used to accomplish this object.’

Lord Melbourne had at that time to contend, as well as he might, with very little aid in his own House, against the extreme suspicion and dislike which his alliance with O’Connell had engendered in the mind, not only of enemies but of friends ; and this made him the more sensitive to the constant worry inflicted by the stinging rhetoric of a quondam adherent, whose hostility he might otherwise have despised. ‘The diffi-

‘culties of the Government,’ said Sheil, ‘are how to deal with a bully and a buffoon.’ Lord Melbourne was frequently victorious in the long and wearisome struggle which he had to maintain in the House of Lords: as on that memorable occasion when, after an onslaught from Brougham of more than usual eloquence and pertinacity, he asked the Peers to reflect ‘how strong the reasons must be which precluded Her Majesty’s Government from availing themselves of the services of such a man.’ But, on the whole, his spirit quailed under the unwearied vindictiveness of his persecutor, in whose breast, as Homer expresses it, Jupiter had lodged the daring spirit of a gnat. This, insignificant as it may appear, was one of the causes which rendered office so distasteful to Lord Melbourne. He threw it off as a mere burden, with little struggle and no display. When his resignation was at hand, and everyone was expecting a pathetic farewell, with a laboured defence of his past policy, he, like Lord North on a similar occasion, whom in many respects he so much resembled, merely took up his hat and departed, without wasting a syllable in self-defence or expostulation.

But Brougham gained nothing by the catastrophe, except the gratification of his revenge. His popularity long survived his power; but it departed at last. Incessant and wonderful were the efforts which he made to keep himself before the public, both in and out of Parliament. Though without the power of obliging friends by the exercise of patronage of his own, he was ever on the watch to usurp the patronage of others, and to be regarded (as in truth for many years he was) as of considerable influence in the dispensation of good things. He wrote, lectured, travelled, dispersed himself in every possible shape through the literary and scientific world. Although he had lost his best hold of the Press through his quarrel with Barnes in 1835, he still kept up a close connexion with its minor powers: the ‘Morning Herald,’ according to Lord Campbell, was his organ for many years. But all was in vain. Yet his traditional influence lingered long among us; longer in more distant parts of the country and more secluded coteries, than in the society of London; longest among the men devoted each to his one idea, who had been his trusty allies in earlier life, the friends of philanthropy and education. ‘The charge which may with justice be brought against the common people,’ says Macaulay, speaking of the worship paid to the memory of the Duke of Monmouth, ‘is not that they are inconstant, but that they almost invariably choose their favourites so ill that their con-

'stancy is a vice and not a virtue.' Long after Londoners had ceased to speak of Brougham otherwise than in tones of impatience or amusement, we have seen parties of provincial visitors, especially of that staunch old Lancashire dissenting interest which used to hold so well together, whose first object in the metropolis seemed to be to learn his proceedings and to follow his movements; men who mentioned him with a kind of awe as a superior being, and whose faces merely expressed the most unfeigned incredulity and surprise when he was spoken of by others as anything less than the great apostle of progress and champion of reform.

For several years, down indeed to the close of his active engagement in the duties of Parliament, Lord Brougham, though affecting the position of an independent member, was substantially enrolled in the ranks of the Tory opposition. He was therefore joined with his former rival, Lord Lyndhurst, at first as an ally, afterwards as a vassal. The more powerful nature mastered and controlled the more impulsive. Lyndhurst's friends used to boast that he, and he alone, had reduced Brougham to order. Their attitude reminded imaginative observers of the wild beast obeying the glance of the experienced tamer.

'Brougham's favourite seat (about 1842) was the woolsack, where he seemed to enjoy *divisum imperium* with Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst. When referring to them in debate, I was obliged to call the latter "my noble and learned friend on the woolsack," and the former "my noble and learned friend *on the edge* of the woolsack." Lyndhurst, pretending a great deference to Brougham's opinion, now acquired a complete ascendancy over him, which he strengthened and continued by hints that he himself was sick of office, and could not go on much longer with Peel, some of whose measures he did not much relish, and whose cold, stiff, priggish manners he exceedingly disliked.' (Whatever expression Lord Lyndhurst may have used in the loose satire of jocular conversation, it is our belief that his real sentiments towards Peel were as different as possible from those here assigned to him.) 'By these or some other means the two law lords became strictly united, not only as political partisans, but as private friends. And they were denominated even in Parliament the Siamese Twins.' (P. 526.)

It was, however, an evil conjunction of the stars, as regarded the order and the real influence of the House of Lords. The two great law lords had it all their own way. Lord Campbell's own efforts at standing up against them are indeed highly spoken of by himself, but the manner of his performance certainly did not add to its effectiveness. Peers not of the legal order might be amused, or their partisan feelings flattered,

but they grew weary of mere exhibitions of gladiators or rather boxers, and the benches were deserted, except on great occasions. 'While these two were amusing themselves with ill-concealed romping in the House of Lords,' says an acute writer, referring to a scandal of the day which is best forgotten, 'the popular impression was very strong that Lord Lyndhurst was a second time humouring an infirm brain for his own purposes.' Neither had the credit of being in the least serious about any political question, except so far as it happened to be a party question also. Both were actors; the only difference was that the one played to the stage boxes, the other to the pit and gallery. Men in earnest looked on at the whole performance in disgust; and, for several years, it was the staple performance on those boards.

But the lowering of the dignity of the stately Assembly to which they belonged was by no means the least evil which these two champions accomplished. The functions of our law lords are very peculiar, and not easily understood by those who have not made the practical working of our constitution a subject of study. The House of Lords, as a tribunal, has constantly to deal with the highest and most varied interests which come within the scope of litigation. But it has in addition a large class of measures to manipulate, which, although legislative in form, partake closely of the judicial character. Such are private bills affecting the domestic affairs of individuals and the legal interests also of associated bodies. Such are, not unfrequently, bills, public in technical character, but which concern classes of men in their social and domestic relations. For advice and direction in regard to all these, the House looks especially to its legal members. Their education has rendered them specially competent to deal with such business. The secure position, unaffected by political changes occupied by some—the high responsibility of the offices held by others—are held to be guarantees for their righteous conduct and impartiality. Now, under the reign of Lyndhurst and Brougham, impartiality in matters like these was not expected or dreamt of by the world without. It was the ordinary belief that any such question—including, too often, even those strictly judicial—would be discussed favourably or otherwise in the House according to the interest brought to bear upon these powerful leaders, and probably decided according to the impulse communicated by them. It passed as received doctrine among those concerned in promoting or opposing such proceedings, that personal friendship, or complaisance towards a man, or gallantry towards a woman, or the desire to buy off an enemy or to

reward a supporter, would be the predominant motives in determining what ought to be determined on the merits alone. Of course these popular notions were exaggerated; but there is no smoke without fire. We do not wish to dwell on so humiliating a subject more than is necessary to illustrate our meaning. We have already noticed (in speaking of Lord Lyndhurst) one or two instances which bear upon it. Lord Campbell mentions the great Bridgewater case, but does not mention the secret history of that case, as vulgarly credited. He does mention the secret history of the measure for the protection of married women's property.

But even worse, at least in our judgment, remains behind. Personal bias, on the judgment-seat, is a transitory mischief. Political partisanship is a permanent one. The position of our law lords, of whose peculiar functions we have already spoken, is in this respect a very singular one. It strongly illustrates the tendency of the English mind to be governed by suppositions, commonly called 'shams.' In theory, the law lord is, as we have already observed, a lofty and impartial dignitary. In practice, he is bound to his party by inextricable ties. His patent of peerage is his retainer. He is that party's advocate on every legal question which may arise, just as much as if he were professionally employed as counsel on its behalf. Were he to speak, and vote, though on a pure lawyer's question, against the purposes of those to whom he owes his position, a great portion of the public would actually esteem him guilty of a kind of treachery. This is in reality a monstrous abuse, which to signalise is to condemn. And few circumstances have tended, in the long run, more to lower the House of Lords in the eyes of that sober portion of the public by whose judgment our institutions stand or fall. It is an evil of long standing; but never so rampant, or so shameless, as under the consulate of Lyndhurst and Brougham. Lord Campbell, himself, was indifferent honest; he was possessed with a sincere desire to serve the public, as far as he could consistently with due allegiance to himself and to his party. Yet observe the calm way in which he speaks of the factious proceedings of the law lords and of other high legal functionaries in a great judicial case, that of the O'Connell indictment, in which no considerations except those of purely technical law ought for a moment to have been admitted.

'When O'Connell's case came to be argued at the bar, Brougham, I believe, formed a clear and conscientious opinion that the judgment ought to be affirmed. This, of course, he was bound to act upon, and there would have been no harm in his privately express-

ing a hope that what he considered *justice* should not be defeated by what he considered *technicality*. From an indiscreet eagerness to support the Government, and from personal antipathy to O'Connell, who had often talked very irreverently of his doings, particularly of his Scottish "progress," now, while supposed to be an impartial judge, he acted as a keen partisan, and he imputed to others the political feelings by which he himself was palpably influenced. Mr. Baron Parke having, when consulted by the House of Lords, given an opinion in favour of O'Connell, Brougham asserted, in the most direct terms, to private individuals, and insinuated very intelligibly in public, that this opinion of the judge was entirely produced by disappointment at his not having been made Chief Baron, when that office had been lately vacant. His own opinion for affirming the judgment he delivered with unjudicial asperity; and when the judgment was reversed, according to the opinion of Lord Denman, Lord Cottenham and Lord Campbell, he was actually in a furious rage, saying in his place that "the decision had gone forth without authority, and would return without respect." He then stepped up to me and whispered in my ear, "*You have created a peer. Tindal will forthwith be brought in to vote against you, Cottenham, and Denman. Do you suppose that the Government will go on with a minority of law lords in this House? Tindal has a fair claim to the peerage, having been so long Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. He is a man to be depended on, and a peer he will be.*" I have not a doubt that he recommended this step to Lyndhurst and to Peel—for he is very fond of offering his advice to any Government which he patronises—but Peel would not listen to it; and Tindal died a commoner." (P. 531.)

The theory that no Government can go on with a minority of law lords in the House, is an amusingly unconscious assertion of the principle that, according to political morality, a law lord is counted on for arguing that black is white whenever party requires it.

If the House of Lords is to retain in any degree the character of a Senate, it is very certain that the discredit into which it fell in the years succeeding the Reform Bill through the operation of the causes which we have suggested must be got rid of. We are accustomed to the preponderance of party or factious motives in an elective assembly. Such a condition of things is apparently inseparable from a representative system, and we cannot have the good without the evil. But in the present state of society, we cannot long afford to maintain two bodies—one legislating by virtue of the popular will, the other by right of birth or Government appointment—both representing the popular passions of the hour, or, which would be worse, the private impulses and partialities of future Lyndhursts and Broughams. If the House of Lords is not to

exercise a corrective influence on the lower House by superior dignity and impartiality, and through the conviction that it is guided in the main by permanently honourable tendencies, it has no proper place in the body politic, and those who defend the constitution have no reasonable answer to make to the innovators who demand an elective second chamber, or who prefer none at all.

Those who wish to pursue the history of Lord Brougham through the long period of his forced retirement will find abundant material in the later pages of Lord Campbell's memoir, though rather for amusement than for edification. The memoir ends about the year 1858: Lord Brougham long survived both its compilation and the compiler: but in decay. He had not the crowning happiness vouchsafed to his Tory rival, of preserving an unclouded intellect to the very end of a life of activity and enjoyment. His decline was more gradual, but he long retained the faculty of finding pleasure in his old associations, and above all in his domestic attachments.

The moral which we draw from our subject may be a trivial one after all; but we cannot part from these heroes of a past generation without the sense of disappointment and regret in reflecting on lives so wasted, and gigantic powers so thrown away. Lord Lyndhurst, indeed, was either above, or below, the vanity of seeking for fame; he used his magnificent faculties for purposes of present enjoyment and conquest only, and he earned of course his reward. The feeling excited by the memory of Lord Brougham is of a different order. He did great things for his own time and for that which was to succeed him, and the promise which he gave of accomplishing infinitely more was only marred by sinister influences for which, knowing what we do of the strange mental idiosyncrasy to which he owed both his triumphs and his downfall, we can scarcely with justice hold him responsible. When we think of him, the often-quoted apologue of the Duchess of Orleans, respecting her son, the Regent, presents itself involuntarily to the mind: he was one on whose cradle beneficent fairies had showered every gift of intellect and of energy, but a single malignant spirit rendered them all unavailing by adding the fatal ingredient of waywardness. Miss Martineau has summed up so well the first impressions which the study of his life has produced on herself, an enthusiast in the cause to which his earlier years were devoted, that we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of quoting the concluding words of her 'Biographical Sketch.'

‘Lord Brougham was at his château at Cannes when the first introduction of the daguerreotype process took place there; and an accomplished neighbour proposed to take a view of the château, with a group of guests in the balcony. The artist explained the necessity of perfect immobility. He only asked that his lordship and friends would keep perfectly still for “five seconds;” and his lordship vehemently promised that he would not stir. He moved about too soon, however, and the consequence was—a blur where Lord Brougham should be; and so stands the daguerreotype view to this hour. There is something mournfully typical in this. In the picture of our century, as taken from the life by History, this very man should have been a central figure; but now, owing to his want of steadfastness, there will be for ever—a blur where Brougham should have been.’

But Miss Martineau should not have stopped here. The season of natural disappointment will pass away, and that of just appreciation will succeed: the ‘blur’ will fade away, and the real, well-remembered portrait will reappear from beneath; not so bright in its hues as popular fancy once viewed it, but bold and clear enough to stand definitely out among those of the leading men of modern British history.

NOTE (p. 3.)

Decline of the Population of Spain.

It should have been stated that the facts relating to the decline of the population of Spain, cited at pp. 3 and 4 of this volume, were taken by us from a work by M. Charles Weiss, entitled ‘L’Espagne ‘depuis le règne de Philippe II. jusqu’à l’avènement des Bourbons’ (2 vols. Paris, 1844), where the original Spanish authorities are collected. Mr. Buckle in his work (vol. ii. p. 68) arrived at similar results.

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